

## Lost

Zanubia A. Omar\*

I wonder if she ever feels lonely?  
If she regrets her change?  
If her apathy makes her fade?  
If her prayers ever signal regrets?

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My mother told me a story about a woman once  
who on the day of her arrival to Denmark  
looked outside a window and saw a balcony  
to then wanting to throw herself out

I wonder how do you survive that?  
How do you escape from one war only to be stuck in another?  
when you run and run only not to be moving  
when all you remember is the day you left  
when the warmth of your Hooyo<sup>1</sup> and Ayeeyo<sup>2</sup> is gone  
when your language starts giving you more complications & your presence is unwanted.

My mother told me a story about a woman once  
who sacrificed everything

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\* **Zanubia A. Omar** is a somali-dane and poet. She has been writing for years and has recently decided to share her love for writing and self-expression with others. Other than having been engaged in the poetry community for a while not, she is also a business student. Zanubia uses her writing as a way of examining and understanding her roots and as a self-reflection of the different layers of her identity.

<sup>1</sup> Hooyo: Mother

<sup>2</sup> Ayeeyo: Grandmother

so her children could get a spot on a boat.

To only be washing up on shores

after drowning in the Mediterranean Sea

a dumping ground for unwanted bodies

There is something about that desperation

that makes me wonder

about these so called drawn up borders

There is something about *that* desperation for *here* that makes me wonder

does the color of my passport precede my black skin?

Is my longing for there an insult to all the children in the water?

\*

My mother's country harbors women with solid strong spines. Women whose spines remains uncurved no matter how many whiplashes they receive. Women who rebuild and continue to uphold their children, families, communities, countries.

Today - Mother tells me stories about women

who do not want to be touched anymore

whose spirits have lost their fire

& grief has started seeking refuge in their bodies

And I wonder how do you do that?

How do you stop recognizing yourself?

How do you stop loving yourself?

When did you stop loving yourself?

I might be hallucinating but sometimes

Sometimes –

I blend together the person with the ghost.