



2 family home
124 UNION AVE.

My kitchen at home smells like garlic, spice, incense, and sunflowers. It is constantly hot, something spilling over the pot, stove fan on fast, and my mother yelling on the other line of the phone. It's loud, the screeching of the rice cooker, my family laughing, google home playing old Bollywood songs. It's overwhelming, my dad asking me what I am doing with my life, too many options for dinner, and my mother putting more on my plate even after I said no. It's bright, the door open sunshine pouring in, the stainless steel dining plates refracting light on my face, the oven light flickering.

See, my kitchen was always organized chaos, nothing was in its place, but exactly where it needed to be. The kitchen was a place where Indian food, American Food, and anything else my aunt could think of was made. It's the place where everyone talks over each other and no one feels left out. It was the place I learned that my home meant so much to me.

YADAVI PATIL