



QUANTUM ENTANGLEMENTS

WITH
NOTES ON
LOSS

ABDULRAZAQ SALIHU

Quantum Entanglements with Notes on Loss

Abdulrazaq Salihu

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The People I Cover with Empathy

In the white country of my father's spurted blood,
I call my people by names of people they've lost.
I name them breathtaking in Sarkin Pawa
Because this is the only place we can call home.
When I sing, I'm no singer, not blessed
With the order of music.
When my people die, I'm no victor,
Not blessed with the power of cowardice;
So I fold my name into my mouth,
I gather the almost dry blood
Of my father, gather it with the mud and
I raise it to the skies. If God sees this—
This level of ruthlessness against
My people, let Him wash us.
I raise it to the sky, the clouds
Form, but there's no rain.
My people have suffered, but perhaps,
This is not how it ends...

All the Things I Love, the Sands Have Covered with Memory

After Samuel Adeyemi. For my father, for Sarkin Pawa, and for my loves.

I'm sorry I took this long to mourn. My people,
It takes a lot to break through an already
Broken body. What doesn't scare me these days?
The seeping of light from the green fields.
Through my window and into my skin.
I am so grateful. That all the things that happened to me
Did not leave me lifeless. I promise you, I do not like
This life much, but I appreciate every soft thing
That has touched me. I promise, my father's voice
Is a song I can never forget. Forget music,
Wisdom rests in people more than it does in words.
We buried my people and we buried the rest
Of ourselves in loneliness. When I gather
The remnants of chaos, I start with my people's
Cries in memories. Sarkin Pawa had a touch
Of tenderness before the bandits invaded.
My people were soft spots even after the attacks.
Guns in the air, bullets coordinating the assembly
Of lost soldiers. Who knew a home this exquisite
Would be pulled down by faith? My people
Were rainbows on white walls, but who knew something
This beautiful was fated to fade?
In silence, I cannot find a compromise, only restlessness,
Only pain. But like every good son, I still love my people.
I still love their silence. In some folklore, silence
Would always mean freedom. My people are free means
This is how they want to be remembered:
Starling murmurations as beautiful as God.

Ya Allah, Resurrect Baba for My Brother's Sake

"Baba, baba tashi muje gida."
"Baba, baba, tashi mana, baba muje gida."
Baba is my father. Yusuf is my brother.
Yusuf is too much a child to know
What death means. Yusuf can never guess
How much silence a bullet can force into
A man's chest. Some weeks back,
We watched a school play about ancient Egyptian culture,
When we wrapped baba in cotton: when we wrapped
Baba in silent sobs. Yusuf connects our loss
To the mummy tradition.
Yusuf says he wants to be wrapped just like baba.
I want to tell him to memorize Baba's look before
We sepulcher this body too incandescent to be dead-cold,
I want to tell Yusuf there's no coming
Back when the line of breath is crossed.
I do not want to speak of my sisters.
I know what responsibility does to a man,
I cannot not console them, I cannot console them either,
So I look into their eyes till I cleave our indifference
Into rocks the size of breaths.
I want to gather their shattering bodies into stunning,
Into purple-light butterflies; into speckles because I know,
Like flood, whatever is taken might never return.
I know, like time, the clock abruptly halts the ticking of music,
But what harmony justifies the death of a man
Before his sons? Before me, there's a treason against
Breathlessness. I know this torment the way I know the
Ruthlessness of the world. When my mother coughs, I recognize
The air shift. When my mother gasps,
I recognize the darkness stuck in her throat.
I want to cloak my family with light,
But I'm too much an umbral to be accommodated
By light. When Yusuf persists in his ignorance
To disturb the dead, Ummah says, "Yusuf zo, zo na aike ka."
I recognize this lexicon: where there's loss,
The last to know is the most lost, the first to witness
Is the most shattered. As exquisite as death is, I cannot
Tell Yusuf, "Baba ya rasu."

