## England's Dream. India's Green

By Navkiran Kaur Mann

Water buffalo plough my family's land in India

move along the sugarcane fields

offering the sweetness of their milk.

Villagers gather their dung and pat them

into circles like cupcakes that

bake in the midday sun

use them as fuel for mud ovens

where the evening dal and chapatis are made

I ask my mum

Why does no-one in my family eat meat?

She answers

Buffalo are family too.

I am 9 years old and fast losing the taste for McDonalds

TV soaps, cars and supermarkets that open late

I love the simplicity of life without electricity

where river walks and stories by lamplight are told

I love the way that life here is

slow

Growing up in England everything moves so

quickly

I realized I've wrapped myself in plastic to cocoon

my guilt of consuming more than I'll ever need,

I want the latest Iphone
I want cheap clothing
I want next day delivery

I look out with gratitude over the rice fields
the sun plants a kiss on my cheek
I pause to reflect
that my time here
on earth as a visitor
is only

temporary