Forgotten Narratives – a set of three poems set on/about the LUMS campus

Lost and Found

Sunlight drips onto my bed in soft spools,
Washing away the salty stains on my pillow
That was one week ago, and now,
Rain.

Warmth bubbles out of my body, my friends
Shouting in the rain, holding hands. No salt.
This campus is a labyrinth, too big to call
Home.

There is no sugar in my hostel. I want chai.
Does God love me? Why is mama not picking up?
What does liberalism actually mean? I am silly.
Lost.

I think that cat loves me, and I sure adore it.
There's a duck glaring at me outside F4.
Iraj named a comic character after me, she drew it.
Loved.

Lahore wants its stories and music back. Pity.
I'm keeping them, they're mine. Shoo.

PDC

Something in the bustle of the PDC,
I find my paths winding that way,
Twisting and turning until I'm outside