Not like the white filmstars, all rib and gaunt cheekbone, the Indian sex-goddess smiles plumply from behind a flowery branch. Below her brief red skirt, her thighs are satisfying-solid, redeeming as tree trunks. She swings her hips and the men-viewers whistle. The lover-hero dances in to a song, his lip-sync a little off, but no matter, we know the words already and sing along. It is safe here, the day golden and cool so no one sweats, roses on every bush and the Dal Lake clean again.

The sex-goddess switches to thickened English to emphasize a joke. We laugh and clap. Here we need not be embarrassed by words dropping like lead pellets into foreign ears. The flickering movie-light wipes from our faces years of America, sons who want mohawks and refuse to run the family store, daughters who date on the sly.

When at the end the hero dies for his friend who also loves the sex-goddess and now can marry her, we weep, understanding. Even the men clear their throats to say, "What qurbanib What dostil" After, we mill around unwilling to leave, exchange greetings and good news; a new gold chain, a trip to India. We do not speak of motel raids, canceled permits, stones thrown through glass windows, daughters and sons raped by Dotbusters.

In this dim foyer we can pull around us the faint, comforting smell

of incense and pakoras, can arrange our children's marriages with hometown boys and girls open a franchise, win a million in the mail. We can retire in India, a yellow two-storied house with wrought-iron gates, our own Ambassador car. Or at least move to a rich white suburb, Summerfield or Fort Lee, with neighbors that will talk to us. Here while the film-songs still echo in the corridors and restrooms, we can trust in movie truths: sacrifice, success, love and luck, the America that was supposed to be.

qurbani: sacrifice
dosti: friendship
Dotbusters: growing anti-Indian gangs in New Jersey
pakoras: fried appetizers

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