
Cultural Daily

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Babatunde Babafemi: “My Name Is I (1)”

Babatunde Babafemi · Wednesday, June 3rd, 2020

My name is I (1)

Now that chaos is everywhere

I hope our body smell of gunpowder

&

our prayer warriors become

jehoshaphat

for a start

Every first name now has fire in it

tonight I will ask my father why he named me I,
I

Sorry he died too.

My sweat smell like a jacket and

an old whiskey set on fire

But

in my country we don't dial 911

I mean

My name is I

Now

I keep staring at my fingers,

Wondering

Where all this dirt is coming from

Perhaps it is from writing my biography in first person

My name is I

and I think my story shouldn't be YOU
you can't say suffering better than me & I
travel often in my head
out of nervousness and preening both I ran my eyes through google map
Oklahoma has been my destination,

But

After the death of my father I had a son
He was named after him
This is history telling you how the dead meddle with our thoughts;

Few nights to the demise of my father he had seizure twice
the time he called me a bastard in his hasty voice, begging
for air and grasping for breath

He said

III.

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