

HOME SOUNDS LIKE MOTHER

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Home sounds like mother calling my name,
stretching it into music—
A-mi-ra,
each syllable a prayer, a promise, a pulse.

It smells like jollof simmering slow,
like Sunday rice after church,
like wet clothes and laughter
hanging side by side on the line.

It feels like her palm pressed to my forehead,
checking for heat and hope at once.
It feels like love dressed in wrapper and worry,
like patience wrapped in praise.

And when I left,
the air still whispered her voice.
When I cried,
I swore I heard her hum through the rain.

Because home isn't just a house—
it's the echo that answers you
even when you're far,
even when you've forgotten the song.