

## **Concrete Jungle by Milan Jagatia**

A place where I did not belong.  
People of diverse colour, religion, freedom to be, nestled around a ring road.  
A place where I found belonging.

Stifled within the bosom of patriarchal  
And matriarchal family. Welcomed with false smiles, hugs and critical eyes.  
A place where I did not belong.

Safety in numbers, new found identity  
My own face was reflected all around me, familiar, new, languages and smells.  
A place where I found belonging.

Greenery exiled to the edges of Coventry  
To secret hidden pockets, where I could breath deeply, feel free. All set within  
A place where I did not belong.

The real me was not good enough, rejected by micro-aggressions.  
The real me was embraced and I bloomed, like spring blossom.  
A place where I did not belong.  
A place where I found belonging.