

A Prologue to Partition

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(Partition has various meanings but what I mean to partition is expressed through a prologue to partition that will present the real face of partition)

*O! Mother Saraswati, goddess of education;
 Support, clear my throat, to sing a new partition reversion.
 Inject, enlighten, erase layers of time;
 Cast enigmatic mist; reveal the twisted reel of crime.
 My emotion befalls short and so inadequate words;
 Partition was bad but worst was revengeful acts.
 Let the whole world behold blood spurt in here,
 And hear atrocious yelp reverberate the atmosphere.
 Humanity cried, honor raped and all wept like broken drum.
 Dried corpses, dampen caresses carried away in Sutlej and on the
 Tram;
 Hindu corpses, Musalman corpses, crossed the border to India and to
 Pakistan.
 Homeless, gown-less and shameless Hindus and Musalman,
 Half dead, half live men and women of two countries;
 They were happy and content once together for centuries.
 But now the time had changed and so was their fate;
 Nothing lies in the communities' heart except their hate.
 They thought someone would help them then.
 But who would help? And whom? All needed help then.
 Pakistani hound took Hindu corpses off Hindustan;
 And so did Hindustani hound off Pakistan.
 They dragged the dead bodies across the border line;
 Inhuman and cruelty all were on sublime.
 The flight of scavenger and the fight of hound were on rise;
 And the wind blew across the border taking the cries-
 Of children, women, men at large, growl, howl and yelp.
 Human cried, animal cried oh! Even nature cried for help;
 But worse calamity befelled on the women-
 -Of both the communities, their bodies after rape were swollen.
 But much swollen was the wound in the hearts;
 Their bodies were treated like an object of playing darts;
 Oh! They were raped and raped before their children, father or husband.*

*How the gash could be healed! Laying in torn clothes they inhaled;
But no way! So sexually exploited the other band;
And how? How they could show their face?
Everything was lost and so was their disgrace.
Everyone lost senses, they stabbed and blood chilled.
Partition killed all, mother killed their child,
Father their daughters; husbands their wives;
They all trusted death but feared their lives;
And human being killed humanity at large.
They all killed kin with keen without any charge;
Then Redcliff was called to divide the land into equal proportion;
The politicians' lead and did operate for the partition.
They took out scissors and cut the whole soul into two;
Both the pieces bled not to talk about the disgraceful woe.
And the politician's hangover ended late,
Until the two communities each other started to hate.
At last humanity cried, loud, louder and louder than its strength and
capacity.
It was not **partition or Batwara** but bloodbath of humanity.*