



Land, Real and Imagined

Yes, I am from here, *really*,
but also from there. My feet
connect me to this piece of earth
which rolls away in green waves,

this piece of earth inhabited
by people who do not look like me.
This is how I wear my skin:
it tells the story of another place;

an imagined country
with dusty roads, hot nights,
which I have yet to see.
We all lean into the dark

towards our ancestors, who lean
towards us, with bent spines,
trying to tell us where we are from,
where we are going.



From How to Wear a Skin by Louisa Adjoa Parker

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