

A woman walks into the building, and past my window.

She bends over as she drops her bucket, opens the tap. I do not realize that I'm staring until I hear her say 'Oluwaseun', then I see that she is on the phone, and that she reminds me of my mother.

It is her hair in the messy bun with the gold and gray flecks escaping from it. It is not the bun but the velvet scrunchie she has it tied up with.

It is her loose fitting maxi dress, it is the way she says 'Oluwaseun' on the phone and suddenly, it has been too long in this place.

These days, I see myself in the creation story; the biblical one. Sometimes even I want to play God and reinvent myself into intricacies. I see myself dancing in the spotlight of heaven on a stage of blue glass. I watch the sun dip and fall.

This woman looks nothing like my mother, everything about her rings of my mother.

Everyone's voice sounds like Maami's when my mind is breaking.

What is the beating of a heart unable to gather itself?

Where is the science of transcribing a stranger's voice to something to hold yourself with?

Everyone sounds like Maami when the world is burning.

*Maami, how are you? Se alaafia l'ewa?'

'Opeyemi, Oko mi, Oluwaseun.