I call. You’re stone.
One day you’ll look and find I’m gone.

*****

You sold me to an old man, father.
May God destroy your home, I was your daughter.

*****

When sisters sit together, they always praise their brothers.
When brothers sit together, they sell their sisters to others.

*****

I’ll make a tattoo from my lover’s blood
and shame every rose in the green garden.

****

Unlucky you who didn’t come last night,
I took the bed’s hard wood post for a man.
Embrace me in a suicide vest
but don’t say I won’t give you a kiss.
Your eyes aren’t eyes. They’re bees.
I can find no cure for their sting.

****

Climb to the brow of the hill and sight
where my darling’s caravan will sleep tonight.

****

Daughter, in America the river isn’t wet.
Young girls learn to fill their jugs on the internet.

. 

How much simpler can love be?
Let’s get engaged now. Text me.

****

May God make you into a riverbank flower
so I may smell you when I gather water.

****

Come, let’s leave these village idiots
and marry Kabul men with Bollywood haircuts.

. 

I tried to kiss you in secret but you’re bald!

Source: Poetry Magazine (June 2013 issue)
Your bare skull thumped against the wall.

****

I’m in love! I won’t deny it, even if you gouge out my green tattoos with a knife.
.
You’ll never be a mullah, Talib, no matter what you do. Studying your book, you see my green tattoo.

****

My lover is fair as an American soldier can be. To him I looked dark as a Talib, so he martyred me.
.
O darling, you’re American in my eyes. You are guilty; I apologize.
.
Because my love’s American, blisters blossom on my heart.

I dream I am the president.
When I awake, I am the beggar of the world.

****

Source: *Poetry Magazine* (June 2013 issue)
In battle, there should be two brothers:
one to be martyred, one to wind the shroud of the other.