“Baba, baba tashi muje gida” = Hausa for “Baba, baba let’s go home”

“Baba, baba, tashi mana, baba muje gida” = Hausa for “Baba, baba, wake up, let’s go home”

“Yusuf zo, zo na aike ka” = Hausa for “Yusuf come, come get me something”

“Baba ya rasu” = Hausa for “Baba is dead”

Constitution for Boys on How a Bullet Works

I bury the skin of dead people in my mouth
Push their collected illiteracy down my throat

And watch my body rot
For countless boys that sought

The constitution on how a bullet works
You light your hair and you're fire

You carry the night and you're lost
A child, marking the beginning of moles on sagging bodies

Falling, failing, fading into a folded tongue
Like boys his age that sought to know a bullet's wrath

Principle of Despair

Light here is a
Desacralized bone.
On the news, bodies are drowning into songs.
Boys stare at their foreheads
& pass along.
This is why I know all
Their names by heart;
Why I hold their bones
Happy within me.
Tonight, I hear their spirit-radicals
In my palm.
I stretch my hands for grace—
& my name hallows behind me.
I fold my eyes to this despair;
I sing Plath to this body, godlights
Within. If tonight you will see a body mangled in
Prayer, perhaps you'll
Rise with this poem, and this soul,
& in the harmony of the godheads.

Unraveling in the Wilderness

Light brushes through the dark of bones,
My not yet grandmother; hair in a comb
Unfurls graciously as the music leaves
Her radio and into her. The thing about
Music is, what listens is damned to dance and
I'm a little too broken to be fixed. I broke
Myself. I did this, rubbed the knife against my
Wrist till I got a clean cut. Blood, size of the quiet
In Sarkin Pawa. Blood—
Too small to swallow a life this beautiful
A life too dark to be covered by pixie dusts and glitters.
This skin against fire, water washed against a wound.
My ache, a wide gap between countrymen
And bullets. I'm too wild to love something so delicate.
Call it absence; I'm too wild to know the softness of
Touch, too wild to be called back home.

How to Tell It Well

I tell my story, from the genesis
Of Sarkin Pawa like a country song

In a patriot's mouth. The radio
Flourishes in broken signals in a distance

That is yet to be of us,
My not yet [dead] father; perfume

In the world, whistles to the rhythm
Of a sad song

I cannot let the evening take
My people away, I cannot sing

With my people's tongue,
I sway & sway, till the story goes

Far from my mouth
Even farther from being told.

Aurora Borealis and Aurora Australis

On the night my father died,
My mother is caught hunting
Mosquitoes to protect our
Bodies from being stung.
Something visits the earth,
Forgets its beauty and casts
An alien glow over the lowering
Of my father into his grave.
I catch all the auroras before
They fall into my father's grave,
And this is the only thing whispering
Darkness into my mother's eyes.
I carry the pebbles and arrange
Them around my mother's ache.
I forget to glitter. Because I know
No other light than my mother's
I protect her from the world,
From the turmoil of loneliness
So when the wormhole eats
From our homes, I don't see it
As madness since my people
Would go with my father.
The night begins to crack;
My mother's body spreads
All the wrong ways till
Our rooms fill
With smoke.

Theory of Dark Matter

I fear the silence of life more than of dead things.
The sky opens, pours blue serum into my loneliness.
My mother, hope in a gown, curbs her fear of the dark
Into her chest—the best place to hide a bad memory is where the darkness resides.
The best place to be light is where the darkness leaves you. My father is a home for angels
that lost their way through a storm, the place
the earth paused for resuscitation, the people the war ate and communally tagged heroes.
I'm by the side of a river carrying all the emptiness and pouring
us dark-milky syrup into the palmar crease of the Nile.
I swear this isn't holiness. I swear I do not seek validation that much.

I swear the day the flowers bloom, my body would not succumb
to the rhythm of the terror; the silicon silence; the gaping quiet slowly
eating through the night, eating through my mother's biggest fear—death.

Quantum Entanglement

after Katherine Schmidt

How our inseparable fate delineates distance.
How the wind throws her mouth towards
Something other than grace,
Bends the tumbleweeds back into green grass—
I know my brother's ache the way I know my body.
NASA prepares my brother's body for UV-radiation.
I feel it. The almost negligible piercing of the light into his skin.
I feel it. Waters away, glass falls from my mother's grasp—
She knows. Something hurt, the size of a requiem has swallowed her sons.
Something yearns to cover her light with mist the color of loneliness.
Waters away. Bacteria grows resistant to antibiotics.
I recognize this thing, this slow encroachment of killings
Into life-fullness. Waters away. Proton,
The size of a wormhole patters through silence, I feel it.
I know this ache. I am it. But who do I tell the world's
Anger is my own? Who do I tell, when I wash my body,
It's almost water against water, just that I forget to sync.
Who do I tell I'm all the dead people I've lost?
I mean, we call ghosts scary until it's one of us, a ringlet of
Hair blown into exile for all our dead hearts in our hands.
Waters away, I caress the rim of my fate, let the kisses
Pass through me like light. I know what would end me.
But I forget how, I want to tell the world, when the bandits
Shot a bullet through Nabeeha's small box of big dreams and purple loves:
Her heart. Something left me and never returned.
I want to tell the world, if the gun doesn't take back the bullet,
If the silence in her holed-chest doesn't fill back with music,
I would not forgive, I would not let the multitudes of time make
Me forget, I would wilt the wickedness of life the way a knife
Tears the flesh of space. I would let my rib break into a galaxy
Far from existence, even farther from her sister's communal fear—
My country...

