

# more

by Khadija Abdalla Bajaber

Seek god, seek ghosts, swear by your dead -  
swear on runes, on maligned earth,  
on a night filthed in meteors before the headstones that attest to the calamity.  
Swear on the afterbirth, on the soiled birthing bed.

Swear on the grave digger who one day too must know -  
Swear by the knife that guts the sacrifice, on false messiahs,  
on baobab trees - *before you think to match my oaths.*

I would pull all of the shores to me if you dared me,  
don't you think I know about it?

What this mouth could do instead of begging you back  
would make you sorry.



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