My father lives in ‘merica

My father lives in ‘merica
And I am in the remote bushes
My married father and his wife
And my brothers with spike hair
And sisters with pony tail
In the twenty second-floor
Seeping their souls into lovely misty cloud.

With dry eyes
I live here in the wild foliages
‘Very soon, very soon … all processing on …
She’ll leave …’
With soaking eyes dadu gossips to all.
Young men loiter around the house
And wink at my shadow, a golden chariot to cross
The fuming white Atlantic.

My responsible beloved father lives a life
There
Leaving my mother inside the silent earth
Calls and sends dollar
With assurance, ‘Very soon … very soon’
Years after years.

Umme Salma

'My father lives in ‘merica’, Umme Salma.
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