REFLECTION

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We hear shouting, gunfire.
Femi speeds up as limbs
reach out for us. From all
sides fists strike at our faces.
Someone swings a machete.
Blood sprays the air. At first
I think it is water, rain.

Femi holds his own neck,
blood flowing through
his fingers. He turns us into
Friends Today, Enemies
Tomorrow market, crashes
the bike into a stand of beads.
People surround us.

I shout for someone
to do something. Behind me
a hand touches my neck,
holds pressure. I wonder
if I'm bleeding. I must be,
grow quiet. I am calm
in this place. I have learned
how I panic—silent,
without a fight.

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