Phantasmagoria with my Country Women as Stardust

All the people I love are the ghosts that hunt at night.
The drive to Sarkin Pawa, the silence of nights
Quiets down as the horror fades away. On the roads
You do not meet the drunk, nor do you mistake the
Road's paranormal bending into light—a symbol of
Purity. It's a thousand hours of walk, your body is
Forced into a gun powder (and your insecurities
Creak into the back of your ear like broken omen:
Clay plates falling on Christmas Eve)—smoke
Becomes fire, your body is an explosion of wrath
On all the wrong planets, your mother's body is
The first place to hold unto the warmth on the atlas.
You have never known the music of loss so well,
You open your creased palm to cup your withering.
You have never known the value of your beauty
So you let the air-gas-fist slide. You slit the bottom
Throat—let the blood run into its suffering—let the
Body of lifelessness sleep, in heavenly peace, like
Silent nights, like holy nights, like all is calm
You do not know and would not know—
All backs that bow, must also dance to the ache of
Frustrations and anger and fear and despair and [].
Ghosts are whites, so even in this holy
ground you're discriminated the way the world
Presses the names of boys into the sands.
You leave the one place that calls you son, two
Roads diverge in a yellow wood. You take none,
You take all, you cling to the illusion of righteousness,
You put your hand again, today, against all the odds
Yet, you cannot count yourself among your people
And you cannot clasp and not shake in silence—
So all the night's music, lay quietly before the soft
Lip of the broken town of ghosts and my kinsmen.

Kakorrhaphiophobia as a Cyborg's Fear for Failure

The terror in my reality opens up:
At the market, at the bar, where the
Rum comforts itself in a cup, ice cubes
The size of a tomb, breaking from the presence
Of light and every time my not yet biological father
Spreads prayers in my room, I hold my little breaths
That I do not get infected with exile-infection.
A light that I am, what darkness dares before my
Leaking body, what road to emptiness leads
Towards my body?
All the cyborgs I built speak of their own sadness,
In their own unique significant code
And all the silence between our hearts
Is the silence between us and our gods, our distance
Away from reality. At the marketplace of angels,
There's a stall for lost souls, I find my mother's
Birthmark but I do not find my mother,
I'm slowly slipping into this world—
Tentative temperament of all the things I fear—
All the words I never learnt to spell backwards.

Theory of Parallel Universes

Dear gods [substitutes for brain],
You gave us a thought where
We're both here and there in
The same instance. Existence.
A theory found with the entire

Science. Milky Way to infinity.
"I'm Black" means there's as many
Possibilities of my existence as
A white lily as there are thorns
On the face of the earth— mother.

"My father is dead" means
The dead are a planted war song,
Hovering in the night sky for the perfect
Pitch to fall unto. The universe
Says they're all the same. My father

And I . Coral hit on the surface of
The Mediterranean.
I believe in the existence of time
Traveling, I'm merely seeking a
Sign to call another existence

My own.
Give my father life for no other
Reason than that he still breathes in
My bones.
That death is an exit wound into

A parallel universe where all my
People are my own, all their
Thick skin with smoke—stardust.
All the stones on a tomb reverse back
Into ashes. If my world and the parallel

Are same, eject my existence from
The branch of wormholes that
Holds. Onto memory, give me a new

Name, give me somewhere else to call
Home. The parallel means I'm in a

Linear state to hold breath,
Body of languages and none to
Call my own; the parallel means
I'm shot by the police for not being in
The right universe. The parallel

Means there's a gathering of people
In a wedding that is yet to be my own.
The parallel means a woman is nursing me
In the belly of a woman that just conceived me.
The parallel means my father is not yet in front

Of the bullet that would wipe him clean.
The parallel means I'm waking in all the
Places I cannot yet call home.
The parallel means there's a place
My father would be late to attend his death

And is still nursing his bullet wound,
The parallel means that is where I strike first.

