I had an orange with chickpeas on a flight

I had an orange with chickpeas on a flight to Tokyo and I also went West to go to what I thought was East

I had an orange with chickpeas

and I said in my heart this is good food

and Jesus greeted me with flowers

and Jesus greeted me with flowers

outside Changi Airport

And I studied law in high school

and sat in a true court of law and thought about Changi Prison and penalty of death for drug trafficking

And that’s not right y’all.

Let the death penalty end in all nations, Lord.

Thanks be to God for freedom, sisters and brothers

I ate on banana leaves on Serangoon Road

and sat in a mosque an prayed wid peace in ma heart, covered in holy garb for women

An I watched pirated VCDs that I bought in Shanghai and on Orchard Road, and I’m sorry,

and let it not happen again.

And I didn’t see Planet Hollywood open, but I loved to have the bean burger at Hard Rock Café wid mum

But I cry when I think of Mr. Dodge, who said on the bus on Friday after school wid Meera,

be nice to people, and I miss him so much, friends

And we rode in the bus to the Leprosy Home, and I didn’t know what to say, and Meera smiled the whole way

And I thought about World War II, and now I’m thinking about Ben Hur and the scene with rain that I watched legally at a home in Irving with friends and pizza

And let there be peace in the world now, friends.

And Mr. Dodge taught history, and Mrs. Donahue cried at Corbett, and we waited and sat in a jeep during our final semester before college began

And I walked on Serangoon Road looking for vests and found them with black kurtas that I bought legally

And they wore them at Hamman Hall more than two times, and we danced and felt free in Houston as we spoke Hindi with God, even if we didn’t understand wholly, because we thought of love

And we walked on Serangoon Road so many times

And we went on subway trains, and we balanced on two feet, so we wouldn’t fall

And I think about the government of Singapore and a one-party dominance that isn’t good and freedom of the press and laws that limit freedom rather than protect freedom

And I want to talk to Meera and remember,

and thanks be to God