

Every other night

by Amma Cynthia Nalumansi

He snores
like a pterodactyl giving birth,
She ignores
the mosquito bites
the stench from his lack
of a bath
the stinging cold
through the thread bare blanket.

When suddenly,
jerked out of another awkward dream,
he arouses with a scream,
Her eyes shut tighter.

Another magical moonlit night
She is up thinking about money
In no mood to lick
something sticky just like honey.

The thought of another
hungry mouth to feed
is like venom on her tongue,
terrible in flavor,
But she is aware
he won't do her any favors.

Scratching his scanty beard
loudly passing gas,
groans escape his beer
belly,
He yawns in absolute boredom,
glances around the tiny bedroom,
Sharply elbows her back
and she knows she's out of luck,
like every other night
Till Death Do Them Part.

Nalumansi Amma Cynthia was born and raised in Jinja, a town in the Eastern part of Uganda where she is currently completing a high school degree. After she graduates from high school, Amma plans to pursue a degree in law to help fight injustices in her community.

As a passionate writer since she was only 10 years old, Amma shares experiences and opinions about sexual and reproductive justice through her poetry. She finds inspiration from people around her, many of whom suffer from poverty and illiteracy, including the young women who face challenging marriages. In her experience, poetry captures and reflects emotions, and is a medium to share and exchange ideas with different people. She is passionate about building a world where everyone has the power and resources to make informed decisions about their bodies, sexuality, and reproduction.