



Black Tears

They shouted
“You, Paki, go home,
You’re not wanted here.”
I felt helpless, homeless.
They grumbled
“You black bitch,
You don’t belong with us.”
I felt stripped, naked.
They laughed
At my language
And I became dumb, speechless.
I wanted to cry,
But my tears of terror were frozen.
I was overtaken
By a gripping fear
That my tears might be black.

Vidya Misra (b. 1931)

काले आँसू

वे चिल्लाए
पाकी, अपने घर जा,
हम तुम्हें यहाँ नहीं चाहते
मैंने अपने आपको
असहाय और बेघर अनुभव किया.
वे बोले, काली कुतिया,
तू हमसे नहीं मिल जुल सकती
मुझे लगा कि मैं वस्त्रहीन, नग्न हो गई
वे मेरी भाषा पर हँसे,
मैं मूक, भाषा रहित हो गई
मैं रोना चाहती थी,
पर मेरे भयभीत आँसू
जैसे जम गए
मैं भयग्रस्त थी
कि कहीं मेरे आँसू काले न हों!

विद्या मिश्रा

from “Footprints on The Sand” by Vidya Misra. Reprinted by permission. Vidya Misra lives in London and wrote the original of this poem in English. She then translated it into her native Hindi.

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