

The ramadan awoowe returned

*= *pray*

i press dates on the ground and * there they embody me, emollient, light whipped, swollen
in the stare of the sun

(to mean we are surveilled)

everywhere a carpet /i* with the sounds

they make their wet silences their soft voids their emptied fingers i copy and float like simply
because i want to i have learnt to hold sight of my limbs this way (i surveil myself)

i * and i'm on a plane, i stand mid-turbulence, arms turbine, i * because i'm meant to, i* as i
sweat i * in my loneliness, i forget my palms when i'm afraid , i forget our geographies, i * and
my

grandfather comes back, mid-sajdah, he's here, and silent, i* and there are no rewards i* and my
brother falls and emerges on a freeway i* and a helicopter finds him, his photographed crumpled

self, lies on our mantelpiece, we burn out for him he came back i* and the world falls soft in
knowing, the inside of the kabah is not square/ everything can reveal itself anew/

i * and reveal my skin my grandfather's, he never left us, i* and he floats over having learnt to
transmute time and distance, i* and he's back, under a night winking with infrared,
i* and he is calling us again, voice static'd, we are just breaking our fast, we are just fighting over

dates, i* , and he whispers, *telefoonka iga qabo*, which i hear as, hold me