

Home

Kóla Túbòsún

February 19, 2021



The girl wearing a rose garland holding tulips
between skinny fingers goes to sleep on a cold concrete
slab in the city square. It's night & here, we are
calling on hope. But just what is hope when dawn
breaks /& opens up her innocence to this sad world
like the gutting of an arrowed pigeon? what is hope
if not this fickle intuition this powerful longing?
Home in a wartorn country is _____

- a. _____ a museum of dry bones
- b. an orchestra of hollow mouths singing _____ songs of
- hunger
- c. ash _____ & coal _____ & fire
- d. _____ a land bearing craters like scars
on a body pregnant with bombs
- e. the song _____ within the belly
of a broken-winged bird

Today a man carried in his mouth the heavy song
of his child's body –an elegy to the lighthouse & I,
holding this image within my mind like an enigma
voice broken pleas to rain as the panacea for this fire

burning men into ash because tomorrow
another child will wake up in the body of a ghost
& this fire will burn another mouth into a dirge.

Timi Sanni is a writer, editor, and Muslim literature advocate. He is the Founding Editor of *Iman Collective*, a Muslim literary magazine. A *NF2W* poetry and fiction scholar. His work has appeared or is forthcoming at *Palette Poetry*, *Down River Road*, *Drinking Gourd Magazine*, *Temz Review*, *X-R-A-Y Literary*, and elsewhere. He is a reader for *CRAFT* and *Liminal Transit Review* and an editor at *Kalopsia Literary*. He is the winner of the *SprinNG Poetry Contest* and *Fitrah Review Short Story Prize 2020*. He was also nominated for the 2020 Young Writers and Creatives Award. Find him on twitter @timisanni.