

I am still awake  
like my eyes  
and speak  
in my own voice  
my own dialect.

I have only now become acquainted with the meaning of migration.

When, sometimes, snow knocks a hole in the wall of night

I fill the hole with my body  
and speak of the coming day.

All things placed in my room are awake—  
they all address me

saying  
death has some connection to flowers.

The smell of flowers in the vase  
is the smell of flowers scattered on a fresh grave.

Springing from earth,  
displayed in stores, do flowers know  
they have some connection to death?

Flowers, too, are not enough—  
for life or death  
they don't fill up all the wounds  
and start to wilt so soon.

But I remain awake, like my tears  
and remember those things

I used to like  
before the flowers spoiled.

*Translated from Urdu by Waqas Khwaja*