

Jinnah's Typewriter

By Shadab Zeest Hashmi

Your typewriter has been found
in a tangle of seaweed

clacking over the waves of the Arabian Sea
in sand-grit staccato

for sixty odd years
churning the same speech

first in the key
of partition trains rattling
with the dead
then the massacre of '71
the "hunter-killer"
MQ-nines

The sea
smooth as carbon paper
clones a speech with every wave:
Unity, Faith, Discipline

What was spilled
came back as hardened coral:

Each time a still-birth

Your typewriter keeps time
with the beggar-women
sobbing
by the shore