

## Escape To, From What?

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### Blessed Allah

when I was in Pakistan  
they said, *you're British — our little British girl*  
and lo and behold oh my golly gee  
wasn't I just  
with my little British accent  
rejecting bangles and shalwar and urdu  
for good old SHAKESPEARE, and folksy  
land-of-hope-and-glory type union jack  
music, god save the queen, these  
hypocritical Muslim plebeians will kill me.

now I'm in Britain  
and they say, *yes — she's a Pakistani;*  
might as well tattoo me with paisleys,  
for instantly my skin goes darker  
and I wrap myself in dupattas,  
click prayer beads, reaching  
for the tattered remnants of Urdu, *inshallah,*  
*mashallah,* my god, dear lord,  
god save my country,  
whichever it may be,  
god save me.

Noreen Masud (H) Madras College