

The Alchemist

This feeling of un-belonging haunts me as I dream

I picked up this feeling and it sticks to me like a leech

It bounds and breaks the barriers of my skin

Now all I can smell is the metal of red

Not here, nor there, not anywhere

I am constantly moving,

never resting

I'm here, I'm there, I'm everywhere

I've moved houses, countries, and continents

From snowflakes to burning heat,

home has become unrecognizable

My ancestors' sweat flow through the chaos of typhoons and rubble from earthquakes

Mixing and moving,

my DNA is the same way

Mixing different languages and gracing oceans,

This strength cannot be replicated even if you can carry boulders

My soul is a testament to the Sun and the Crescent Moon through flags my parents'

shoulder

Pick and choose who I wish to become and I may finally be

Although my ancestors echo a language I can barely make out,

I am the blend of two cultures that bleed gold coins and silver thread

The alchemist cannot compare to me