NASHWA KHAN

Land of hope and glory

my grandma spoke the language of milk and cardamom
she couldn’t fly but I swear she had wings
the world in her henna dressed palms
rhythm of her heart still sings
hair trimmed with peacock feather wings

my grandma lives through stories
labour of a cinnamon brown woman
she lived without glories
paan leaves and cumin

her children crossed an ocean
threadbare clothes in tow
luggage lost
nowhere to go

her grandchildren water down their names
tongues swollen with apologies
for a land of hope and glory

Nashwa Kham is currently enrolled in the Masters of Environmental Studies at York University with areas of concentration focused on narrative medicine, community and public health, as well as refugee and migration studies.