

Introduction to a Home

by Asher Ghaffar

He wants to invent a home where borders blur into surrounding prairie, river, anatomical maps. He wants to live in many places at once, but preferably in one place. He is tunneling through a past that is coded in other organs which refuse to speak. If they speak, they speak backwards and he refuses to arrange. At the Wagha border is both sanity and madness. Home emerges from simultaneous pasts intersecting and creating homes that never were, but here in this space, it is possible to build another home every morning: to unimage the border that is locked now. When Amritsar and Lahore were simply signs; the wrought iron gate and a parade were seething tension underground, in the marble floored room of an Englishman. Within the body is coded meaning, the flight of bats:

Blind and blindfolded sighted human subjects were in fact able to learn to use echolocation to detect objects in their environment.

The tongue map navigates by echolocation. History is sensed blindfolded by nocturnal sounds, by re/collections. (Here) at this border there are shavings of lost sentences, dispersed when his Father's home was lost and there was no home to arrive to.

Home is where wrought iron can melt into mirages or finally open if you have your documentation. He has a Pakistani passport. They will not let him cross. His Father is on the other side.

He was diagnosed with Crohn's Disease last year and a part was cut while he slept. An anatomical map.

As noted earlier, although the etiology of Crohn's disease is obscure...The result is the thinning of the bowel wall.

The identification of a story began from disassociation and ended by incision. The water still flows through this country, backwards you might say. How



do the tone deaf, tongue deaf move? Wrought iron gates can melt into mirages, into poetry, fiction, a border that is fluid. Wrought iron gates can melt into a language estranged from disuse. The attempt to tell a story can provide leverage to a maimed sail somewhere on the Atlantic, or at the border, in this nocturnal room about to become a space.

Open the gate and enter an Islamic city; enter Lahore/ Enter his mother's imagination/ She showed off her chocolate éclair on Napier road when a crow swooped down and took it/ Enter children splashing and playing in puddles and a goat walking off to slaughter/ (But not before) this August rain/ (not before) the shepard is soaked right through to skin/ (Not before) he wipes glistening drops off a mane. Now retreat, now detours/ into a maze of alleys in Peshawar.

Before the Partition, his Mother was in New Delhi and she has gratefully forgotten that she was born in India. His Father's door remains on a hinge.- Leave the door open, we'll not be coming back. Take this knife. Divide if you must; the Indus will testify. How to enter that world? This requires another organ of speech. Part of his intestine was sloughed off. It is that part which is speaking.