

Home

Zanubia A. Omar*

Last night she came into my room with two cups of tea
Sat down on a chair and just looked at me
I asked her what was wrong
 It was 2 AM

The silence and calmness surrounding us put us in a trance
her eyes absent from mine
looking at the white wall behind me
seeing things, I could not see

Where is home I asked?
she answers **Galkayo**.
With the gaps in her memory -
she tells me about the few good stories she does remember
I am 16 years old she says
the school bell rings
“We run to the car”

She tells me about how Farhiyo grasps on to her as the car speeds off
about the orange sand vibrating its warmth into the wind
& the strong smell of rubber mixed with bodies of sweat

* **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.

The sun

The pure air

The birds

The greenery

The giggles resonating out of the cheerful smiles
& as she closes her eyes she reminisces about the breeze –
brushing her face placing a blissful kiss

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I am the child of nostalgia, loneliness and emptiness
I am the child of sacrifices, hope and love
I am the child of broken tongues stitched together with silence
I am the child of an amnesia so violent that no human body should possess

In the night I see her soul leave her body,
mentally gone home but physically restrained here

Last night with her throat aching she called out her mother's name

"It's been 16 years"

"It's been 16 years" she repeats

My mother has not been home for 16 years.