POETRY

Makoko

by Ibrahim Oladeji Tijani



"Abstraction" by Cyrus Carlson

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When the sun lies down,
stars and the moon thread their light —
woven nets cast above and below us.

At dawn, we wear the skin of angels,
feet hover over glistening mermaids,
faces drift in the waters,
unbreakable mirror,
whispering back to us.

The *August* visitor
brings silver fish to our home.
Dawn to dusk, dusk to dawn,
in roars, in silence,
it guards us against the outside world.

Ours is the heart of the river,
its breath never stops.

Children wade knee-deep in laughter,
their voices bubble like fish darting free,
chasing dreams on the backs of currents,
hands cupped to catch ripples of light,
bare feet stirring circles that dance away.

Elders sit by the banks with softened hands,
their stories seep like rivers into veins,
wise and weathered, carved by tides,
eyes drifting like boats through memories.
They cast nets of wisdom, line by line,
stories that cling like shells,
their laughter rising like morning mist...

Our happiness is the water’s soul,
its flows never fade.

The night welcomes the nature's choir,
chirping birds find a stage above the water,
hissing snakes beneath it.
We shut doors against these,
yet frogs' croaks slip through the bamboo walls,

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songs sewn into every creak and ripple.

Our music is the water's pulse,
its rhythm never breaks.

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