

## Still Okoyo

I grew up with part of my tongue stuck in Edo land  
And the other sippin' sweet tea in a crooked "S."  
Mom's sweet songs held a silver twang,  
While Dad kept time in a constant thump beat.  
Rhythmic words drummed on dry ears,  
Trickled through wisps of magnolias,  
Reflecting the sun to  
Settle in coarse dirt next to fufu yams and ground Cassava.

In Sallis,  
Molasses like climate precipitated  
Humid summers spent under shade trees,  
And rivers of sweat that ran down my spine  
Pooled at the mouth of the Mississippi.

For Dad, Lagos City  
Vibrated under the weight of millions of feet  
Tracing the strides of ancient Abas and chiefs.  
Leading to Osa, a divine connection to God,  
A shivering chill from the touch of tribal sprites.

In fleeting childhood experiments,  
My own blend of cultures emerged,  
Harnessing the timbre of Nigeria  
And the raspy haze of Mississippi.