Archeology

Abstract
At times we remember if it can be called remembrance ancestral villages or the choked streets of Rawalpindi, we talk long into the night in coarse Punjabi chewing the words slowly, like a plug of tobacco, before spitting them out in a hail of invective and humour.

This journal article is available in Kunapipi: https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol19/iss2/16
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ARCHAEOLOGY

At times we remember
if it can be called remembrance
ancestral villages
or the choked streets of Rawalpindi,
we talk long into the night
in coarse Punjabi
chewing the words slowly,
like a plug of tobacco,
before spitting them out
in a hail of invective and humour

These are the times This is history
I’m eight years old, jumping
up and down on my grandfather’s back,
his back is sturdy as teak wood
and he laughs with tears in his eyes
at my attempts to break him

These are the times This is history
We are lost on Hounslow Heath
a stones throw from the canal
fortified with six packs and strong weed
chasing shooting stars
long into the night

At times we remember
if it can be called remembrance
the sweet strains of an Urdu ghazal
or the muezzin’s call to prayer
we remember the ferocity of the sun
how it burnishes the face and we recall
the grace of sari clad women
as they ghost beyond the haze of our visions

and lost on Hounslow Heath
we suck in the weed
suck in the cold and damp
and try to remember
if it can be called remembrance
who we are and where we are headed