

PARTS, PIECES AND WHOLENESS: A TALE OF HOME, IMMIGRATION, AND FINDING MY WAY

It's been one week since I dropped them off at Pearson. One week since I avoided my house the whole day because of the hollowness but still ended up bursting into tears the moment I set my feet in the house at 9pm.

It's been 5 years since I waved them goodbye, when I boarded the 'God is Good' bus at the park leaving Warri, for what I like to think was my last time of fully being from that city. I sometimes mourn the time I didn't get to spend at home because of the search for more...for adulthood.

Maybe I should have taken daddy up on his offer to get me a job near the house. I would have gotten a small car, driven to my 'cute' lecturing job at the private university that was offering to pay me 50k (Fifty thousand naira) a month. 50k though! Me? Graduate with an MSc? But at least I was home.

Now, there's no one at home and I have a longing for something that isn't there anymore. Visits don't do the trick because their home is no longer mine. Even more so because, I am at the age where they expect that I should have started my own family.

I am becoming but I'm doing it alone and no one tells you these things when you start your immigration (japa) journey. They will say things like *"this country is hard, go and do better for yourself"*, *"don't come back o"*.

But part of you does want to come back, to what you think (or remember) is home. A part of you also wants to remain here because you're actually doing well. A part of you wants to be able to drop off your parents at Pearson in your nicely acquired car, as they pray and pour into you on their way back home.