

Disbound

Hajar Hussaini

I'm awakened to an atrocious dream: my sister cuts
her hand an extreme amount of mist

I can't make out
the image

the scene has taken place
in the kitchen and as she walks into the living
the innocence of her one question hangs

What do *you* think?

per the word of mouth
the solitudes and the dis
-figured candidate proceeds

At any rate, secure that delicate passage

Uneased, she asks if she could dhl this to my house
where I sit on my bed
examining my past and future

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Two weeks following the dream

a last province falls

a coward

president

renounces the country

midair

the dream

follows the fall of a last

province

mid-week

flees

a coward

two fellows renounce their bodies

mid

dream

for a delicate passage

precedes the scene

of fall

extreme mist

an imagine

I examine

amounts

to

nothing

This June in the Bronx with my partner and his oldest friend
we watched one episode of *exterminate all the brutes*

soon

The documents affixed themselves to the members of my family
haunting me in ways unbeknownst to my lover or the old friend

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Why do my people submit to this treatment?

terror jackets

spit motherfucker

air-striking

curse

blood

sewage

I am

that lucky bird

Frying Pan Park

The foundation two years before the takeover registers
that four in ten would leave given the opportunity

by opportunity

many, possibly, mean a dignified manner of conveyance
dignity, an intriguing practice

to be off tarmac a given dignity a
singular opportunity

for those whose command of a foreign language is found to be useful

to write requisition after requisition
claims such as “my so and so” “deserve” a) and b) also c)
hereby I promise not causing you an injury

and for those whose eyes must behold heart-wrenching capture

plane after plane taking off
the burial ground of locals
leaving behind most

concurrent misfortune

To inhale parallel particles in the air

my firstborn brother
—whose healing depression surges
 across the heart's bottom—
abandons Bamiyan
adieu indigeneity!

our second sibling
—whose eyes have taken on
 the task of his tongue—
renders fear and welfare
welcome like a shrine!

our third a sportsman
—whose information includes
 not being on an evacuation list—
cornered in a crescent kick, he drives
from a few neighborhoods east

to arrive in an apartment where the sisters live
 where in a daydream I have painted myself
 with an elongated arm stretching across
 the continents to reach Venus's hand
I create this tenderness to call them
with spiritual prerequisites

I barely hear
any fully formed thought
a babble, vanquished
sometimes a child's cry
I try not to ask
what now and then

That intangible item, in and out of focus, hope like a sign of change that everyone talks about, lives underground. It's not uncommon for it to persist or have little resistance to a flow of despair.

I try to grasp—is it a possibility to bring them :

My patient question ciphers irregularly.

Like neutrality amassing only to blow up in anger.

Despite the predictable tendencies, I'm sorry.

For up until the last flight, I was worried about my persons.

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The plural scattered and in silence chanted *god the greatest* in support of an army
whose bodies were left in four hundred beds the nemesis press releases
cannot differentiate the dead's roots from its belongings

It's almost November

Two and half months of two-point-o

My husband whom I married in that invasive
August mentions in passing:

*I didn't expect us to suffer this much
this early into our marriage*

The world's wildest ideological practices

on that infamous
site
of

experimentation

I rehearse the sum of all interferences
and my own insignificance:

my forms oppose irresponsible innovations

as a colleague describes they self-emerge and self-suffice

Bare
and humbled by the bombardments
with no expectation of idiosyncratic
declarations

this poem :

fourteen hundred words plant the pledge
re-do, re-do

And even though I have stranded
many architectures of you

always there lingers an outline
of something I must get back to

When my father died

the constables were *not* poets

a cruel variant was traveling through the houses

—we had no procession of mourners
the killer banned all trends of grieving—

Outside, maps of the opponents were advancing

his gravestone on the long list of

soon-to-be-carved

if I ever go back

I will find him

lying next to my mother

nameless, at last

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I want to go back
my father has died
their poets have traveled
to the outer maps
their killers have banned
all trends of advancing
constables' cruel variant
fled from the country
a coward
carved a gravestone
for each house
to grieve a long list
of mourners
who had no procession

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hajar Hussaini is an Afghan poet and literary translator. Her poems in *Disbound* (2022) scrutinize the social, political, and historical traces inherited from one's language that retrieve a personal history between countries (Afghanistan and the United States) and languages (Persian and English) that has been constantly disrupted and distorted by war, governments, and media.

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