

## THE ORNAMENT

AUTHOR: NEVINA ABHVANI

### The Ornament

This fine ornament; a treasure  
Embossing my entirety  
Scared; marked  
Burning torches scorched symbols  
Where do I belong?

My ornament still forgives  
Shields me from  
Extremes; Protection  
I wear my ornament proudly  
Can the loss forgive?

This fine ornament; existed  
Long before your 'findings'  
Greeted new found friends  
Extended arms  
Olive branches in hand

We woke up; in chains  
Blind eye tunnels; 'Point of No Return'  
Container ships washing  
Past, present and future  
Our ghosts haunt the basements  
I wore my ornament proudly

Storms carry gigantic waves; engulfing minds  
Wave-energy turned your course  
A moment's blink; all captured  
Colonisation; nations lost  
But I wore my ornament proudly

Segregation your power  
No Blacks and Asians  
Little boy dejected  
Glimpse of colonial bar  
Wonders what delights lie beyond  
But I wore my ornament proudly

You ask where I came from?  
Ask Mr.Hunter  
Stolen from Africa  
Brought to Somewhere  
Now you ask why I am here?  
Ask Mr.Hunter?  
But I wore my ornament proudly

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