A Jiifto for Somalia

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Notes From the Editor...

The Promethean is in its third year of publication. With each year and issue the journal is growing. I hope that it will continue to grow and become an integral part of Concordia. This journal is a valuable means for Concordia students, staff and friends to share their creativity. I hope that all who read this issue will enjoy it's contents and find a piece with which to identify.

I would like to congratulate Bennett Tracy Huffman for winning our staff over with his poem. The poem A Jiifto for Somalia is the recipient of the $25 prize for this issue. I would also like to thank everyone who contributed to this issue. All of the works submitted are given careful evaluation and I appreciate everyone who is brave enough to let the staff critique their work. I must make a personal apology to Gary Altman, Greg Bye, and Lynn Drake. The essays that they submitted are not included in this issue due to a virus on the disk which contained their contributions. Please look for their essays in the next issue.

Enjoy!

Emily Junken
Editor-in-chief

A Jiifto for Somalia

I stand on the hood, my broken down lorry
Belching steam, my dark hand shielding out the sun,
Absorbing its unusual warmth, searching
For the blue sea, for any prayer of rain.

Milk from the loins of a camel would be nice,
But the land has chased them away, off the mountains,
Back into the desert for which they are made,
Chased the oxen, hyena, and all. Not enough water
In the wells. The Shebelle River camps are at war,
On the run, a conflict born like killing a snake.
Where are the dark gums of the girl that I love?
Allah preserve me, my petrol tin is empty.
No one works this road anymore, there is too much fear.
I would sing this lament from the back of my horse
But I ate her years ago, when the pattern
O rain grew less merciful, and the gunmen grew
Up on the land, like a melon vine sprouting
Gourd after terrible gourd. Beneath the stars
I felt the bullet rip, metal to metal,
Through my truck's body. Wishing for something more
Fulfilling than rice, my heart beats like a lion
Falling softly to sleep, noble and calm. As long
As my clansmen need me, I must at least try
To help make the run from desert to coast
Are all of our leaves falling from the tree on the moon?
Say: 'So strange the way the thing we want most, is that
Which pleases us least.' When the rains don't come,
Like a lost ancestor, in the short rainy season,
All years seem like winter, the time that presents
Our hardest face; the time the white men return,
The time we die from being too well fed.

Bennett Tracy Huffman

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