

## Familial

I was the baby, foreign  
to our குடும்பம் சார்ந்த tear-drop island,  
fed by mothers, who were boats,  
who were words I lost through practise.

I was the baby with two  
குடும்பம் சார்ந்த lands.  
So how come I'm always told that  
*home* is the other place?

I was the baby, framed  
in குடும்பம் சார்ந்த gilt:  
face painted blue, peacock feathers clipped  
queer against my bun.

I was the baby dressed as Krishna  
until குடும்பம் சார்ந்த  
grief stripped me of his clothes.  
I'm sorry

I thought the space  
between these lips  
could hold  
the entire universe.