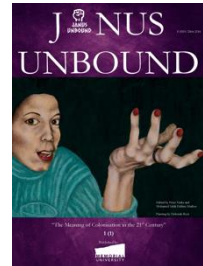

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Brown Woman Spell (Dear Kin V)

Shazia Hafiz Ramji



Dear kin, I had an idea for a poem. A brown woman spell. I thought I would add some cardamom and cumin, knowing those are favorites. But I have none in my cupboard so what does that make me? I'm a pre-emptive strike imagining you before you can enter. Can you see how much this hurts? I would call it loot. To be in the way of yourself all the time. The roads you grew up on the same roads as the central ones in the empires. Their names suffix and compass in every turn and step. The woman in this poem is a jostling weight within my bones. She is asking to be remembered and I don't know how. The answer is in my body, yes, but I am not in my body. I am too much in my bubble of one with my one-litre bottle of water and my bachelor suite. I am not willing to give it up and get out of my head. The truth is I am terrified. When I feel various and several, I know I am whirling the way a cotton bud in an ear canal sounds, constantly chafing like an excavation, brushing off the waste of the present accumulated on what has always already been there, yearning to be found, and I know that if it does, the person I am now will disappear. I will say thank you when I'm ready.

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Brown Woman Spell (Dear Kin V)

Biography

Shazia Hafiz Ramji is pursuing a PhD in English at the University of Calgary and is the author of *Port of Being*.