

Move Over

We are the spreaders of prayer rugs
in highway gas stations at dawn
We are the fasters at company banquets
before sunset in Ramadan
We wear veils and denim,
prayer caps and Cubs caps
as over the prairie to the halal pizzeria
we go. We don't know
what to do at weddings:
wear white and cut the cake?
wear red and receive garlands?
rap songs or tambourines?
It doesn't matter. Enough to have
a pita bread, a carbonated drink,
e-mail to read, and thou
We will intermarry and commingle
and multiply, oh, how we'll multiply
Muhammad-lovers in the motley
miscellany of the land

1990

Hijab Scene #1

"You dress strange," said a tenth-grade boy with bright blue hair
to the new Muslim girl with the headscarf in homeroom,
his tongue-rings clicking on the "tr" in "strange."

1992