

The Moon Has Roots

Between the date-bearing palm
And the palm that bears my lifelines,
I hang my two tongues out to dry.
One whispers prayers in desert warmth,
The other shivers in foreign skies.
The moon knows me in both worlds—
Her crescent smile, a familiar curve
With ink-stained pages, I conjure seas.
Hakawati of two realms.
My dreams stretch across continents,
My blood is incense, my flesh, crisp air.
My soul, like water, takes the shape of vessels.
Yet something ancient resists the pour—
But the desert remembers us.
On nights when the moon is fullest and bright,
The sand grains move in wisps, revealing our names.
My name! My name! My name!
The bodies in the land feed the trees,
My DNA reflected in their leaves.