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Dystopia: A treatise on Partition

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Skilled are those nights which used to flicker.
A mother lost a child, a lad took on to Liquor.
Bullets, shotguns, bombs, speakers
The lost, in a search, cries out, recurs.
Twenty year olds would hide in pits
They screamed, they yearned, but to Marx they couldn't reach
Took help of lovers who'd bring them letters
Of joy and hope, their bodies in gutters.
A brother would wait, the mother at the gate
Quite oblivious of their maddening fate
That was yet to come, in vain and dismay
Would end up in howling, they are sinners, at bay?

Lines of commanders in cantonment would guide
The trio would shine in yellow, bright,
"We are free finally", said the man with a 'khadi' cap
The nation flocked, children lost their mums' lap.
There formed two clans, A Red and few Blue
If only they could count heads in the queue
How many got lost, how many were orphaned
And what was the number that tried but ran?
Ran away to hide or to look for the other home
A momentary lapse of Nom or another castle of foam?
What would they find, what would they buckle
Or could the pale mother ever get her kid to suckle?