

# BORDER

I'm going to move ahead.  
Behind me my whole family is calling,  
my child is pulling at my sari-end.  
my husband stands blocking the door.  
but I will go.  
There's nothing ahead but a river  
I will cross.  
I know how to swim but they  
won't let me swim, won't let me cross

There's nothing on the other side of the river  
but a vast expanse of fields  
but I'll touch this emptiness once  
and run against the wind, whose whooshing sound  
makes me want to dance. I'll dance someday  
and then return.  
I've not played 'keep-away' for years  
as I did in childhood.  
I'll raise a great commotion playing 'keep-away' someday  
and then return.

For years I haven't cried with my head  
in the lap of solitude.  
I'll cry to my heart's content someday  
and then return.  
There's nothing ahead but a river  
and I know how to swim.  
Why shouldn't I go? I'll go.

**Taslima Nasrin.**