
FROM

MEET ME IN THE MORNING ON NO MAN'S LAND

Supriya Dhaliwal

Meet me in the morning on no man's land where our skins lose their colour; where we are not white nor brown or black but just the shade of our most loved colour. I will be lilac and you can be that shade of yellow you like. Everyone will qualify to be a person of colour.

Meet me in the morning and come as the image of an image I have of you, hand over hand, knee over knee. In the bleeding memory, our bodies are countries we trespass to walk from yes to yes. You convince me if we can substitute an ampersand for a comma then it belongs there.

Meet me in the morning on no man's land. We will create a daisy chain of ampersands on no man's land.