



## Black Tears

They shouted  
“You Paki, go home  
We do not want you here.”  
I felt helpless, homeless.  
They grumbled,  
“You black bitch  
You cannot mix with us.”  
I felt stripped, naked.  
They laughed  
At my language  
And I became dumb, speechless.  
I wanted to cry,  
But terrified tears were frozen.  
I was overtaken  
By a gripping fear  
That my tears might be black.

Vidya Misra (b. 1931)

## काले आँसू

वे चिल्लाए  
पाकी, अपने घर जा,  
हम तुम्हें यहाँ नहीं चाहते  
मैंने अपने आपको  
असहाय और बेघर अनुभव किया.  
वे बोले, काली कुतिया,  
तू हमसे नहीं मिल जुल सकती  
मुझे लगा कि मैं वस्त्रहीन, नग्न हो गई  
वे मेरी भाषा पर हँसे,  
मैं मूक, भाषा रहित हो गई  
मैं रोना चाहती थी,  
पर मेरे भयभीत आँसू  
जैसे जम गए  
मैं भयग्रस्त थी  
कि कहीं मेरे आँसू काले न हों!

विद्या मिश्रा

*from “Footprints on The Sand” by Vidya Misra. Reprinted by permission. Vidya Misra lives in London and wrote the original of this poem in English. She then translated it into her native Hindi.*

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