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.