A SOMALI SONG

by Christine Choi Ahmed

Just folks killing each other
Black folks killing. A
one-legged boy, blood
stained ma'awis and
nomadic footprints
remain from the last
battle between second
cousins and their guns.

Just Black folks killing each other
on the 32nd page of the New York Times

In the big maroon
dictionary, between
fine gold binding. A
bi-focaled man from
Oxford enters the new
definition. Somalia:
self-genocide, African style.

Just Black folks killing each other
in another African civil war.

Beneath piles of
broken homes, the ghost
echoes bounce sounds
of evening dinner and
unsuspecting goodbyes.
Shallow graves are
outside each broken gate
and the souls dread the wet season

Just Black folks killing each other
this isn't Yugoslavia or even Lebanon.

Pedicured toes slip
into Italian leather
and the sleek, slick
gather on the 3rd floor
of the old colonial hotel
in Nairobi and debate  
the next round of death  
for the people  

Just Black folks killing each other  
with white bombs, white mines & white bullets  

Give me clean hate, show  
me the face of the enemy,  
his money, his friends, his  
belief and his eyes. Don't  
quote gnealogies to me, I  
want to know who he is and  
why the Shebelle flows red.