

Domain and Rule by Sada Mukhtasar

Domain

Dear mother,

(Enclosed safely) I write of work this time,

Of salutations I give, I receive.

A little over 70 years ago I left home,

I switched work; I retained currency, flipped bosses over.

Mother, I remember how father decided first,

You acted later, even when room was limited.

I acted similarly today, in a feminine voice read salutations

Asked of me by my newly born father.

He spoke in the same style, reminiscent

Of the pre-reformation father, before the proto-colonialists

Gave way to the neo-colonialists, before homelessness.

I remember how you spoke of a crib, a word contained within the next,

How a man need only be safe in his own domain.

Rule

You mistook me, my politics,

My affinities, my sympathies,

My ideology, my thoughts, my trade,

My rights, and my life to hold these dear.

I mistook you, your props,

You affiliations, your relishes,

Your ethics, your dreams, your business,
Your obligations and your claim to uphold these clear.
You hacked me, piece by piece,
Ran colours over me, painted graffiti on the rest,
Cooled the gun, shuddered the earth,
Commemorated me as a dead king of the beasts.
I held you, step by step,
Cured your cranial fever, spoke to the others,
Ate the bullets for meat, blood for milk,
Hailed you as regis tullis.