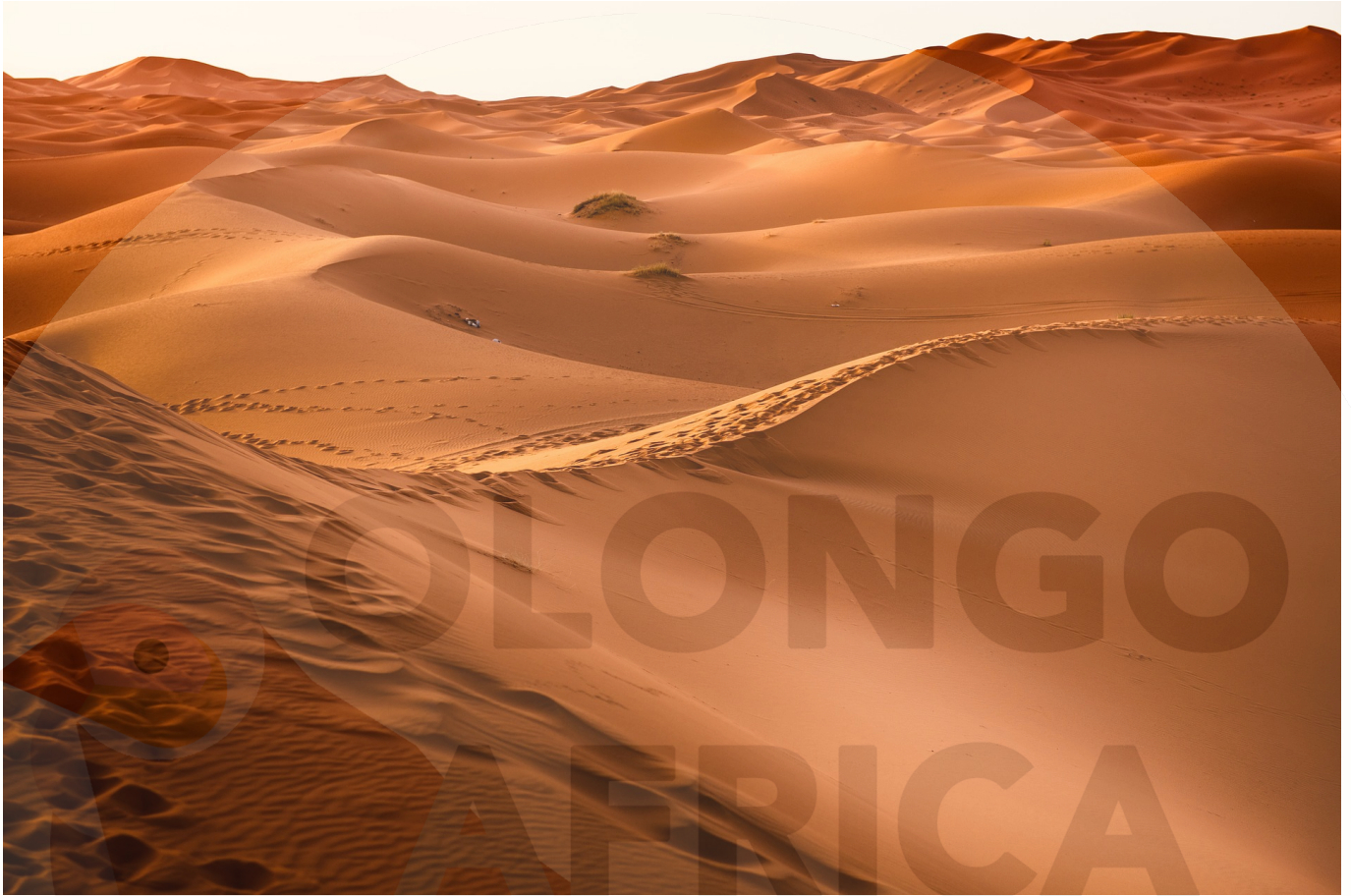


Everyone Has Something To Say

Kólá Túbòsún

March 19, 2021



for H & to H.

death seethed into a home &
did not pass through the door nor the window;
did not knock, greet or smile
no one knew how it got in, but when it left
you went missing.
mother tried to remember a passage through
in your sickness or a path in your frail palm:
maybe they were cues so she began tracing maps,
bit her fingers for not finding a blueprint.
she searched in the innocent words
you said & the clothes you wore
 –how you wore them & how they wore you.
a friend said she'd seen you on Monday
down the road, you smiled as she waved
like her, everyone has something to say
about the last time they saw you;
 on your way to the Madrasah.
remember the year you'd almost died?
your parents disbursed their hopes like bills
now your name is sour on your father's lips

& there is an eclipse on your mother's face:
a sad reminder of your disappearance into dust.

Rahma O. Jimoh is a writer and nature photog. She is a 2021 Hues Foundation scholar and a 2020 Pushcart Prize Nominee. A lover of sunsets and monuments. She has been published or forthcoming in *Feral*, *Praxis Magazine* and *The Hellebore*. She was recently shortlisted as top ten in the Hysteria Writing Contest. She is the Poetry Editor for *The Quills* and a Poetry Reader at *Chestnut Review*.



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