

The Delicacies We Share

A plate of delicacies before me
And a mouth unwilling to open
I watch as tears fill your eyes
And your eyes remember tears
Of friends and family members
Yearning for a delicacy like ours.
Friends and family members from the past
From the future
And from the now
Friends and family members you have yet
To knight as yours
Because they are locked away in a cage
Your other brother turns a blind eye toward.
And as you lift your head up to the sky,
“Wallah please fill their plates” we plead
Together we remember something
Only you left behind. I never lived it
But I can still feel the dirt caked at the bottom
Of your foot I can still smell the way
We sweetened our chai like we did life,
And screaming “Man go! get the mangoes”
The *anwar ratol*, *chaunsa*, and *sindhri* that won’t survive in these new conditions,
And how the smell clung to our clothes,
And even though we’re still alive,
Home isn’t the same.
We remember the kids with their eyes wide enough
In a *mélange* of both horror and awe.
So the tears settle in running down your face like you wish any well could provide.
We push our spoons off to the side,
And taste what it is to be lucky.