

Natasha Borton

Have you ever tasted what it's like to be here?
When the air is deep fried
With a side of green chillies and Milque Toast

Where football roams without borders between LaBelleVue and Hollywood
And forget me nots bloom in yellow and blue

Wreccsam
Backlit in the moonlight

Over coffee, on a summer afternoon
We match pasta de nada to the petals of daffodils
I tell the story of a friend from China
Who introduced me to Pierogi
at a community centre in Caia Park

She tells me a story of a room
At the back of Saith Seren
Littered with Welsh mutations
Through Portuguese tongues

We pour ourselves, steaming
Into the Welsh Air
Mingling bilingual laughter above simmering spices

No rush, hunting out the next café
To sit, to linger together a minute longer

When I think of our community
It's usually over food or a
Coffee, a beer
The only pause we carve into the space
To linger in conversation

We stir our lives together in heaped teaspoons,
She sips an espresso like the clock is running out of time,
I nurse a cappuccino like time is all I have,
We both sit, and watch the world go by for a moment when she asks

"What's the word for the way people miss their country?"
I say "Longing"

"What's the word for where home used to be?"
I say "Hiraeth"

"What is the word for feeling at home here?"
I say "Belonging"

How beautiful, to sit side by side
One, never overtaking the other
Just a moment away from the rest of our lives but the smell of cinnamon
clings like flowers in my hair

Have you ever tasted what it's like to be really here?
Enriched in our community through each subtle moment of unity,
Wall pawb-alicious