

Ní Ayé Mììràn

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November 4, 2022



Ní ayé mììràn mo fẹ jẹ bàbá láì fojú sunkún àwọn ọmọ mi,
láì ní ìrírí ètùtù wíwo àwọn ọmọ mi padà sílé bíí ara tí wọn
kákò bíí ẹnì-ìkírùn, láì lo awọn alẹ mi pẹlú wọn láti máa sọ
ìtàn ìlú tí onílẹ̀ tí n di àjòjì tí wọn n wá ibùgbé. Mo fẹ jẹ kí àwọn
ọmọ mi tẹ ẹnì sí ita ilé mi láti şeré láì jẹ wípé ìbọn n fa ara ògiri ya.
Mo fẹ wo àwọn ọmọ mi bí wọn şé n dàgbà tí wọn sì n ké orúkọ
ìlú wọn bíí àdúrà-oluwà, láti şeré pẹlú ayọ ní òpópónà láìsí wípé
àwọn kan n d'ọdẹ wọn bíí ẹranko nínú igbó, láìsí wípé wọn dájọ
lù wọn pa. Ní ayé mììràn mo fẹ jẹ kí àwọn ọmọ mi lé tata ní pápá,
láti şeré pẹlú ọmọlanke wọn nínú yàrá, láti fín òórùn aládùn òdòdó
tó n fẹ bíí afẹfẹ şe n fẹ, láti rí àwọn ẹiyẹ bíí wọn tí n wọn ojú ọrun pẹlú ìyẹ 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.

Ìdúpẹ̀

Fún ìgbáyé lẹ̀yìn ìdúngbàmù, fún ìfẹ́ tó rọ̀ wá pẹ̀lú bí ogun
tí ẹ̀ ba ilẹ̀ wa jẹ́, fún ayọ̀ nínú ẹ̀kún àwọn ìkókó tí àwọn ìyá wọn gbé lẹ̀wọ̀.

Ìdúpẹ̀ fún àwọn nńkan kékeré, fún àfojúsun ọmọ mi láti tún ilé ayé kọ,
fún àwọn tí wọn n jì l'ojóúmọ̀ pẹ̀lú ìyàlẹ̀nu láti rí àwọn ẹ̀yẹ́ tí wọn kún ojú ọ̀run.

Ìdúpẹ̀ fún àwọn ọ̀rẹ́ tí wọn ẹ̀ àbẹ̀wò sìwa, àwọn mọ̀lẹ̀bí tí wọn fi ìwé-àkọ-ránsẹ́ sọwọ̀,
àwọn èniyàn tí wọn sí ìlẹ̀kún wọn fún wa nígbà tí ogun sẹ̀yọ́ lójú ọ̀run.

Ìdúpẹ̀ fún àwọn odò tí wọn darapọ̀, àwọn pápá tí wọn gba àwọn ọ̀mọ̀dé
wa láyè láti gbádùn ìgbà-èwe wọn.

Ìdúpẹ̀ fún ìdáhùn sí àwọn ìbèèrè, fún ara ọ̀giri tí a gbé àwọn àwòrán wa kọ,
fún fẹ̀rèsé tí atẹ̀gùn n gbà wọ̀lé.

Ìdúpẹ̀ fún àwọn nńkan tó sọ wá di èyà gidi, àwọn nńkan tó gbé ọ̀wọ̀ wa sókè
ní alẹ́ tí à n sọkún, àwọn nńkan tó tú ìfẹ́ wa fún àlàáfíà.

Ìdúpẹ̀ fún àwọn ọ̀kọ́ tí wọn padà sílé láisẹ̀wu láti pàdé àwọn ìyàwó àti àwọn ọ̀mọ́ wọn
tí wọn n dúró lẹ̀nu ọ̀nà, fún àwọn tí ọ̀mọ́ wọn rántí.

Ìdúpẹ̀ fún àwọn nńkan tó yè, fún àwọn ọ̀mọ́ tí ayé wọn di àwòrán-ìtọ̀sọ̀nà-ayé
tí à n tọ̀, fún àánú Ọ̀lórún lórí wa.

Ìdúpẹ̀ fún ọ̀nẹ́ àsikò, fún àánú tó pín kiri,
fún orin tó tu àìbalẹ̀-ọ̀kàn wa.

Ìdúpẹ̀ fún àwọn tó fẹ̀nu kò wá níwájú orí, tí wọn sì sọ fún wa pé gbogbo nńkan
bọ̀ wàá dára fún wa, fún àwọn tó nawọ̀ ẹ̀bùn sí wa láti mú relé.

Fún àwọn tó pè wá laasálẹ́ sórí ẹ̀rọ-ìbáńisọ̀rọ̀ láti bèrè àlàáfíà wa,
fún àwọn tí orúkọ wọn jẹ́ kí ayé ẹ̀ pè ní ibùgbé.

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

Ìdúpẹ̀ fún àwọn tó ẹ̀ wípé, pẹ̀lú ọ̀kàn wọn tí ó bàjẹ́,

wọn fún wa ní gbogbo ǹnkan tó mọ̀lẹ̀ láyẹ́.

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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