

WRITING

My Language

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TYPE**POETRY****GENRE****GRADES 7-9**

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 barto 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.”**