

## **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,  
never 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.