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K-ash-mir's Mother's Day

Dedicated to:

The mothers of martyred and disappeared people in Kashmir.

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Let me cry out in that void, say it as I can. I write on that void:

Kashmir, Kaschmir, Cashmere, Qashmir, Cashmire, Kashmere, Cachmiere, Cašmir.

—Agha Shahid Ali (The Country Without a

Post Office)

11th May
Mother's day
Only
Mothers
Day they spent
With nights awaken;
Dry eyes
Still
Mother's day
They say
Only
Once a year
I was out there in a curfew day
Bypass by foot
With no pass,
Talking Shadow
Walking alone
But not mine,
Mine they say
On way
Near highway
They lie
Don't
Fear
The fear
Near
Graveyard Ground
No more
Fear
Death,

Her dead son
Alive
Fair
Batting well
Very well
Sixes
Farer
To Well
Over wall
No four;
Three sons she had
Husband
Not against the wishes of her dad
Now mad.

No welling up
Tears
Crying;
Dear son
Don't set
The setting son,
Well
I am here
Alive
To see
You bat
Oh you're gone
Wait late
Till dawn
I'm come
To see bat.
Box
They unloaded
I see
The bat
My dear
White in night
BOOm BOOm Os
Oozing out blood
As
Flood
Water so intractable
We can't control
Bemoaning
I don't like
"Gabrou, Gabrou"

As
Cries this black
Bat
Late at Night
Light
Up
To well
Come
Son
My sun
No more mourning
It is morning
Good morning
You forgot
The warming
Of Captain;
The man
Of the match
That India won
By one
Run
Quicker or they'll blow your head
With
The ball
Like
Bullet
Hits his leg
After bat
He is NOT OUT
My mother repeats
When it is RED
He is OUT
Cricket noise
Irritates her
Her son is coming
Through farm fields
With many
Sticking his *pheran*
"BOOM BOOM"
Bell
She rang the door
Very well
To turn
Back
Mute
Knocking every door

With no Bell

Kissing my cap

Come my son

Come

You're all welcome

"I'm laughing"

Cries my weeping Mom

Mam;

Brother consoles

The restless soul

Searching me with tattered sole

Maneh Shaheedooo!!!

Aafriidiiiioooooooooooo!!!

Hattaa Waltou wouneh!!!!

Hayo zaed haa kerthum

Maneh 'paktarooo'!!

In Mazaar Maidaan;

Play ground

Players unknown

Mom's *Pak Inza*

mam

Lies

To her

Feet;

Jannat (UI)

Firdous

My brother-friend

Jigri doos

Underground

Many more

Known unknown

I don't know

Yet keep waiting

My late son

Me

Alive!

I Cried;

An explosive

Laughter

Mine

Bursts

While watching

Live

The match
That ends
With
The catch
Of her 'active' son,
The last one
Was caught too,
Some say,
Fell
Down
Lies
Now
No more.
Get up
The Day
Has come
Come my son
Come
Before you rise again
I am waiting;
Wailing
The last wail
Come
I'm now no more
Come
You are welcome
I see
The Day
She cries
With dry eyes
Every day.

Fire bullet woke me up.
I cried;
"My mother"
Couldn't hear,
See her
Restlessness
Sound bullet pain
Sounds me
I'm deaf
Not dead
Still aLIVE

Keep walking
Light my guide

To home where
A woman with light
Waiting wailing
On the loss of home
Whom
I could see my mother;
With
Sister, brother, father
All in one
Loud she cried
My name
Where were you all day long?
Heart out from her chest, left no stone unturned
To find me
On that day,
11th May
(Mother's day)
I got up with
"Boys played well"
In Penglish
To see
They lose
The match
We are caught in
Dark
Well
Plays none
From
Indo-Pak
For me
I
Am
Kash.mir
And
Wish *Kash*
With mir.
Everyday
Is
Mother's day
Of
KASHMir,
But
Guroo!!!
Many more
Like alike
Famous Maqbool

And great Afzal
The real *Wali*
Khuda dost
Of *Peerwali*
Valley
Not
Volley
Ball
They don't have
Now
How Long
Can you hold it?
Your over
Is over
Let me breathe
Not
To
Bowl again
To see
Everyday
With her
As Mother's Day
Dear
Children in Heaven
Played
Bat as Gun
Under *pheren*
Now
No more bats
And sorrow songs
Of Kashaf
To Sung
gum
I chew no more
For my tooth
Hits the ball
While watching live
The play they play
Me out
I cry my cry
Why don't they let me play?
Can't I speak?
My pain out
Reshi here
I AM
To speak out my void.

