

Calling Home

Lakshmi Kanchi

I drag the Taj Mahal
across the broad stretch of the Nullarbor
with my eyes, desert dry.
The pristine white marble stains
red with summer dust.

The songs of my mother
don't match the songlines I need
here to survive. I hum and murmur
under my breath, till a song
catches and unfurls on forgotten words.

I grow sweet pomegranate of her monsoon.
Luscious frangipani of her spring in my garden.
But I stop short when I remember
sitting down on the floor with my siblings
eating fruit with my bare hands.

Plucking flowers from my mother's garden
and arranging them in my dark hair, dark
eyes twinkling. Here where I have a table,
but no family. Carpeted floors, but no mats to squat down on.
No trace of my childhood in the empty air.

I draw the Lotus Temple
through the endless channels of the Swan River
with my eyes, now tearing.
The walls awash and aglow,
incandescent in the rising heat.

Poetry: *Calling Home* by Lakshmi Kanchi

I bring back stories, histories, narratives
memories, fragments - I move mountains.
Find common ground. Fill up vacancies.
And let these pieces
of me settle inside hope.

Lakshmi Kanchi is a wistful poet. Her poetry explores love and its tumultuousness, fantasy and zest in nature, and allegories that provoke thought and evoke tender feelings. Read her published works in – "Poetry d'Amour – 2019 & 2020", "Letters To Our Home", "Recoil 12", "Blue Bottle Journal", "Brushstrokes II Anthology" and "Creatrix."