

gatekeeping the global narrative

I'm a coloured bead
weave me in, string me through
i don't hold any weight without
you. make me a necklace
for I only find my beauty in
other people and I always knew
but the West says you should
be independent and need
no one
who else could tell you
what to do, we float into the
diaspora and still hold each others'
hands. It's hospitality, it's India,
it's me in the West who says
social survival is 'the human thing'
how could you need science
to know that was true

Remember

I find a memory
like waking up
to early frost on the grass

turning over a shoe to find
something stuck to it
what are you?

how can I hold you
still enough to keep a revelation
or just a pointless thing

forever, memory
blowing away
like spindling seeds in the wind

harbourside makes me want to cry

isn't it approaching me
standing tall above the water
the world in a dream dissolves
it puts me back together.
colours spill into shadows
everything moves, rephrases
itself and it's always exactly
right. the most beautiful thing
I've ever seen in my life
every single time, the world
in a different light

Believe me when I say

*“Lovely as the moon: not flawless, perhaps, but perfect.”
- Patrick Rothfuss*

If you were flawless, you'd be
a blank white straight edged sheet
of paper. It's cliché but after all
It's your many faults that make you
so loveable - your carelessness and
insensitivities, vacant mannerisms that
disturb the peace. Where would we be
without you?

The world would be so dull and not
beautiful, as you are, colourful & crumpled
folded up into the shapes of sunlight,
blotched as the changing face of the sea.
You are so beautiful like the moon
is beautiful. Not flawless but perfect,
in whatever way you choose to be.

I wish I knew it all yesterday

It feels like a time for new things.
The world is undressing so painfully slow
revealing itself under shifting tides
just one grain at a time. An hourglass
only leaves so much room for the present

And I wonder how I never knew before
all the things that are undoubtedly true,
things so vast and present as blue
in the world that is only a reflection
of yourself, the truth springs open
in flower boughs overnight.