

A Call

I close my eyes. It doesn't leave me,
the cold moon of Kashmir which breaks
into my house

and steals my parents' love.

I open my hands:
empty, empty. This cry is foreign.

"When will you come home?"
Father asks, then asks again.

The ocean moves into the wires.

I shout, "Are you all happy?"
The line goes dead.

The waters leave the wires.

The sea is quiet, and over it
the cold, full moon of Kashmir.