

# Cloudburst in Jakande

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stormy eid. rain washes the dua off our  
tongues. old central mosque brimming  
with bodies the brown of archipelago  
barks. i witness a crippled boy bum-walk  
a blind man to the front row of the saf'.  
& my guilt puckers beneath my skin. cracks  
in the rusted zinc-roof which used to  
pour sunlight into the masjid on very hot days  
now channels dribblets of the morning  
shower over the jamma. droplets after  
droplets on the rubber mats, megaphone  
by the windowpane, smooth scalp either  
bald or shaved hairless. each hydro-bead at  
first without stimulus. then like the nazi-  
jew prisoners with waterbags tied overhead,  
each drop becomes heavier & heavier, till  
you're convinced there's an entire beach  
suspended atop, pounding wave after  
wave against your skull. back home,  
the flood, good old friend that it is, reaches  
in, submerging the bedfoot & sofa. & my cousin,  
sweet ol' girl she is, holds her infant over

the deluge, & baths him in cold rain water.

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## Mile 12

curry. spice. potatoes. & ata ijosi fill wheel  
-barrows beneath the sweat-licking sun. haggling  
at its height softened by dialectic symphony.  
a yarinya too young to mother  
breastfeeds an infant in a shed. yaro in blue  
truck heaves bags of beans twice his size.  
i am 3 weeks returned from school. varsity  
lecturers on another protracted strike. rust & ibadan  
red dust still glued to my supra boots. thin light  
-ning lines the sky. & disappears again.  
i do not think of how much i miss Acrylics. &/or  
our long promenades in the dark. i do not see  
the words 40 worshippers shot dead in owo cat  
-holic church step out an old fm radio chattering  
in a lotto kiosk. instead i stay  
my gaze on some bird (whose english  
name i'll bing-search after this poem) hovering.  
round-crowing over an agama with white belly  
skywards near a meat stall in the market square.  
i think about how often we're scavengers  
circumspecting over distractions. something to  
shift our eyes off the impending storm. distant  
song. a poem. a prey. some dissonant chord.

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