

Guulaamo roob baan arkaa Guban ka soo hoorye
I see heavy grey clouds, releasing rain, moving from the burnt plains
- Abwaan Qorane

Guban

The Guban plains, slick with a salty lust. I have a multitude of proverbs, each saying the same thing, each torn from the same rib. Grief is not grief until land is associated with it. Salaan Carrabey knew loss intimately, felt its weeping tendrils on his psyche "Waali iyo Qooqe", was hit so hard he landed headfirst into prayer and a taunt, elastic band religiosity. He had a pastoral tone.... Pastoralists tone; waged war with cousins, left the greenery of Togdheer rusty with blood and became bloated with milk of others.

But Cabdi's message crippled him, left him bowed in reverence, in a way only sorrow can. Kneecapped him and rolled him into doughy sincerity.

60 years later and Xamar twists and calcifies into a shell. Dissolves like a rock of sugar in water,

burps out a carbonated anguish.

People say it was the inhabitants' sin that did it, that left the country rotting like the root of a tooth.

I guess people need excuses for belief, to get others to believe,
to believe the rotting flesh stench of their torment was not in vain.

O' God, do not make us tools of their cleansing.

Do not make us vultures of their melancholy.