

LET ME TELL YOU A DIFFERENT STORY

By Ojo Taiye

are you aching? then feed from my mother's deep black cast iron skillet: amala is like a skein produce inside the pit of my mother's hand. i long for dinner, the washing of hands in a bowl of water, surrounded by familiar voices. i don't know exactly what joy is. but as always, i get lost somewhere in love, in a deep bowl filled with *amala & efo riro*. how quickly we become something else. behind the walls of every memory, a child. is living not the shape of my panting? what use is a country with no family to eat what it yields? there are so many infants on the inventory sheets. tomorrow the drums will call for us. i am sorry you think i had all those years misunderstood the concept of absence. these days it can be hard to tell the difference. what song will you sing for them? i want to be a better animal: this is a manifesto of survival. how i wear the words: good spoon, kindness & salt loaf. this is how i was born: in a field of hunger where i bury the past & free myself from every partial poem.