

Alpana Sharma

From Here to There

It's not across  
the black waters  
but over specks  
of land and sea  
dissolving borders  
flying through an endless dawn  
that we arrive  
the journey ensuring  
our here became there

*where the smell-taste of parched soil newly rained on  
was intoxicating but gritty*

My mother put  
me on a plane  
wrenching me  
from everything familiar  
she could not have known  
that living so easy  
would prove so hard  
one world dead  
the other still born

*the sun setting over our Karva Chauth prayers turned us  
golden*

Whose hollow foster promise  
when stripped down  
amounted to  
—admit it—  
a *Time* magazine photo  
of JFK framed  
on the wall  
of my mother's childhood home  
in Gujarat

*but Babaji's nails, bones, and teeth arrived intact  
in Hardwar inside Jiji's handkerchief*