



Something Evergreen Called Life

Select Poems: 56

Rania Mamoun

ABSTRACT

Poem by Rania Mamoun on women and exile.

KEYWORDS

Exile, Women, Africa



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**SOMETHING EVERGREEN CALLED LIFE:
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a black cloud with the density of dreams
opens a window and
peers in

black
as my expatriated blood

I can hardly picture
my father

can hardly see
his face his narrow eyes
but I can hear his voice
inside my heart
hear its hot rhythm
luxurious, dark

familiar
I used to run from him
as a deer on the steppe
injures the air with speed
forgetting her destination

now

here it is
the African rhythm
travelling in me
far
far
into exile

in exile
clouds' secret conversation
with wind is the soul's
entertainment
returning it to
safe beginnings

now

I return to embrace
my father in his grave
his image appears to me
I see him perfectly
as if I were five
now

only now
I know the way

(15 May 2020)



Diane Samuels

Rania Mamoun

City of Asylum

Yasmine Seale (trans.)