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Displaced

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Displaced

I want to know what I was supposed to be.

Long ago before I was a thought on

my Mama's Mama's Mama's heart

When the land under her feet was as much her home as an extension of her soul.

I want to trace the veins underneath my skin like routes back--

to the trees swaying and breathing in tandem with my lungs

hoping that their melodic syncopy will transplant me back and re-introduce me to

Forgotten smells, forgotten sights, forgotten words...

I want to know what my name was supposed to be.

Before they cut off my Mama's Mama's Mama's tongue and lashed on one

too big, too clunky, too wrong

that she choked on it every time she opened her mouth to speak,

Before her body travelled too far from the roots of her soul and the rhythm of her heart lost
cadence with the earth underneath.

I want to understand why my nose curves this way instead of that

Why my teeth shine white against my skin

Why my culture seems like pieces broken off from others along the way,

terracotta plates stuck together in feeble efforts to form

a completed puzzle from an image never seen

And why at night, the hairs on my neck raise at the whispers of the long gone begging--pleading--to
tell us of their love to give us names and call us home.

But not even the Rosetta stone holds the key to decode those words.

I'm missing pieces to complete my mosaic

I'm missing the stars to find my way home

I'm missing...

Sometimes, when I look in the mirror,

I want to know what my Mama's Mama's Mama would think if she saw me today

Or, maybe I don't.