At the Laboratory, I Gave a Stranger My Faith and He Understood Qada'a Wal Qadr

I gave a brother in Islam my sweat glands and
Sebaceous glands and a covering of hair by the road.

Wine and gingerbread cooked in chlorine,
The body screams in glass wallpapers the theory of life

And fig is date with a stench of macromolecules covering earth.
A chest cracks and the atmosphere is snowy again.

Cells—not the simplest form pain can be
My hands, carry the aura of a damp windowpane

Painting a silhouette red; my skin is leather shell
Of liquefied chromosomes, plutonium in a throat,

A brother swallows chaos and lays to rest,
Glucose plus oxygen and I'm growing towards the breaking dawn.

This brother steals my faith and his fate is now
My Qadr wrapped in a Qada'a that I have never seen.

He swipes through my glass skin with fingers,
Equal of length-left side—left-right side—right

And all the omens of a kite on fire are owls with my eyes
And brown transformations of heavens glow, tipsy,

Blocked, breaking colours of grief by the
Rose lip and all are soon kisses no more.

Drowning the Boats

By the edge of a ferry boat
I let go of my earthly tether,
Whatever wishes to enter the listless
Waters and satisfy them thirst
Must come with its rampageous longing.
I, an I of conundrum memories, tear
All of my mother's pictures from my heart
The way a gunshot plunges silence into the thick
Skin of life. I forget all my lovers, the way the living inevitably
Forget the dead. Pour each of them names into the water's
Murderous form—what lifelessness threatens beauty like this?
I swear by the power of Allah, no dust dares cover the shame
Of the waters, no language thick enough to crack a throat
Can save its people. I unfurl from my insecurities, toil
Away from my steep despair, there's a yacht almost
Seven silences away from my boat, there is another
Seven lonelines deep in the ocean's tide.
The fortune of a hook rests on the unfortunateness
Of the fish's wide mouth—too curious to seek
What new flavor the bait holds, what water-god wants
A promenade before the waters wound?
I wish to slowly cover myself with the waters
The way whatever despair I swallow finds a way to heal me,
The way what failed at killing me, fails at making me suffer.
In my desperate longing for silence and struggle,
I bait. Myself. What river dares swallow the bait
And hides the corpse

Thanatos Learns to Love Family Loosely

after Ocean Vuong

Like every good son,
I pull my father by his left arm; night pouring into sunrise from his tomb—his
Legs holding unto the sand. The songs. The gaping quiet. The silence
That keeps men company in their graves in their sleep. In the solemn silence of Hypnos.
I bring him to the dinner table—his eyes are voiding mine—slowly
Swallowing my conscience. Today we're complete on the dinner table.
Nyx hides in the wind & the flame that holds the candle yearns to sleep—
It's so every year. It is why I try to not get stuck between the
Pages of an incomplete poem.
Erebus doesn't talk, the empty vase on the yellow table beside
Our family's portrait sits restless. The 1435 is slowly fading off the skin of the portrait.
There's a reason Erebus has refused to speak since Nyx took the
Wind into her palm; shrank herself into another man's song—
Long sang—long dead.
We eat the remains of archaic prayers in silence and table-talk Moros &
Hyns & Momus & Keres & Geras & Petulantia &
I clear the dinner table after dinner, I sit Erebus on the couch,
His skin, green—matching the upholstery that once held us together.
Matching the covering of the night we used to plant sad songs beneath.
Like every good son, this is the way I hold unto what's important
In the song I love most, with the people I love most.
The empty vase on the yellow table
Has grown so much; has shattered itself in the void before the living room,
Buried the blame in Erebus' palm & this is how I recollect
Pieces of the memories I once snapped.

