

# Someday I'll love Kwaku Kyereh

Kólá Túbòsún

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*after Claire Schwartz / after Ocean Vuong*

Kwaku, you have loved—and you have been loved,  
where the skin did not break is where it blackens.

Give thanks, Kwaku—give thanks, to the trees  
& the wind that gives them rhythm—to the

birds that learn to make a home where the trees are  
cut. To your morning glory & your dreams.

The sun envies the oil that pours on your head every  
morning, Kwaku. Someday it'll descend. It'll bow.

The lonely hours are your freedom, feed a squab  
& it'll sing when you need a song. Break an egg, break

a spell. You have killed your song. When you meet God,  
tell him you know why He sent them out of the garden.

Kwaku, don't say He needed it all for himself—don't tell Him.  
Let Him wonder, He's God—He made a man he knew

wouldn't listen. He made a world He knew  
He'd have to destroy, let Him wonder—tell Him

he's not God if He needs an answer from you.  
Kwaku, you have loved—

you have been undone,  
you're here—

**[This is a confession, a lie & a fact]**

There's a child born in my hometown  
who may never get to see the sea,  
when I walk at the beach, I'm full of gratitude  
& admiration.

My grandma says, *do not part the legs of a woman*  
*If she says 'no' or if she's bleeding.*  
Both are abominations among my father's people—  
there's no lie here.

On YouTube, there's a video with only one like,  
of a sea filled with plastic & all the things  
that unmake the sea. I weep, I do not like the  
video too—I kneel & write my prayer with tears:

*Lord, do not let my kids see what we have done to the world.*

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**Henneh Kyereh Kwaku** is a poet from Gonasua in the Bono Region of Ghana. He's the author of *Revolution of the Scavengers*, selected by Kwame Dawes and Chris Abani for the APBF New Generation African Poets Chapbook Series. He can be found on Twitter @kwaku\_kyereh.