

I am not your mother, oh country

Kólá Túbòsún

March 31, 2021



but I'll wash you clean.
Bring me the bath water and soap,
I'll have to wash you
off my skin
 off my tongue
 off my marrows,
till you transform into a scum-flow
I'll trap in a bath bowl,
un-forgetting to spill the water and the baby
into a memory of dross.
 I am not your mother, oh country.
I. am. not. your. mother.
I can't hold you to my bosom daily while
you drill daggers at every inch of my thorax.

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