

Home 1

I do want to believe
our relationship
is eternal

I create you with
fatherly affection
you respond
with motherly
warmth and security

In an instant
under the spill of
some white magic
we are no more
its a building
and a builder
a business deal
no emotions
no meeting
no departing

I hide my face
allow a lonely tear
at the death
of another relationship

UPPER FLOOR PLAN
1006 SQ.FT.

Home 3

(for Resham)

dear home
thank you for
being so quiet
understanding
sharing in my anguish

you must know
you are the only one
who can know
not only
my father's and grandfather's home
the entire village where I grew
I called mine

today I heard
my son tell a friend
"yes I live here
this is my parents' home"

home
do you feel the pain?

Sadhu

MAIN FLOOR PLAN
1320 SQ.FT.

Home 2

seductive furniture
shiny walls
glossy pictures

yet poverty
reigns all over you

home
look at your pathetic
lonely self
alienated
despicable

cleanliness
orderliness
your fanatic attitude
forced the comfort out
peace and serenity left
under fire from tv

no smiling faces
no jokes, no laughter
no new words come
no ideas enter

home
have you forgotten
home without friends
attracts enemies?



My New Home

so much light in this new home
full of gleaming ornaments
yet the abundance of the sight
is unable to fill the emptiness
I carry inside
frustrated by the barren feelings
I close my eyes and recall
enclosed in mud walls
poor but proud home that was
dehrry, vihrra, rasoii dlaan and a kotharry

dlaan, the larger room
was always dark
once during the day
a few kindly sunlit rays
dropped from the mog
sauntered through the room
warmly touching
first the bharrolly, then the sandook
and last the brass pitchers on the shelf

and at night
the small earthen diva
placed on a wooden stand
burned in fear of darkness
in its tottering doddering light
we saw so much
in that small room the kotharry
and there was so much more
that we never saw
we all knew it was there
since the time of our grandfathers
and great-great grandfathers
they were in there too
at least that was what
we children believed
now in this new home
there is so much light
to see so many shiny things
yet there is nothing beyond the dazzle
no memories

this is a home
that was a home
how this journey
has changed me and my home

Binning



Sadhu Binning is a Vancouver-based poet. His latest book of poetry is *No More Watno Dur* (TSAR, 1994)