

## I. Ode to Immigrants

Cumin, coriander, cinnamon, star anise  
Turmeric, lemongrass, galangal, fennel seeds  
One suitcase for clothes  
Another, just for spices.  
America has never  
tasted  
better.  
America may never  
taste this good  
again.

## II. Reminder

After my mother cut her thumb  
While chopping vegetables  
I swore I'd never enter the kitchen again.

But when she asks,  
"Have you eaten?"  
What she is really saying is  
"I love you."

So  
Despite my fear,  
I must eat.

By Aarohi Narain (she/her)