



TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

My father lives in 'merica

My father lives in 'merica
And I am in the remote bushes
My married father and his wife
And my brothers with spike hair
And sisters with pony tail
In the twenty second-floor
Sleeping their souls into lovely misty cloud.

With dry eyes
I live here in the wild foliages
'Very soon, very soon ... all processing on ...
She'll leave ...'
With soaking eyes *dadu* gossips to all.
Young men loiter around the house
And wink at my shadow, a golden chariot to cross
The fuming white Atlantic.

My responsible beloved father lives a life
There
Leaving my mother inside the silent earth
Calls and sends dollar
With assurance, 'Very soon ... very soon'
Years after years.

Umme Salma

'My father lives in 'merica'. Umme Salma.
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