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THE MOON AND THE MOB

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I remember,
When I was five,
I was riding with *Baba Jaan* on a motorbike.
I was holding his shirt very tight,
The moon was following me,
But Baba said, “the moon will not harm you, my child”.
I relaxed, understanding; the moon wouldn’t harm me because baba is with me.

Now, I am twenty-one.
Again, riding with *Baba Jaan* on a motorbike
But my fear has changed;
It is no longer the moon,
it has taken human shapes.
I fear: what if goons come and tear off my *hijab*?
Would Baba be able to protect me?
What if, a mob comes and attacks my bearded baba,
chanting to send us to a nation where neither of us belongs?
Would I be able to protect baba?
Or would he still be able to protect me?



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