

State of EmerGenZ

By Daud Xiddig

I have always wanted to write a poem about the world I was raised in, but it feels like that world is constantly changing. Writing a poem on the state of the world is like climbing a mountain made of sand. Therefore, in this poem, I have opted to capture the zeitgeist of my generation.

I built my ideals on standards that were sold to me in
tiny kits,
I was a giant in a playground, so awkward and
disproportionate.
Bricks guarded my heart until it turned black, brittle,
and blue,
Manuals of how to walk, how to laugh, how to chew.

Guides to masculinity were crushed and chased
down with water,
Students scrambled over straws and mine always
came out shorter.
I sat in classrooms and saw them follow paths
different to mine,
I know those twisted and dark trails were meant for
me and my kind.

My tailor sewed me a suit one size too small,
A unique fit that was not intended for all.
Wanted me to remain aware that it was there,
I often found myself needing to gasp for air.

Morning strolls turned into mourning scrolls,
Each post poured a new death in the mould,
I ate Instagram for breakfast, Twitter for dinner,
Looked in the mirror- I'm getting bigger and thinner,
I saw a post informing me that I shouldn't see colour
and
I looked down at my disappearing hand.

I hold up the mirror and light always finds me,
I look in my Quran and God always guides me.
My skin is soaked in dahab* and milic*, I wear it
proudly,
My friend, the pen, clears his throat and declares it
for me loudly.

Somali Translations:

**dahab- gold*

**milic- sunlight*