

Now since this is in an Asian American festival, a few poems in India. This first one is called, "A Lost Memory of Delhi", that's Delhi as in New Delhi, not as in delicatessen. I say this not to insult you but some years ago back at Penn State I remember in a bar a girl asked me where I was from, and I said "from India" and she said "where's that?" and then she said "don't tell me, don't tell me, I know, it's a small country in Africa", and I said "No it's actually in Asia" and she said "Oh isn't that where you have all those communists and things", so I said to her "communists yes, but I'm really not sure about the things".

A Lost Memory of Delhi

I am not born
it is 1948 and the bus turns
onto a road without a name

There on his bicycle
my father
He is younger than I

At Okhla where I get off
I pass my parents
strolling by the Jamuna River

My Mother is a recent bride
her sari a blaze of brocade
Silverdust parts her hair

She doesn't see me
The bells of her anklets are distant
like the sound of china from

teashops being lit up with lanterns
and the stars are coming out
ringing with tongues of glass

They go into the house
always faded in photographs
in the family album

but lit up now
with the oil lamp
I saw broken in the attic

I want to tell them I am their son
older much older than they are
I knock keep knocking

but for them the night is quiet
this is the night of my being
They don't they won't

hear me they won't hear
my knocking drowning out
the tongues of stars