The Amnesiac Asylee

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The Amnesiac Asylee

by Sujash Purna

A flight for forgetting
inside a sleight of hand, a tupelo
silhouette, the gray canyons
in mud gowns, enameled forsythia.

A polaroid taking a photo
of abandonment as if a family tree
made of lost people.

I am their child, the Dravidian,
and the dead claim me
as their child, but I grew wings
wide enough to cover my body

inside a sleight of hand, inside
a blurred silhouette, I can hide
well, into my flight of forgetting

I am as faithful as
a boomerang—
I’ll deflect my enemies
just to come back
and embrace them.

They say I am the love child
of despair and elation,
ever wholly belonging to one.

A sky refugee, I keep flying,
knowing no land is my home.
I nestle inside,
inside a sleight of hand, inside
a blurred silhouette I reside.