

Sprinkles Under the Sky

Like watercolor,
The cloudless gray sky
Blended with the people-less earth.
I wandered gently on the campus tracks,
In my white cape-like gown,
With the occasional sprinkling rain.

No crowded paths that are
Stuffed with sweaty students shuttling
between courses and dates.
No annoyed bikers who are
struggling to get by the crowd.
No air soaked with conversations.
No footprinted snow.
No crows.

I secretly enjoyed the tranquility and solitude.
With every step I take,
I quietly glide through the humid air,
Cutting a void of dry space.

Then lightly and stealthily as you typically are,
With a nut clamped in your mouth,
You sneaked under my eyes and
Took pride thinking I didn't notice.
So I followed along pretending I didn't.
But may it be hunger or curiosity,
You approached me with wild eyes.
For once I'm not annoyed by your presence,
But secretly enjoyed your company.

So a white gown and a brown fur,
Together disappeared under the blended gray sky,
With the occasional sprinkling nuts.

Realms

Under the dreamy sky,
I wandered into the conservatory.
The fluffy grass tickled my bare foot.
The fresh dew became diamonds on my dress.
The playful wind danced with my hair as
I indulgently stole a lungful of floral scents and
Secretly enjoyed the orchestra of the cicadas.
I tip-toed to not disturb the tranquility of the holy sanctuary but
Found myself involuntarily singing with the limpid river.
The silver moon gently shined on the conservatory.
I lost my thoughts watching the glittering river,
Soothing all of my worries.

The next morning,
I found myself outside the sanctuary.
The air particles tickled my lungs.
The coughs of the crowd blended with mine.
The dusty wind blinded my eyes as
I skillfully wore my worn mask and
Alertly listened to avoid the panicking cars.
I rushed for the sight of a safe shelter but
Found myself involuntarily gasping in the dusty air.
The distanced fire violently lit up the conservatory.
I found my tears watching the darkening sky,
Remembering all of my worries.

I

I'm an unlabeled exotic plant.
I left my nostalgic hometown and am planted in a new land.

I no longer recognize the place I was born and
where soil turned into me.
I found new vines that are
Seeded by dictators,
Watered by the believers,
Tended by the media,
And intertwined into a delicate cage.

I'm outside of the cage and
am planted in a new land.
I found new seedlings that are
Grouped together by nationalism,
Kept from me by xenophobia,
And afraid of me by propaganda.

I don't know who I am,
Where I'm from,
And where I belong.
Label me, please.