

At the crossroads

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I live a double life
With crisp school shirt
And cereal, so the morning goes.
Recalling words,
Fitting sentences
Together.
Lunch is plain,
Unlike the spices I encounter at home,
A distant echo from a world afar.



And when the car drives back,
I smile.
Once through the door I hear,
My mum back from work, juggling the fragrant
Aromaed pots, and phone in hand,
Prattling.
Soon my father takes his designated seat,
Checking cricket scores, and then,
YouTube.
The 'Rabindrasangeet' notes
Cavort around the house like a breeze in the

My father sings often
For a group, Udayan (Sunrise).
At his programme,
I enter,
A tornado of shades whirling.
Sequins, miniature mirrors, fringes,
Carefully sown stitches,
Flares and twists,
Like stars in the evening,
Glistening.



I stand at the crossroads,
Two cultures,
One, both and none.
Everything and,
Nothing.
I am me.
And as I think this,
The gentle notes meander,
'Tomay amay miley,
Emni bohey dhara',
You and I together
Into eternity we ascend.....

