

## To tha VeryEnd/

A was awake and uncle was sitting on my stomach and the knife was in his hand and his other hand muffled  
mehe he said hush my child. Our god has spoken. The the they will not bury me the the way the the that they bornt hour hallies la la last night in Lagos. A man must sing. I bit his palm the that was muzzling a mean muffling my throught ma my tharoat, my froat. We screamed. I said, is boy! I wasnt man. Is boy, yes he said is boys can sing the scaraAcrid-songgggtoo. Bit bit now but now hopen your leg girl. He wants to carve me. Into boy.

buddy I fainted again. I saw was uncle untop me tryng to trying to get its inside of me, no it was just a dream, see I awake screaming get inside me hurry, but no it was his knife ready to tear me into boy, I scream and I didnt wake up until I saw how. How many rimes a mesn times did he try to struggle with the blade with me before his eye was big and bloody becausebuddy I kept kicking him in the head I meean his eye and then he held his hand ovrr his eye and begged me to stop and fell into the green water, splash, was when my foot kicked his face.

I dove into the green water and I swam away. Behind me was wading in the water uncle was was yelling. WAS sorry, my daughter. O in the bushed I saw this little see

seejar a mean sewjar, wearing black sunglasses, withh rifle, lookin through you threw the bushes, you uncle. YOU was singing off key with much feeling the song from beferr, that you cried because before your voice was weekinn could not breath before but now it ring through the forest with much feelin. This. Is. My storyyyy. This. Is. My.

young one removed his sunglasses and askme if that man, the one who struggle with me own the boat an try to kill me is what high told him wasMy my my father. It was you uncle. I spoke in Yoruba, Yes. You are.

Young one remove his glasses. I hold his blunt for him.

He shot the man neck, was the singin was silence, as before he entered his sunglasses over his eyes again. In we smokes together.

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Tha And.

when i got to Campos my aunty prayed for me to spirits and said to heal i must bury my gitar and the charms my uncle and father gave to me.

She poisoned me to purge me and clean the sickness the those men gave me with all of those chemicals and the deeper one she called infection from the green swamp. When she and the other spiritaul women were praying over me with orishas in saints i vomit an sweat the green poisons she give to me. I cried and remembere many things that happen inthe woodd and swamps green where my fathers i mean uncle and papa and Yussuf took me to. I craied an spake what somehow i dont remember seein or dreamin out there. It donut even be like remember cause a how can i remember some thing i didnt see when i was seein it. She say i am healed and the hair they scraped was so long before will grow again, like when i left ma mamas house and live with those men.

You know when aunty in all those others were orixas singin praises to our souls it felt pretty swell a was singin behind them in the bed with a little feelin but part of me was still in the grave where i left me in uncle at and daddy weeping for me,so i couldnot sing wiffall my soul, and take the lead like i like to like jubal or Jibreell leadin the church, like when i leads the band with uncle and change the words and adds my own kinda soul my own kind rithum the makes the lagos Islands shakes somehow, uncle and me andpapa singin jazz an juju an high life fir shooooo.

O when we was onthe boat an alone i sang for uncle then he followed. My souls lead an boy o boy was singin with soul much soul off key but soul souls rithum before he slipped in the marshes, in we saw the the the shanty town by the banks through thee trees and the clean lights inthe lamps bornin the that mornin in a was so happy cos i thought uncle say we bank at the shores an i sing with them in they will follow my lead...the that colony of dancers singing, all day all night, sacred sa sacred feast,was the that week, but we didnt because uncle loses his head and we float down the river were we a mean he drowned,

You know i didnt

I dont know why

I didnt tell them that uncle was

My friend even as he

Died