

A Poem by Mohammed Siddiqui

What the eff?

I do not flatten
when pressed like

a buck-fifty bread loaf.
I am bold as a high school
senior wearing a shiteating

grin and a Christmas
sweater to class.

My very name

screams strength!
You didn't know?
My swagger reeks

of gym floors
and concrete. I earned
my scars in battle

Think I'm scared
to fall? I am no
gloomy cow, milling

as nine pairs of shoes
squeaked on polished floor
and one pair went airborne.

across this round planet
for grass, waiting
to be milked. No,

I am a hawk, wings outstretched,
lord of the canyon, hunting
for prey. Wiry, strong, and vigilant.