

# Walking Into Myself

by Sohini Chatterjee

You haven't told your mother that you refuse to read silence on Mondays/That language is further ashore, floating away/your skin is louder than justice is arcane is moribund/you let grief overstay its welcome and have the floor threaten to collapse under its weight for endless winters/because summer is now renegade/resistance is returning to yourself in the middle of nowhere/waiting for spring blue of the skies and learning how to learnteach/you are so small that the story of your survival is immense is desert rain/wear brown femme rage to the classroom and call it feminist praxis/call it tidal wave/call it habitance/from your brown, Mad, small, and broken, to mine/heirloom as history as harvest that you cannot refuse/you understand hunger that lasts a year, mourning that lasts longer/yet you offer yourself to the world, whole/they call it thunderstorm, you know it is feet in the sand/decolonization but what about love/resilience cannot buy you furniture can buy you respect in a house where your accent is too foreign/where you open your mouth and all they hear is trespasser/"she has been crying for seven months"/summon the flood because being hollowed out is a disservice when you can be carried away/so you walk into yourself and stay/your kin awaits

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