Cutting Ties with the Cyborg

At a lab in NASA, I sprawl my fingers
On all the keys that could undo the deed
Of misconception and miscalculation
Like water does to a dry land—revive its glory.
My mistakes transpire from my skin like a
Cam plant, slow, and skillful in their transport
To seek communality—slow enough to feel the
Weight of every ounce of water lift itself away
From this mistake you call a home.
It's me coming to terms with my creation,
A little click, a little clack; it's me agreeing
To call my own, my own.
I have now agreed that you can
Build a person but you cannot give
It a purpose, so I lift my restrictions
Off your program. I watch you path.
My cyborg—body of surprise, body of
A thousand purposes, is standing by his
Show glass—eyes full of ball-blue possibilities
And intentions veiled. Last week, after a pain test,
I asked cyborg how he felt—cyborg was
Already becoming too human to say the truth,
Too human to say I can't take this no more.
I moonwalk to him, there's a flesh of wire leaking
From his rib cage, I push it back into his chest.
I'm now waiting to count my tears, he covers
My wound—my heart, with his palms, a pinch
Of guilt follows the path of the wind and rests
On my chin, but to be a creator is to be ready to
Watch the creations grow. It is to be ready to give
Them creations wings for flight and come to terms
With whatever they do with them wings.
When the fire alarm went up, I felt the cutting
Of song strings, it could've been my veins,
It could've been his wires. It could have
Been something that held us together—memory.

Night Song

after Sylvia Plath

The rusty blood of brown blades
Sets your body to rest like bean seed
In dry soil—decay.
My small palms lay 5 inches too small
To hold your shoulders and the soft-
Cracked air as the night flushes in.

An ode starts beside my lungs, magnifying
The beginning of a requiem A new body
That stared too much into Medusa's eyes
Has come to rest, stone strong. Your silence
A silhouette of our suffering casts its beauty
Atop the tired legs of the small dining table,

Fluorescent bulb staring tiredly at the open
Glow of the room shuts into darkness.
You're no more my father than the broken
Lyric of sad poems injecting glory into a river's
Mouth to reflect gory memories.
All hail your breathlessness, how unpleasant

It makes me feel. I push my large ear into the
supposedly contracting corner of your chest
And the sound of objects put to rest fills my ear.
Realization, matter how cruel, strikes my head
With a baton the size of a maize stalk. My eyes
Shut roughly like small belts on wide waists

The night shuts softly like quiet.
The music starts slowly
In time for the loss. The way kullu nafsin
Attaches itself to the lip of za'ikatul maut.

An Attempt at Retelling How the World Ends

This is how the world ends.
The universal sea slowly seeps
Into the rusty spores of the earth.
When I see you, my beloved,
The earth angers in smoke and blurs vision.
I know nothing about dajjal beyond the
Chaos he'd bring forth, what do I know
About Dabbatul-Ard? What fear rises
The sun from the west? Sunsets for a mandarin
Who do I tell my black skin is my own?
Who do I tell, when I watch my Sarkin Pawa
People fold into smoke; I'm no more than fire,
Lover, when I watch the angel of death
Pull this: significant amount of light shone well—
From your feet, I cannot stop them...
Lover, when you slowly succumb to lifelessness
I battle my own breaths to un-live. Lover,
When you finally die. I remember my father,
How much a wreckage the earth made him
How insignificant his pain looked after his death.
I remember the little fat protruding from his left
Rib; the exquisiteness of a knife stab. Lover,
when we cover you in cottons,
I remember my father's skin filthing with dry blood.
Lover, when I cry, when I mourn you at the end
Of the world, I mourn my father's suffering
I mourn my people's loss, I mourn the little
Mole of loneliness I never rid of my mother's skin.
Lover, in the end of the world, there's no loss
Only regrets, only recaps of lights shone well.

Untitled Gen Z Poem about Empathy

Ma became enough emotion wrapped together
In silence after Pa died; she became part of a wrecked

Ecosystem where women without husbands

Were never tagged beautiful. Ma became tough, the way
the music would do to your body what it does to rhythms,

What it does to silent prayers lyric-ed
Around the broken corner of your neck, Ma became days

Running into solitude. She became the wind, she became
The empathy, she became the cursive form December

Breeze took to break our lips, Ma would empty her body's
Water into herself. Ma would laugh after Taraweehi,

Ma would pray after every salat that the thing that took
Pa returns to take her, she would want to talk to the ghosts

On some days. Ma would run her hands across the tap and melt
Like light. She would tell us love stories of her

And Pa before the civil war, the time Pa used to grow roses
Enough to sustain an ecosystem with as many thorns as the Nile could drown.

