

CEASE FIRE¹

On the line of control at Titwal²
The people of both sides,
First time ever in fourteen years,
Congregated on the two sides of the Jhelum³

Salma's tears dropped, into the Jhelum
And Mamu⁴ on the other side
Cupped the water in his hands
And kissed it

'Mamu's' Neelum and our Jhelum
Two names of the self same soul

If she had wings
She would cross the ten-metre distance
Flying-
The Jhelum's waves, today
Are pouring forth melody

Salma's voice would soon
Be heard on the other side
(As the cannons are silent)

And if the voice could go home
She would find her way too,
Someday!