

Hybrid

Persia, my beautiful symphony

Your lyrics are music to me

The pride I get as you wrap your motherly arms around my young, raw, body

Standing there in all your glory, untucked strands of golden sun kissed hair

Your culture seeps into the cuts on my skin

Singing lyrics to songs I don't understand

Words and sounds tenderly weaving into my bloodstream

I know I will always have to prove myself to you

Because I can't speak your words

Late nights of tea and cards

Persian New Year on my wooden floor, opening gifts and jumping over fire

Distinctive looks of fine eyebrows on the women

And deep-eyed men

The world you have created the West could not compare to

Though I have never seen you, I long to

I crave

To see your stunning buildings in the city square

Feel the heartbeat of the markets

And hold the crown of your rolling, glistening hills

Even your name sounds like a queen

I'm proud you are mine

A secret you'd never know unless you asked me because people just decide to assume they know me

Your music is unleashed

I am beginning to play your instruments

Persia, I'm sorry I blocked out your symphony

Put on my headphones and tried to erase the melody

I hope you know that the half of me that was you, was scared

My heritage snapping like discoloured chalk
A mixture of races where I could never truly belong
Never Persian enough for some, not white enough for others
I hope you know that the half of me that was you, hates that it forgot you too
I hope you understand
They asked me if I eat “normal food”
Or “Where was I from again?”
They told me that being from somewhere else was “exotic”
They degraded you to a jungle
No, I would say to myself, my Persia is a wondrous forest
Where every syllable twists in the air like perfect vines hanging from heaven
Even the birds marvel at your existence
They said bad things about my family’s religion
I hope you understand because I wanted to be like the other girls
It’s ironic because the half of me that is you, is the half I know most because I’m with you everyday
A destined party animal
I guess I’m just so good at being half the way there
Not white enough for some, not Persian enough for others
After a while
I begin to retune your broken instruments

Persia, my wavering symphony
Though you may not be perfect
Every country has its issues
I will never forget you because you are home
You remind me of my mother, and my mother is who I love most in this world
The vibrant colours, which denim jeans could never replicate
The smells of passion and love
My sister singing folk songs pushing me down the mountains of life
The beautiful meat and rice falling gently off the bone
A moment of silence for those who have never eaten Chelo Kebab.

Sit on my knees while I comb your Lavashak flavoured hair
As you lie next to me and wrap your embroidered scarf around my arms
I catch a breath of my ancestors
I catch a glimpse of the growing Sabzeh
You are the last thing I think about
And although no one would ever relate me to you
And although the music dies out
I lay sleeping in my bed and though I'm silent, the music of my people lingers on

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