

Sarah
October 6, 2017
ELA 603

Where I'm From

I am from turmeric and coriander
From sizzling oil spurts on the burning stove top
And spices sprinkled onto my wet, thin fingertips
I am from tiring weekdays spent at Thonamoni's
And greasy meat freshly coated with bubbling, fatty butter and seasoning

I am from ammu and bazzan, which whom gets my heart pumping
From Shaila and Hanif
And a mixture of words, on the warm, tip of my tongue

I am from one day of seven-hundred dollars
And scratchy, flashy clothes which sparkles in the dim light
From oily bubbles in my stomach, popped by immediate SPICE

I am from broken dior
To a new member coming in
And the non-stop, real life nightmare of the middle child

I am from four hours to be the next Marilyn Monroe
From late night beach walks
With sand sleeping in my toes
From wheels, to a sail
To soft, dark chocolate pillows
And fluffy, bittersweet cotton candy sheets

I am from "Yaya" to "Sala"
And thick drool, but with an iridescent shimmer, just like the wonder beyond
your eyes

From "Your father knows!"
To "I love you shona phaki"

From a muslim home
And a perfectly diverse community

I am from mid-summer Rockland barbeques with rocks peddling towards the
green, misty river
And Fourth Of July poppers
To the burning sensation of nostalgic days

I am from Dhaka and Sylhet
From frying on the smooth dirt floors which smelt of the non-polluted earth
underneath

I am from our world
And I am from what turned out the opposite of my fantasy
I am from, the reality of the world, waiting for us to make it disappear