Writing Waves

Volume 3 Article 7

May 2021

Independence and Unsolved Division

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Recommended Citation

Kaur, Navreen (2021) "Independence and Unsolved Division," Writing Waves: Vol. 3, Article 7. Available at: https://digitalcommons.csumb.edu/writingwaves/vol3/iss1/7

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Figure 1: BURN by Alison Thomas

Artist's Statement

BURN by Alison Thomas

In the digital art series OCTOPUS GARDEN, patterns of self discovery and healing are communicated in the works of BURN, FOCUS, GROW, and SHINE. Mirroring the anxiety, isolation and uncertainty of the pandemic year they were created in, these pieces share a redirection of energy through burning down of "self" and growing anew. Highlighted are the cycles of self introspection, destruction of ego, pursuit of purpose, and rebirth of spirit found through love.

Independence

Navreen Kaur

 $Keywords:\ British\ Colonialism,\ Freedom,\ Independence,\ India,$

Pakistan

Let's dive deeper into the water of South Asia, Inside the Indian Ocean, Before diving deeper, Let's play cards of history, Cards of British rule.

Life under British rule with brutality,
No humanity.
Keeping Indians away,
From luxurious places, restaurants, first-class trains,
By hanging the slogan at the entrance,
"Dogs and Indians are not allowed".
Clear depiction of miserable living.

Aug 15, 1947, luckiest day, year in the history of India, It's the day of independence, freedom, joy. Not for all,

For the People of *Punjab*, Migration created hustle And bustle, People migrated, From *Lahore* to *Amritsar*, From *Amritsar* to *Lahore*, *Muslims* to Lahore, *Hindus* to Amritsar. Shaky life,

New forced beginning, With an experience of homelessness.

For the People of *Kashmir*, New Struggle for freedom began, Reason, Unlike Punjab, the religious population was uneven, Densely populated with Muslims.

It was the darkest day.

British ruled East India,
But,
Independence gave birth to Pakistan.
Pakistan, home to *Muslims*.
India claims,
Kashmir as their crown,
"Pakistan claims",
Kashmir for the *Muslim* population,
Start of new conflict.

Based on what? Religion, *Hindus* belong to India, *Muslims* belong to Pakistan.

Life under/after *British rule* with brutality, No humanity.

Thousands died amid this division,
Land of united people,
Divided against their will,
Relocated without consent,
Seed of disgust was planted,
Authoritarian enacted a dirty game of hate,
Among gullible citizens,
Ordered them to leave home, business, land,
In the name of freedom,
Left people only with sufferings.

The seed of hatred is the rooted tree now, Troublesome to cut off,

Constructed borders,
To divide the nation into two,
So painful.
A requirement of visa to visit own birthplace,
People struggled together,
Divided by nations, Now,
One *Indian*,
Other *Pakistani*.

Thousand's left their homes with bare hands, Thousand's vanished amid migration, Given with traumatized past, Identity lost, Happiness lost, Reason, Ironical Independence, freedom.

This was unseen, The flipside of independence.

- 1 Hindus- people follow the Hinduism religion
- 2 Muslims- people follow Islam
- 3 Punjab- A State of India (halved owned by Pakistan now after independence)
- 4 Kashmir- claimed State of India (halved owned by Pakistan now after independence)
- 5 Indian's- Citizens of India

Unsolved Divsion

Navreen Kaur

One day division was like a walk on burning coal, The Unsolved Division is living on burning coal.

Every Day is Aug 15, 1947, For *Kashmir*, The only state left undivided during division, Still undivided. India claims *Kashmir*, as head of the body Pakistan claims *Kashmir*, as an arm of the body, Conflict, the war continued between both nations, To win *Kashmir*.

Now, two nations fighting for one land, The same nations, considered as one before.

Mornings with bomb blast, Evenings with the gun fired, A night under the stay of terrorism, This is the normal life of *Kashmiris*.

Humanity, what's that? Is that something exist, Actually, no. It's just a theoretical term for the people of *Kashmir*.

Thousands died and counting is still on, 73 years of continuous sufferings, With gloomy surrounding, Independence ironical here, People scrambled, for whom, They are patriotic, Both nations just gifted them unpleasant lives,

This is an unsolved division of *Kashmir*,

Hope for justified division soon, For the sake of happiness, Many live beneath this.

Let's hope collectively, For one more independence, The real independence.

The independence for people of *Kashmir*, Normal life, Peaceful atmosphere, Far away from the sounds of guns, tanks, Far away from the presence of soldiers everywhere, Far away from the blasts, Far away from the grip of terrorism,

Beautiful Real independence.

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Author Bio

My name is Navreen Kaur. I'm an international student at CSUMB. Sparked by the history of my home country India, I penned paired poems to give words to the uncovered affliction of my ancestors.