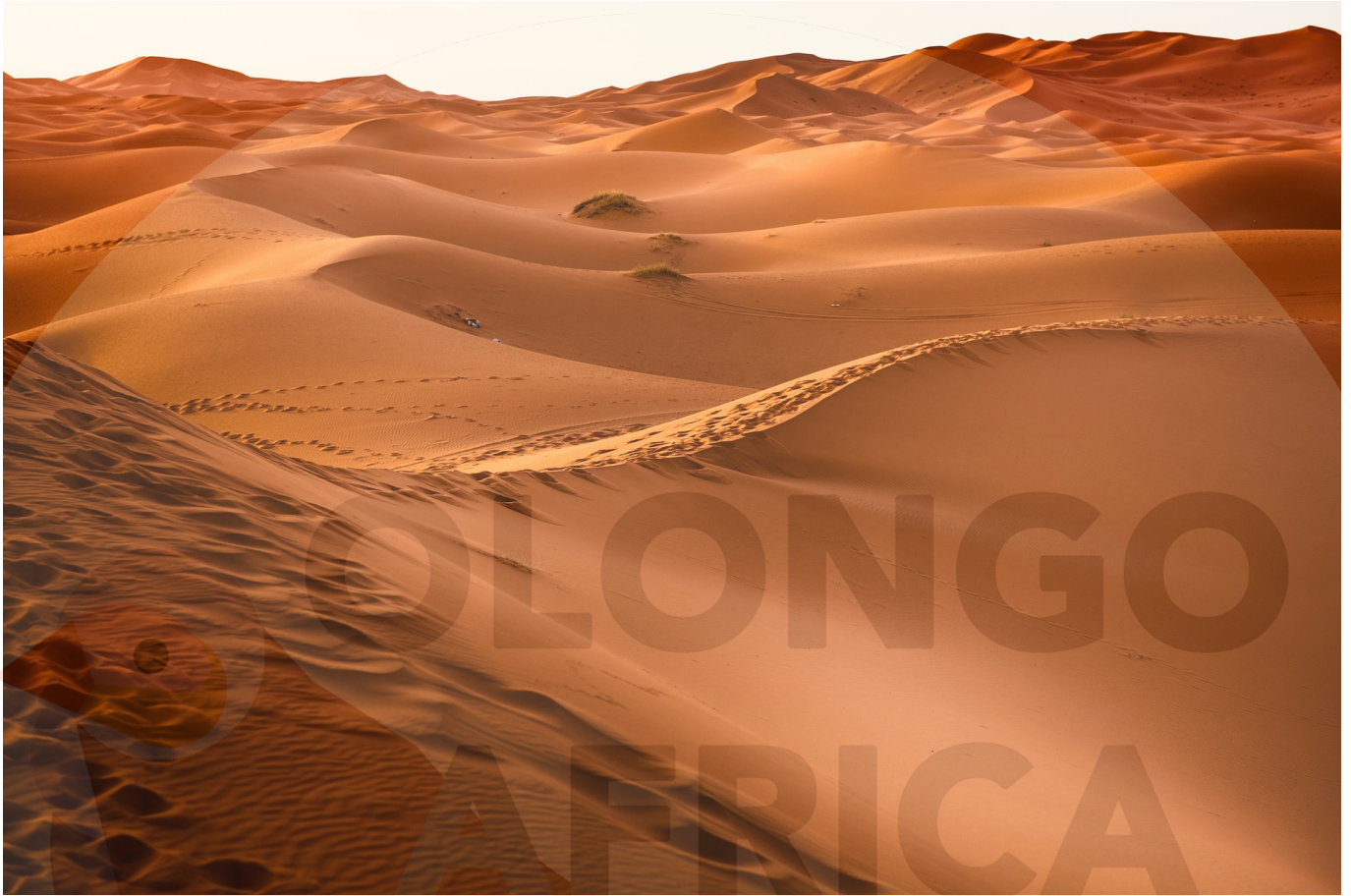


# Everyone Has Something To Say

Kolá 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.

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