



Poem

My intuitive experience of intersectional identity(ies)

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Figure 1: A portrait from Bjar @bjart (TikTok)

In the tapestry of life I stand,
a woman, with the richness of my Brown hue,
first-generation echoes in my journey's land,
an adult Migrant, my roots are an intertwining brew.

English, my second tongue, yet I wield its power,
a contractual position, my anchor in the tide,
a Brown Woman, blooming like a rare flower,
in the sprawling garden of supremacy's embrace,
where dreams collide and other stars shine brightly.

On the trail of research, I chart my course,
first-gen whispers shaping my every stride.
In the halls of academia's gate, my laurels fade, as
shadows overtake.

I cast aside the chains of imposed defeat, seeking the
hidden force in my veins,
beneath the surface, where cracked strength and dismay
meet.

I wandered through the labyrinth of maternal embrace,
where roots of resistance whispered secrets of Grace.
And realised, in academia's halls,
maternity leave is seen as a fracture
in the ivory tower's gleam,

or a river etching wisdom's course,
through the rigid stone of entrenched discourse.

Amidst unfairness's looming night, the poet's pen ignites
a dream of justice,
casting shadows into the realm of light.
I wear my intersectional badge with Grace,
'Realise', all are unintentional!!!... Just fight.

My light shines bright, an unwavering sight,
for I am a first-gen, Brown Migrant Woman,
unyielding in this earthly space.
Yet, in quiet moments, fear whispers, warning of storms
that might steal your sky.

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