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SHE'S LOST THE KNACK BECAUSE THEY STOLE HER BLACK

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Abstract

You say you sigh The cutting of onions Has caused the cry The sadness in your eye.

Harjit Kaur Khaira

SHE'S LOST THE KNACK BECAUSE THEY STOLE HER BLACK

You say you sigh
The cutting of onions
Has caused the cry
The sadness in your eye.

You say you miss
The melting Indian butter
Which causes the hiss
The heart that tries to wish.

You say you weep
The mixing of saffron
Caught your fingers deep
Now your colour begins to seep.

You say you sing
While you strive to clean
As the West would bring
A slice of new things.

You say you've lost
The sense of smell
The happy riposte
As you measure the cost.

You say you lack
The perfumed voice
Having lost the knack
As they stole your black.