

## **I Want a Poem<sup>1</sup>**

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Afghanistan/United Kingdom

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I want a poem  
with the texture of a colander  
on the pastry.

A verse  
of pastry so rich  
it leaves gleam on your fingertips.

A poem  
that stings like the splash of boiling oil  
as you drop the pastry in.

A poem  
that sits on a silver plate with  
nuts and chocolates, served up to guests who  
sit cross legged on the thoshak.

A poem  
as vibrant as our saffron tea  
served up at Eid.

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<sup>1</sup> Printed with permission.

<sup>2</sup> **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.

Let your poetry  
texture the blank paper  
like a prism splitting light

Don't leave without seeing all the colours.