

Betrayal

By Rizwan Akhtar

The student union at the university's square
talks about my country while I sit in a warm room,
outside gale force winds bang every living thing.
Our western borders* are raided by Drones
and I am reading about Shakespeare's England
with a subtle English wit over cappuccino
and French fries,
seasoned with a layman's vocabulary.
I am a less ambitious broker
but our politicians have bartered everything
so I am selling ideas dipped in the European gravy.
My wallet is bulged with credit cards
and I do not miss auctions, second-hand things
come on rebound,
haggling, touting, and yelling
with my English acquaintances
withdrawn in a muffler and leather
bidding for a better price
surviving bombs and crash.

*Pakistan's western borders.