Bismark Adomako Fosu, ‘Nowhere’

Nowhere

I come from rice and chicken, plantain and sugar cane
I come from imagining what things
Taste like without trying it

I come from a family that never stays
Moving from place to place
Never seeming to take a break

I come from a Christian country
but filled with immorality
I come from different nationalities that can’t define me

I come from a simulation not reality
It can’t be that people get judged because of
Their skin colour or the language they speak

I come from a race that is filled with pride and history
but most never heard or seen
Because it was never given that ‘freedom of speech’
Belonging

Is it where home is,  
Or the place I wish it was,  
Where do I belong?

Is it an idea,  
Or a place, a location,  
Where do I belong?

Is it the UK,  
Or a place I've yet to go,  
Where do I belong?

Is it my culture,  
Or that of my family,  
Where do I belong?

Is it decided,  
Or is it chosen by me,  
Where do I belong?

Is it who I know,  
Or the distance between us,  
Where do I belong?

Is it about me,  
Or about the people close,  
Where do I belong?

Is it quite fluid,  
Or a border set in stone,  
Where do I belong?

It doesn't matter,  
As long as I am happy,  
That is where I belong.
Among the Rose Ones

Rose girls propped up in glass vases
Perfect bodies, perfect faces.

Yellow ones bleached with agony
Sullen with rage, sick with envy.

Rose girls bandaged in scarlet threads
Carefully draped, beautifully bred.

Mustard ones smothered in dull rags
Everything to hide, nothing to brag.

Reaching towards the sky like I don’t care
In hopes that one day you’ll see me standing there

If only I could slip out of this yellow costume
Then just maybe someday this sunflower could bloom

But...
I’m just a sunflower
A little funny
If I were a rose
Maybe you’d pick me
But I know that you don’t have a clue
How much I would give to live like the rose girls do.