Poems transcribed from
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3Y_aOD4po48

**Write down I am a Miya**
-Hafeez Ahmed (translated by Shalim Hussain)

**Write**

Write down
I am a Miya
My serial number in the NRC is 200543
I have two children
Another is coming
Next summer.
Will you hate him
As you hate me?

**Write**

I am a Miya
I turn waste, marshy lands
To green paddy fields
To feed you.
I carry bricks
To build your buildings
Drive your car
For your comfort
I clean your drain
To keep you healthy.
I have always been
In your service
And yet
you are dissatisfied!
Write down
I am a Miya,
A citizen of a democratic, secular, Republic
Without any rights,
My mother a D voter,
Though her parents are Indian.
If you wish to kill me, drive me from my village,
Snatch my green fields
hire bulldozers
To roll over me,
Your bullets
Can shatter my breast,
for no crime.
Write
I am a Miyah
Of the Brahmaputra
Your torture
Has burnt my body black,
Reddened my eyes with fire.
Beware!
I have nothing but anger in stock.
Keep away!
Or
Turn to Ashes.
Nana, I have written
-Shalim Hussain

Nana I have written,
attested,
countersigned and
been verified
by a Public Notary that
I am a miyah.

Now see me rise
from flood waters,
Float
over land slides,
March
through sand and marsh and snakes
Break the earth’s will, draw trenches with spades
Crawl
through fields of rice and diarrhoea and
Sugarcane and a ten percent literacy rate.

See me shrug my shoulders,
curl my hair, read two lines of poetry,
one formula of math
Rid confusion when the bullies call me bangladeshi
And tell my revolutionary heart
‘But I am a miyah!’

See me hold by my side the Constitution,
point a finger to Delhi,
Walk to my Parliament, my Supreme Court, my Connaught Place
And tell the MPs, the esteemed judges
And the lady selling trinkets and her charm on Janpath
‘Well, I am a miyah’

[...]See me catch a plane,
   get a visa,
   catch a bullet train,
   catch a bullet,
   catch your drift,
   catch a rocket,
   wear a lungi to space
And then where no one can hear you scream, thunder
‘I AM A MIYAH. I AM PROUD.’
I beg to state that
- Kabir Ahmed (translated by Shalim Hussain)

I beg to state that
I am a settler, a hated Miya
Whatever be the case, my name is Ismail Sheikh, Ramzan Ali, or Majid Miya
Subject: I am an Assamese Asomiya.

I have many things to say, stories older than Assam's folk tales, stories older than the blood
flowing through your veins
After 40 years of independence, I have no space in the words of beloved writers,
The brush of your scriptwriters doesn't dip in my picture,
my name left unpronounced in assemblies and parliaments, on no martyr's memorial,
on no news report is my name printed even in tiny letters.
Besides you haven't yet decided what to call me
Ami I miyah, asomiya or neo-asomiya?
That land is mine, I am not of that land

-Ghazinil (translated by Shalim Hussain)

That land that makes my father an alien
That kills my brother with bullets
My sister with gangrape
The land where my mother stokes in her heart
live burning coals
That land is mine,
I am not of that land.

The land where my claim over a lungi is suspect
Where there are no ears for cries
Where demanding rights throws you under
the plummeting fists of ghosts
The land that demands eternal servitude
That land is mine,
I am not of that land.

The land where a cap is radicalism,
A miyah sub-human
Every charua a Bangladeshi
Where earth is weighed and sold to Tatas, Birlas, Ambanis,
That land is mine,
I am not of that land.

That land where limb after limb is chopped
and sent afloat the river
Where in ’83 executioners danced
a shameless grizzly dance of celebration,
That land is mine,
I am not of that land.
The land where my home and hearth is uprooted
Where my heritage is negated
Where they conspire to bind me forever in darkness
Where they pour gravel, not gruel, on my plate
That land is mine, I am not of that land.

The land where my throat cracks with appeals and no one hears
Where my blood flows cheap and no one pays
Where they play politics with my son's coffin, cards with my daughter's honour
The land where I wander crazy, confused as a beast
That land is mine, I am not of that land.