

A Glass of Tea (after Rumi)¹

Shukria Rezaei²
Afghanistan/United Kingdom

*[Article copies available for a fee from The Transformative Studies Institute. E-mail address: journal@transformativestudies.org
Website: <http://www.transformativestudies.org> ©2020 by The Transformative Studies Institute. All rights reserved.]*

Last year, I held a glass of tea to the light. This year,
I swirl like a tealeaf in the streets of Oxford.

Last year, I stared into navy blue sky. This year,
I am roaming under colourless clouds.

Last year, I watched the dazzling sun dance gracefully. This year,
The faint sun moves futurelessly.

Migration drove me down this bumpy road,
Where I fell and smelt the soil, where I arose and sensed the cloud.

Now I am a bird, flying in the breeze,
Lost over the alien earth.

Don't stop and ask me questions.
Look into my eyes and feel my heart.

It is bruised, aching and sore.
My eyes are veiled with onion skin.

¹ Printed with permission.

² **Shukria Rezaei**, a published and prize-winning poet, left her home Afghanistan to escape the ongoing attacks on the Hazara people by the Taliban. Following refuge in Pakistan, she and her mother moved on to Oxford to be reunited with her father. She won her first poetry prize at the age of fifteen, less than a year after her arrival in England. She now attends the University of London.

I sit helplessly in an injured nest,
Not knowing how to fix it.

And my heart, I'd say
Is displaced

Struggling to find its place.