

AN ANGEL CALLED

Movement birthed by women
Filled me with life
Saved me from life
Gave me life
Consumed my life
Stealing everything
But my halo

They call me Angel

They call me Warrior
I fought family
I fought the system
I fought for my freedom
I fought for yours

Have I lost the fight?

They call me Warrior
They call me Queen
Royal blood
Lineage
Millenia long
Laughing despite trauma
Sprinting despite disability
Glowing despite disrespect
Power reigns

They call me Queen

I left on a mission
To free my brothers
I raised my voice
In a crown of dodo plaits
Taken for thorns
They martyred me

They call me Angel
Life tried real hard
To tie me down
But I grew wings

RIP Oluwatoyin Salau
JG Danso, Vienna

INNER SANCTUM

A place to run to
A person to hold
An ear that listens
My inner sanctum.

Porous leaves
Absorb moisture
Where it is stored
For desperate times.

Are you thirsty?
Wait.

Heavy rainclouds
Drip humidity
Generously
Onto dry soil.

Take a moment
Look up at the sky
Open your mouth
Stick out your tongue
Breathe.

Precipitation tingles
Opening hearts
Banishing drought.

JG Danso, Vienna