

The Kettle Bomber

For Parmjeet

each Sunday, he sinks into our sofa for a visit after temple.
I'm told to serve him cups of chai with extra cloves,
plates of sweets with pistachio eyes winking in collusion,
sickly fragrant with rose water and my parents' adulation.
he sits crowned with a saintly white turban,
long beard flowing with ease, hiding a holy man's hate.
he knows how to fill a jar with absence,
he knows what it means to sliver a sentence into two,
teeth slicing into the meat of loosened words.

I imagine his daughter at eighteen
bold and disobeying, cleaving tradition by marrying love.
I imagine her opening the parcel he sent, a kettle.
I feel the boom unmaking her, spilling a bloodline,
mending his honour by splintering a daughter,
propelling him to the helm of a temple,
propelling him to fame,
propelling him to our sofa.