

# A Caricature

by Bola Opaleke



Where I came from,  
the street is another religion

& my feet know  
all its worship songs  
by heart. It effuses a silence that arouses

the slumbering houses;  
make me watch their breasts as they rise

& fall. My moment  
of peace & tranquility is  
when I can look the most human

behind the chromatic harmony  
of car honks. Am I not a common sight, marveled

at colors; yellow grass, green trees,  
red flowers? I know whatever is not black  
or white begs another name. & before I got pollinated

inside this religion, I developed a new body  
which blinks only once a day like the streetlamp

of a graveyard. Surrounded  
by shadows, I am not as lonely as people  
think. I have a skeleton dog lost to the street as I.

Image: "Dog Walking" by Alice Pettway. "A Caricature" was written by Bola Opaleke for *Rattle's* Ekphrastic Challenge, November 2019, and selected as the Editor's Choice.