

# Rainbows

Kòsì ẹ̀bì òṣùmàrè tó paré nígbà tí òjò dá,  
& no one blames the light for this blindness.

Blame the ocean or its wave that wouldn't give up  
any of the bodies it swallowed.

In prayers, beseech rainbow over this night sky,  
like a mirror of olive oil on the skin that's fireproof.

Because there is salt in blood,  
On the beach, the boys hold hands in a circle

and tell stories they inherited  
from their ancestors.

Hold your palms to your ears  
like Baba, when he does the *iqamaa*.

Because it's rare he speaks in a foreign tongue  
without stuttering.

With cupped hands, placed side by side,  
He prayed to be outlived by all his boys.

There is no way to love them better,  
Instead, he calls them names he's afraid to call the sky.

HUSSAIN  
AHMED

