

Through my Mother

Through my mother I feel
her home in India,
the laughing monkeys,
the wild dogs and the squirrels.
I feel it all,
though I have never been,
but I imagine from
my open bedroom window—
wishing and knowing
that someday I might go
maybe to the Taj Mahal
to sing with the birds
or to the rooftops in Delhi
to chitter with the squirrels.
I'd like to go
to the Amber Palace
to watch the sunset,
to feel the sunset,
to sit with my mother.

Priya Bartlett