

nanay

a response to *Perhaps the World Ends Here* by Joy Harjo
Jessamine Liu

The world begins in my mother's voice
for she shaped my identity before i had a chance to think
before the question who do i come from began to sink
its claws within me, she loved not in lullabies
but little white lies because it showed you she cared// and in those lies, i learn more
about her and about me
and about how she's never had the luxury of thinking about home in a home that did not
seem to want her// so she taught us all how to build our homes and find our place in our
families for what is place to a diasporic kid, i'd really like to know
because today, if you ask me
who do you come from
your guess is as good as mine