



Mother Tongue

she has roamed different lands —

foreign lands —

*in search of the sound:
a particular comfort.*

*she has looked for it
purposefully,
heedlessly*

*her ears widen
and face turns,
her cheeks rise
and eyes glisten.*

*she has lived many years
waiting for this familiarity*

*to reach her,
to hug her,
to wrap around her senses*

*the sound that makes her feel at home
even when she does not have one.*

by Nilly Kohzad