

Two Homes

Two sunsets fall upon each other's presence;
Two different suns,
Two different places I call home...
Striking shades of yellow and red
Scatter across the sky.
The superior sun under the horizon;
Creates a conundrum of it all.

Tears meander across my cheeks like a river,
As I wave goodbye to the comfort of my home...
The ever so robust yet fragile connections I've made,
With almost everyone whom I call:
Sister or brother.
Grandparents sending you off with blessings and luck for the future,
While it all feels so surreal...
So peculiar.

It felt like yesterday,
When I stepped out of the airport
And hugged my grandma ever so tight
As tight as a hitch knot,
Knowing that one day I have to go back...
Blinking back tears of joy and misery,
At the transience of it all.

The spices;
The food;
The beauty of it all;
The exhilarating moments...
I was hooked straight away,
My mouth watered while my stomach rumbled like a vigorous earthquake;
As I cherished all the mementoes in my life,
These moments
Not as a photo,
But an indent in my heart,
A permanent engraving that;

Anger...

Fear...
Or sadness can never annihilate.

The absence of people I love...
People I knew so well,
Like the back of my hands,
Made shivers bolt across my spine.
Silent yet clamorous bellows in my mind
Felt like a barbed spear.
As I yearned to go
Back to my second home.

We take everything for granted...
Our family...
Our invigorating moments;
That fills us with jovial spirit and energy.

We must know...
There is always an expiry date
In our simulating journeys;
In another home,
Another world.

I always ponder...
If there is a whirlpool,
That transports you back to your second home;
In an instant.
That liberates you from an aviary of,
Loneliness,
When you dearly miss loved ones.

It felt relieving to come back to my birthplace,
But a droplet of sadness in me
Became a deluge of anguish
Aching for me to go back,
To my second home.

So that one night...
Away from the bright light of the airport terminals
Away from the daze of leaving my second home,

I gazed at the picturesque sunset unfurling in front of me.
A thin thread between heaven and earth;
An escape to find the inner beauty of home.

The iridescence of yellow and red,
Made me appreciate my time
At yet another home.

Two sunsets:
One in the sky,
And one in my mind
Clashed together.
It's time to say goodbye to India
And hello to Australia.

As a shooting star
Soared in the sky,
A beacon of hope lit up in my heart.
Leaving somewhere and someone you love hurts,
It aches and pains and hits your last nerve;
It's a dagger full of blood that stabs you in the back,
It hurts.

But sometimes,
Life doesn't fully gratify your desires,
When you have two homes.

Poem Analysis:

The idea of two homes was inspired by my experience in India. As I left, I reminisced upon the journeys we've had—together as a family. My reminiscence was focused on the two sunsets—one in the sky and one in my mind. The sunset is symbolism for the closing of one experience and the opening of another. I dearly miss my grandparents and friends in India, and their tears made me tear up. I have two homes—one in India and one in Australia, which I have built a connection with. Even though I was born in Australia, I seem to have a stronger connection with my second home: India. The idea of two sunsets shows that there is a set to a certain journey like there is an end of the day and the start of the night.