

*Ode to Soul and Soil*

I planted a mango tree and left before it grew,  
Mourned for a home that was never truly mine  
Whispered to its soil so it would start breathing  
Watched it grow pale,  
Pregnant with loss  
Watched rivers fill with human wisdom  
Like plastic bags and bullets  
Nothing left to remember  
But the poems that I swallowed  
Kept inside on the plane  
Too afraid to speak  
In case they fell out,  
And I mourned for a home that was never truly mine  
I held its language under my tongue to keep it warm,  
held my mouth shut when it tried to escape  
growing heavy with shame from online how-tos  
Teaching me to speak different, normal, right  
Say my t's like t's  
My d's like d's  
My v's like v's  
Replayed them until I could, felt like an imposter when I did,  
stranger with a smile bruised gold.  
And I mourned for a home that was never truly mine  
I planted a mango tree and left before it grew  
But the smell of wet dust in the village  
Family laughing at the sky  
Grass under my bare feet, chasing the world  
Warmth deeper than climate  
Joy deeper than fear  
They whisper to me once in awhile  
Remind me that the tree is growing in me  
Remind me that I am neither here nor there  
And never was  
Never will be  
Remind me that different  
Is seen in my eyes here  
Heard in my voice there  
But I look anyways  
I speak anyways  
Uprooted and firm.  
With a soul in bloom  
Ripe mangos for picking.

*Lost*

There is a certain rush in falling  
and clutching uncertainty in your pocket  
dancing in step with fear  
until it can't hold you up  
anymore,  
until you can no longer hear the music  
setting into silence.

There is a certain joy in falling  
and drinking the sunset on your my down  
keeping its colors for when I no longer  
remember, nor care  
what exact shade of pink the clouds were,  
when I am too enchanted by the stars  
to recall that the sun  
even exists.

*Epiphany*

I am living in a paused moment  
set deeply in my heart  
beating mechanically  
automatically  
begging for quiet rushes  
and dull slumps  
for purposeless adrenaline  
and undying calm,  
for any wild epiphany  
Even if it's not all that pertinent  
to the world or myself  
like realizing why I no longer prefer  
thunderstorms  
over sunny days  
or why I stopped writing for so long  
or why you left.  
Rather,  
why I left.  
There it is,  
that minor  
insignificant  
unimportant  
Epiphany.