

Lullabying Lahore

I

The mini mirrors caught within Kashmiri cross-stitches
On my grandmother's shawl showed the first sketch of myself
Mutilated into multiple eyes, lips, noses and cheeks
Which did not dismay my nine-month-old understanding

II

Growing up between red-brick walls busy
Staring at their sound selves on the glazed ground
Sadness shimmers when the sun slips
Somewhere secluded

III

Buildings in Lahore are anxious looking
At their bodies shaking, shrinking and swelling
In little lochs left by the rains revisiting
The norms of narcissism.

Faiza Anum