Ní Ayé Mìíràn

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Ní ayé mìíràn mo fẹ́ jẹ́ bàbá láì fojú sunkún àwọn ọmọ mi,
láì ní ìrírí ètùtù wíwo àwọn ọmọ mi padà sílé bíi ara tí wọ́n
kákò bíi ẹní-ìkírun, láì lo awọn alẹ́ mi pẹ̀lú wọn láti máa sọ
ìtàn ìlú tí onílé ti ń di àjòjì tí wọ́n ń wá ibùgbé. Mo fẹ́ jẹ́ kí àwọn
ọmọ mi tẹ́ ẹní sí ìta ilé mi láti ṣeré láì jẹ́ wípé ìbọn ń fa ara ògiri ya.
Mo fẹ́ wo àwọn ọmọ mi bí wọ́n ṣé ń dàgbà tí wọ́n sì ń ké orúkọ
ìlú wọn bíi àdúrà-olùwà, láti ṣeré pẹ̀lú ayọ̀ ní òpópónà láìsí wípé
àwọn kan ń d'ọdẹ wọn bíi ẹranko nínú igbó, láìsí wípé wọ́n dáwọ́
lù wọ́n pa. Ní ayé mìíràn mo fẹ́ jẹ́ kí àwọn ọmọ mi lé tata ní pápá,
láti ṣeré pẹ̀lú ọmọlanke wọn nínú yàrá, láti fín òórùn aládùn òdòdó
tó ń fẹ́ bí afẹ́fẹ́ ṣe ń fẹ́, láti rí àwọn ẹiyẹ bí wọ́n ti ń wọn ojú ọ̀run pẹ̀lú ìyẹ́ wọn.

In Another World

In another world I want to be a father without
passing through the eternal insanity of mourning
my children, without experiencing the ritual
of watching my children return home as bodies
folded like a prayer mat, without spending my
nights telling them the stories of a home town
where natives become aliens searching for
a shelter. I want my children to spread a mat

outside my house and play without the walls
of houses ripped by rifles. I want to watch my children
grow to recite the name of their homeland like Lord's
Prayer, to frolic in the streets without being hunted like
animals in the bush, without being mobbed to death.
In another world I want my children to tame grasshoppers
in the field, to play with their dolls in the living room,
to inhale the fragrance of flowers waving as wind blows,
to see the birds measure the sky with their wings.

Ìdúpẹ́

Fún ìgbáyé lẹ́yìn ìdúngbàmù, fún ìfẹ́ tó rọ̀ wá pẹ̀lú bí ogun
ti ṣe ba ilẹ̀ wa jẹ́, fún ayọ̀ nínú ẹkún àwọn ìkókó tí àwọn ìyá wọn gbé lọ́wọ́.

Ìdúpẹ́ fún àwọn nǹkan kékeré, fún àfojúsùn ọmọ mi láti tún ilé ayé kọ́,
fún àwọn tí wọ́n ń jí l'ojojúmọ́ pẹ̀lú ìyàlẹ́nu láti rí àwọn ẹyẹ tí wọ́n kún ojú ọ̀run.

Ìdúpẹ́ fún àwọn ọrẹ tí wọ́n ṣe àbẹ̀wò sìwa, àwọn mọ̀lẹ́bí tí wọ́n fi ìwé-àkọ-ránsẹ́ sọwọ́,
àwọn ènìyàn tí wọ́n sí ìlẹ̀kùn wọn fún wa nígbà tí ogun sẹ́yọ lójú ọ̀run.

Ìdúpẹ́ fún àwọn odò tí wọ́n darapọ̀, àwọn pápá tí wọ́n gba àwọn ọmọdé
wa láyè láti gbádùn ìgbà-èwe wọn.

Ìdúpẹ́ fún ìdáhùn sí àwọn ìbéèrè, fún ara ògiri tí a gbé àwọn àwòrán wa kọ,
fún fèrèsé tí atẹ́gùn ń gbà wọlé.

Ìdúpẹ́ fún àwọn nǹkan tó sọ wá di èèyàn gidi, àwọn nǹkan tó gbé ọwọ́ wa sókè
ní alẹ́ tí à ń sọkún, àwọn nǹkan tó tú ìfẹ́ wa fún àlàáfíà.

Ìdúpẹ́ fún àwọn ọkọ tí wọ́n padà sílé láìséwu láti pàdé àwọn ìyàwó àti àwọn ọmọ wọn
tí wọ́n ń dúró lẹ́nu ọ̀nà, fún àwọn tí ọmọ wọn rántí.

Ìdúpẹ́ fún àwọn nǹkan tó yè, fún àwọn ọmọ tí ayé wọn di àwòrán-ìtọ́sọ́nà-ayé
tí à ń tọ̀, fún àánú Ọlọ́run lórí wa.

Ìdúpẹ́ fún oúnjẹ àsìkò, fún àánú tó pín kiri,
fún orin tó tu àìbalẹ̀-ọkàn wa.

Ìdúpẹ́ fún àwọn tó fẹnu kò wá níwájú orí, tí wọ́n sì sọ fún wa pé gbogbo nǹkan
bọ̀ wàá dára fún wa, fún àwọn tó nawọ́ ẹ̀bùn sí wa láti mú relé.

Fún àwọn tó pè wá laàsálẹ́ sórí ẹ̀rọ-ìbánisọ̀rọ̀ láti bèrè àlàáfíà wa,
fún àwọn tí orúkọ wọn jẹ́ kí ayé ṣe pè ní ibùgbé.

Ìdúpẹ́ fún ìlera ìyá mi tó dúró dédé, fún egun ara bàbá mi tó jí pépé,
Ìdúpẹ́ fún ìdánilójú oore nígbà tí a bá nílò rẹ̀.

Ìdúpẹ́ fún àwọn tó ṣe wípé, pẹ̀lú ọkàn wọn tí ó bàjẹ́,

wọ́n fún wa ní gbogbo nǹkan tó mọ́lẹ̀ láyé.

Grateful

For life after the bombings, for the love that cradles us in spite of the war
that wrecks our land, for joy in the cries of infants in their mother's arms.

Grateful for little things, for my son's dream of building the world,
for people waking up every day to marvel at the birds that fill the sky.

Grateful for friends that visit us, relatives that send letters to us,
people that open their doors for us when war looms in the sky.

Grateful for the rivers that become a confluence, fields that house our
children when they gather to explore childhood moments.

Grateful for answered questions, for the walls that bear the frames
of our pictures, for the windows that usher in air.

Grateful for things that shape us into better beings, things that lift our hands
when we fill the night with cries, things that unchain our passion for bliss.

Grateful for husbands that return home safely to meet their wives and children
waiting for them at doorsteps, for mothers whose children remember.

Grateful for things that survive, for children whose lives become maps
for us to trace, for God's infinite mercy over us.

Grateful for the meals taken at normal hours, for shared compassion,
for songs that soothe our troubled hearts.

Grateful for the ones who kiss our brows and say, we will be fine,
for the ones who stretch their hands filled with gifts for us to take home,

for the ones who phone at late hours to ask if we are fine,
for the ones whose names mean the world is a haven.

Grateful for my mother's stable health, for my father's strong bones,
for the assurance of kindness when we need it.

Grateful for those who, in spite of their sad
hearts, offer us every bright thing in the world.

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