Ma would pause sometimes, between her
Breaths, she would force her weak palms to attempt

To hunt the mosquitoes hovering around our goosebump-ed bodies,
Ma would end some tales sadly, she would tell us

She might not live to spit every ever after, and Ma would reduce
The intensity of the lantern, enough to light only that which her eyes

Can manage to see. Ma would let us go, Ma would go,
Ma would not tell us the story of the day Pa died, she would

Stuff all the stories in her mouth; Ma would squirrel. Ma would
Be full-cheeked with loss, she would mistakenly spit on the floor,

On us, on everything she'd rather hold too dearly to want to lose,
Ma would fade into the night, Ma would watch us sleep,

Pa would always come in dreams where Ma had
Become enough emotion wrapped together in anxiety, in longing,

In silence after Pa died and left the roses
Farm with enough weed the world would not bed roses again.

Exile

Outside home, the night
Is shivering.

A star is singing a path
Into everything once void, once lifeless.

A cricket and a bush,
Each eating into the other.

The graveyard wears a satin face
And its grown grasses collect water to themselves.

The road that made for me this path
Didn't tell me I would die at the end.

Outside home, the forest
Is yearning to sing names

Of boys drowned into exile.

Silence is a Ghost

In the lantern, the flames want freedom.
To spread through the night. Into the fields

And beam. Outside, there's a scar for every
Fight the fire won against the waters.

Against the flood. Against the precipitation
Of sweat against a skin on the verge of death.

Outside, the humans want closure.
I put my lip on my mother's forehead.

A kind of cursive line on another
A blister in the neck of my ache.

At the interception of loss and pain
We exchange our sorrows, us and the flames

The fields and the drought. The flood
And the desert. The death and the life.

Beyond the lantern's broken skin,
Language is the first closure the flame holds

Music is the definite pull the burning gave
Silence is a ghost, the way the lantern is closure.

Review I

The ever-green field bubbling
With life now filths of war blood.

I'm more a communal thing than water,
But I cannot drown, I cannot heal.

My brothers are gone today; walking dead
As exquisite as terror.

PTSD; amnesia; brown skin of anxiety
Cut open the wound; cut the tenderness of silk.

Every street I walk is now coated
With the absence of life.

What I mean is, the radio broke,
What I mean is, the owner of the radio

Became a broken signal, what I mean is,
In silence, there's no absence, only timeliness, only timelessness.

When I speak of the bullets that crushed
Solid clay walls into flour-smooth sand,

Into dust the size of silence, I'm the hypocrite—
For failing at saving my people,

For thinking writing about them makes it any better.
I have failed as a brother, for letting the darkness barricade

Their throats, I have failed my brothers,
For failing at erasing them names

From the death note, call them breathless victors.
I do not promise you the field would

Ever be green as it used to, but I swear
I can already smell the sprouting of life just healings away.

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Eunoia Review: “Cyborgs Fear for Failure”

Expressionist: “Constitution for Boys on How a Bullet Works”

Masks Lit Mag: “At the Laboratory, I Gave a Stranger My...”: 2022 Poetry Award winner

Poetry Column: “Cutting Ties with the Cyborg”

Rogue: “Principle of Despair”

Strange Horizons: “Aurora Borealis”

Unstamatic Magazine: “How to Tell It Well”

“Constitution for Boys on How a Bullet Works” won the SOD Poetry Prize in 2021.

“Untitled Gen Z Poem About Empathy” was a finalist for the 2023 Defenestration Lengthy Poetry Prize.

About the Author



Abdulrazaq Salihu, TPC I, is a Nigerian poet and member of the Hilltop Creative Arts Foundation. He won the Splendor of Dawn poetry contest, BPKW poetry contest, Poetry Archive poetry contest, Masks literary magazine poetry award, Nigerian prize for teen authors (poetry), Hilltop creative writing award, and others. He has received fellowships and residencies from Imodeye Writers Enclave writers residency, SPRINg and elsewhere. His work is published/forthcoming in *Uncanny*, *Bacopa*, *Consequence*, *South Florida poetry*, *Eunoia review*, *strange horizons*, *Unstamatic*, *Bracken*, *Poetry Quarter(ly)*, *Rogue*, *B*k*, *Jupiter review*, *black moon magazine*, *Angime*, *Grub Street mag* and elsewhere. He tweets @Arazaqsalihu, and his Instagram is @Abdulrazaq._salihu. He's the author of *Constellations* (polar sphere, 2022) and *hiccup*s (polar sphere, 2022).

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