

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 genealogies to me, I
want to know who he is and
why the Shebelle flows red.