

Udeema Shakya  
Humanities-½  
29 Sep. 2014

### **From the Color Red**

I am from the color red and the mountains rising high,  
A crown upon it's country that's watched by the everlasting sky.  
From the addicting little square paou and delicious spicy one of a kind buff momos.  
I am from the peacock window that tells of the things we've lost  
And the mysterious statues of the gods that tell of the unreal past.

I am from the badly sung songs that were sang around the campfire at night,  
From "Horse With No Name" to "Hotel California"  
And the stories whispered in my mind that first Christmas by J.K Rowling,  
Who opened up my heart to the magic of words.  
From the blooming flowers of our first house  
And the smell of green after the raging, ragged, rain,  
Of the storms that blew umbrellas far away, farther than we could run.

I am from camping trips and the saying, "Trust your feet."  
Where I can escape from this city girl life, surrounded by the nonjudgmental night.  
From the bickering with my lil' sis Inika to the "brawls" with Lilia  
and the loving of my parents met with criticism and open arms,  
From the first sandcastle to childish maturity.  
I am from playing card games with my family  
and the bookshelf that's exploding like sweet vomit from a child with the flu,  
and of the endless forevers where I get lost in another's story.

I am from the tears that flowed during the burning of my grandfather's body.  
From the strength that it took my little parent, to stand up again  
and punch life in the face with a ferocious will!  
I am from straight teeth, unsaid things, and forgotten pain.  
From the ugly condescension of other castes just because they weren't Shakyas,  
the jewelSmiths, the ones who work with silver and gold.  
Gold that sparks envy, greed, and jealousy in our hearts.

I am from the color red, passion and pain, love and rage.  
I am from the albums shoved under the coffee table that tell a million stories.  
Stories with plastered smiles and poses.  
Stories that spark happiness and rambunctious laughter.  
From the albums that hold the color red.  
I am from the color red, dust and thrones, gold and greed,  
reality and fantasy, spanning millennia.