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WRITING

My Language

TYPE

Poetry

My culture is based on how you speak,
It's like a rainy day without the rainbow at the end,
it's just gloomy and sad.
My mother always said, if u step out of a plane speaking
like that, u might as well cry ur way back inside.
My family says the same things to the little one, the more
chuckles in the air the more cracks in their voices
I said to my older cousin, "Maxay muhiim u tahay in la bar-
to Soomaaliga?" She said back, "la'aanteed afkeenna ma jiri
doontid."

Translation: I said to my older cousin, "Why do I have to learn Somali?" She said back, "Without our language, you would not exist."