

Where are you from?

Between mother's tongue
turmeric hands scrubbed
Yorkshire winters off my fingers,
mantras in tune
with the bells from St Marys.

I was born in the third space,
in soil of downy birch
between Malham Cove and Rishikesh
held together by the mycelium
threading beneath my skin.

I am the hyphen between
British
and
Asian,
ask me where I'm from
I gift you my name
where mango trees grow
roots in Yorkshire tea,
daffodils bloom with northern vowels.

Searching for a sense of belonging
watch the beefsteak grow on the damaged oak tree,
ask the pigeons what it is like to fly away,
teenage boys spread litter over the grass
creating a project of waste in Rowntree's Park.

I weep under the willow
bury myself in the twilight soil for my next life.