

Your Hometown
By Ciham Tum

I still remember the earthy smell of Ethiopia
That stained your bright chiffon dresses
And the smell of red peppers drying
In the arid blue sky of your
Palm tree filled hometown.

I wish more than anything right now
To be back at your house where
Roosters are the only source of alarms and
The wise Mr. goat and his stupid chicken friends
Are always in the backyard to greet me at noon.
And where there is an ancient, contorted guava tree
that my mother used to pick those
Vibrant lime green fruits with seedy, coral flesh
But now Uncle helps me pick them everyday.

I wish more than anything right now
To drink warm milk at your cafe
While feeling giddy from the power felt
From sitting behind the cash register.
And to be able to race with my sister to
Our cousin's bakery adjacent to our house
And conversing about random occurrences of life
That happened that morning while nibbling on
The steaming eatable gold straight out of the oven.

We can't be together right now but I
Relive these moments constantly
So I never forget.
All I can do is pray for you
And I know you pray for me, too
So pray that we meet one more time.