

CANADIAN ROOTS | Parise Adey

I am from the big green bean that stands out from the sea of beige,
the warped front steps tinged with the musty smell of rotting wood.

I am from the bloodred, painted sunsets, blanketing the moon
the rolling mists
thick enough to coat the back of a spoon,
and easy on the eyes like cotton candy is to the tongue- flavourful.

I'm from Mummers Simani and an odd sense of jocularity,
From Neil and Monique

I'm from the controlled chaos that I call family.
And the countless milk toppers thrown on the floor for the spoiled, purring furball,
(the true head of the house) Bobby.

From serenading "LET'S GO, LET'S GO, L-E-T-S-G-O" chants out the door
and "Just a minute" cover-ups for "I'll need an hour".

I'm from an endless line of Sunday mass visits
but I'm where "in the name of the holy spirit" stops.

I'm from the land of saints and scholars,
from the mouth-watering, piquant scent of Jiggs and KD dinners on a cold winters' night.

I am from salty, buttered Harbour Station popcorn,
from Seadogs fans and sports fanatics.

From the infamous hockey game where I lost a tooth,
and my irritating younger kinfolk, (aka Xavier) lost his lunch.

I'm from the go-to party house for annual get-togethers,
the kind that brings friends and family alike- my two worlds colliding into one.
Clashing of tarnished cutlery, wooden plates my mother dubbed "idiosyncratic", and laughter,
Its congenial echoes forever bouncing off the charming bright blue walls.