

i sweep glass shards into a dustpan / sometimes
these shards disappear
under or behind the fridge / for when glass
shatters

it scatters across the floor / like a firework scatters
across the night sky / sometimes i feel
like these lost shards: forgotten & unseen

i was born as two scattered halves
south asian & eastern european

my mother tries denying the asian shard
she nudges it with her foot / hiding t
he part that is not hers

but i am not glass / i cannot
be broken / my mother had
no right to fracture me / i
define me

i look at my body / expect to see scars

there are none

i am not glass / i was
never broken / not
two halves / but a whole
cup / brimming with me