### **Indian Partition Poems**

### **Contemporary World Literature**

### **Zia Ather**

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| This poem is a response to the tragedy of the Indo-Pak Partition that Agha Shahid Ali invokes [in his poem “Learning Urdu”](https://www.poemhunter.com/poem/learning-urdu/) and also takes cue from another poem of [his titled “A Pastoral,”](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/43274/a-pastoral) that speaks to postcolonial violence wrecked on the Kashmiri people, their language, and sovereignty. | Kashmir only bleeds    in the district, near  what they insist is a border  the dust is still uneasy  on the graves, now only numbered  dead-men’s shirts  hang from the nearby trees  untired flags touched by  kids too young to know poetry  the gash across the verdant body  now even deeper, the glass map  of our country, broken still  i swear Shahid, i picked up where you left  in this long war of learning  our Kashmir only bleeds – |

### **Fatimah Asghar**

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| This poem is a part of Asghar’s poetry collection *If They Come For Us.* The collection explores the legacy of Partition, compelling its readers to consider the impact of displacement and violence on multiple generations. Asghar weaves stories of love, solidarity, and community through a personal and collective South Asian history. | Partition    Ullu partitions the apartment in two— a thin blue wall cutting the deserted hall Toys & books on our side,  refrigerator, sink & TV with our Auntie A. She sends us rations throughout the day & we stay separate, not allowed to cross. I’m 10  & haven’t been hugged in a long time. Allah made a barrier between me & my mom. Ullu makes a barrier between me & my aunt.  When he leaves we sit at the base of the blue wall & I laugh loud so Auntie A knows I’m alive & okay & she laughs loud so I know  she hasn’t left & we sit like this for hours, hands pressed to the felt, laughing, laughing, unable to see each other. |