

Familial Identity Diaspora and Orientation...

I:

“A Growing Flower”

By: Urbi Khan

A flower that grew after years of flowers  
began to rise, lethargically.  
Her greatest tool was her strength;  
that came with the April showers.

Under many restraints she would blossom.  
Her petals never withered, tragically  
the time ahead would bring her pain,  
by day it became colossal.

The pain never surpassed her birth.  
For years it would follow.  
With each passing night,  
her body began to writhe.  
But she continued to swallow.

Her body eventually unwounded-  
She wished she was never reminded  
Of her trifled times.

As she tamed the flames  
And put together the puzzle pieces  
Of her so-called life.

Beauty, she loved it so.  
However, it became her foe.  
The burden of her woes.

Never mind,  
The lame.  
Never mind  
The fallen.  
Never mind,  
Self-pity.  
Rise and become the unearthed phoenix.

Blood is red,  
She breathes,  
She yields,  
She becomes-  
The flower she ought to be.

Grace enshrouded her,  
As the armour,  
Of love shields all things foul.  
A satisfied mind requires a satisfied soul.