



Sarah Wu and Professor Bob Watts

Wisteria

I squint to repel the light that reflects
off the wisteria hanging like a curtain
above the path to my grandmother's
home.

The light purple petals rest atop
one another in dangling clusters
and wrap around the young tulip

tree, much like how my father's side
all moved to the same country,
same city, and same town as each other.

The focal point--my grandmother's house,
is a block away from my own. Wisteria
is native to the eastern United States, but

also to the East. When I walk past
the fragrant bundles, I wonder--
do they have roots back there like I do?

Likely, but theirs are long forgotten--
hundreds of years to my twenty-two.
And then I remember that I don't remember

the life of my great grandfathers and mothers
born in China, my grandparents that fled
from it and my parents' home in India.

My skin, like the flower, is an ornament--
my hair, black tendrils against blooming
sunflowers, brands me with a label,
invasive.