

Mihret

No offense to God, but every thing my mother prayed I wouldn't be, I became.
Every place she prayed I wouldn't go, I went. I walked so long I found Mercy.
I draped her thighs over my shoulders & drank. She's abundant
& I'm finally alive. Had I been what I was supposed to be I'd be my mother's
safehouse. I'd be her mother land. I wouldn't wander, I would remain.
Were I from whence I ought to be from I'd call this something else but
I belong to the country I was born in. Everything I've done has been in Love's name
& in Love's name I've done these sins: I've clenched my fist. I've run.
I've bitten my tongue dead raw. Mihret covers my chest while I hum & swallow blood.
She keeps me warm. Doesn't ask for me to stay.