

Maaz Bin Bilal

Belfast/Béal Fierste

I map anew an old
City. Drafting a cartography in verse:
Novel speech-acts amidst old nomenclature.
Charting a topical, onomastic flânerie.

For starters,
Would you believe, UK's provincial capital
Has a Punjab in it?
With its very own ABD,
The Agra, Baroda, and Delhi Streets.
C for Cruelty is now missing.

City-side of the River Lagan, you must cross the deserted Holylands:
Streets monikered Jerusalem, Damascus, Cairo, and Palestine.

Within walking distance lies Empire Street.

It's a side street off Donegall Road.
In Gaelic this is called, "Dún na nGall."
"Fort of the foreigners," is what it means.

I am a foreigner here.
My apartment on Sandy Row faces
The Orange Hall. King Billy
Was Dutch.

A whole quarter is named after the Queen.
Here I go to school at QUB.
Victoria stands tall,
In front of the City Hall.
But when Lizbeth visits
The hills around do resound
"Our Queen is Erin."

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