

About Roots

My ancient words
 self mutilated...
 moving beneath me
 in my veins and muscles
 or just sitting in my eyes
 like skulls of birds.

These words, my heritage
 sun themselves on the mind's terrace
 like turmeric coated raw mango slices.
 I seek to lacquer them with gold leaf.

I'm looking for Grandma's patois—
 a new heaven, a new earth.
 I want to scrape them clean of rust
 I want to bring out ethers snuffed by the sun
 I want to bring alive the fulcrum of an embrace.

I am lost in an acquired language.
 It smothers me like moss and lichen
 My lineage grunts
 I feel a riverbank drying
 My lips part into a map of thirst.

I want to speak like my ancestors did.
 inhale once more the lingering incense of their words,
 at the edge of paved stones.

Come back... my heritage
 Come back disguised as a tree.
 Keep me in your shade
 I'll polish your every leaf
 Come back wearing morning's clear light
 at my naked window.

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Vinita Agrawal. 'About Roots'.
Transnational Literature Vol.10 no.1, November 2017.
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>