

If they ask me what is beauty  
I will tell them it's the audacious brash of your laugh  
That burst from the womb that carried my smile  
Bright eyed innocence  
Magnificence before they could even grasp an essence of the blessing that is  
My light  
My life  
Would cease to exist without the labour of your mother's hard palms  
For all the trying and tarrying and carrying the weight of a village's trauma  
On her small shoulders  
On her bending back  
On her kneeling neck  
Afraid to offload and face the sky with its deceitful possibilities  
But it's possible  
Because you made it  
And you made me.  
And you will make she.  
She will only dream to be half the woman you are  
I say *you are* as a pitiful attempt to immortalise you  
I adore you  
And all the glorious brown skin that reminds me of you  
Women like you  
Deserve to live on through our dance  
Our tears  
Our audacious brash of our laugh  
Our shiny chattering teeth  
Our love  
Our beauty  
Our failure  
Our elegance  
Our essence of blessing  
Our dreams you were afraid to look up to the wide sky and redeem  
They will live through me and her if our Lord and saviour does not return before I behold her  
beauty  
And remind her that some dreams come true through the life of another  
Mother.  
If she asks me "Mummy what are your dreams?"  
I will tell her it's right in front of me  
Like if I ask you what are your dreams  
You will tell me "O wa niwaju mi"