

Dujie Tahat

salat to be read from right to left

—*After Marwa Helal*

[adhan]

My uncle sends me Facebook messages
I barely understand. Facebook translator does
not apply to images. One starts with ح.

He writes I love you, amo.

[standing]

In my Friday clothes,
the homie sees me as he skips
school. The mosque is just
a house round the corner from
second period algebra.

[bowing]

Hovering over my phone
I'm searching why 7abibi
and not habibi—as if pop's name
weren't on the line.

[prostration]

In this wooden house of God, it's Dujanaht Al Rayan.
Dujie, at the gate, sometimes even

on the way. Here, my father is different
or the same. Of course
it's all prayer, this wild

jockeying to the corner, pushing
up not out, then back down another.

[prostration again]

How to say this?

[sitting]

Confounded by God.¹

[salam alaikum]

I note these days which direction
the last drops of ablution drip, what foot
goes first when putting back on my shoes,
how the gate slams shut.

1. الحمد لله.