

## Dunia kwa Boda

as she climbs onto the boda she thinks, "if only mother could see me now - i have arrived" not just in city but the entire world from behind the driver i can see distant places passing by, the entire world Florida Inn Paris Lounge Miami Massage Dubai Steel London Chipsi Mother is scared of city she says women sell their bodies as if they were at the vegetable market tomatoes, onions, mangoes, ginger the back of the bus advises, 'mapenzi ulaya, africa biashara' i've learnt that there will always be someone willing to buy that if you smile at a man the right way you can get a lift to a far away bus stop that would otherwise cost you the price of a packet of washing powder this is city mama, you would not get it no where to sit, there is no where to sit, here there is someone's shoulder, there, someone's knee huku kuna bega la mtu, pale kuna guu la mtu, on me there is a shoe, maybe even a hand on my thigh and when i sit in the traffic, i mostly look at the sky, dream of a day where i can drive my own car, you are in the dream too, we honk at the car in front "the light is green, tuende basi!" i shout, "some of us have places to be!" for now i carry a handkerchief to cover the coughing, the dust, construction, when we zoom past Majumba sita Kipawa Vinguguti Buguruni Taveta Mambo sasa Rangi tatu getting home before nightfall a small miracle. just getting home is a small miracle.

Dunia kwa Boda:

*This poem was inspired by the movement of women from rural to urban areas in Tanzania. The move to larger cities is often made in search of a 'better life' and can be both a positive improvement for livelihoods but can also represent vulnerability to mistreatment, poverty and inequality in the cities given the high cost of living. The title, "The World on a Motorcycle" shows the dreams that women have that go beyond moments of transit.*

Credit: Alma Simba - aa noun