

In-Visibility

In the movies my mother is always rescuing someone.

My aunties are the lookouts. They pull up in a rust-colored station wagon with larger than life rims that might as well be earthbound moons. In an original cut of these films my mother was played by a light-skinned actress in a frumpy scarf who couldn't even pronounce God the way my mother do.

We swapped her out for a woman closer to my mother's hue, hijab on fleek. She knows how to douse Arabic with our vernacular until both languages are Black Seed Oil and Shea Butter and Tea Tree oil and Vaseline and Sandalwood and Emerald Oud dabbed on and glossing opened palms. There are so many of these movies now,

crime-fighting Black Muslim women snatching bullets outta thin air with their teeth, slapping the taste out a politician's mouth and stealing on some fluffed-up tyrant with your uncle's big-ass walking stick. Each one of these movies

has a version of a scene where she resuscitates the day with some ingenious roots and juiced concoction, or one go-to recitation of the verse everyone who isn't us used to assume she wouldn't know because her last name is Jackson or Shabazz or she didn't have a khimar on. Back when even our own men, tried to take all the credit for our labor.

When she rescues them, it's usually mid-backflip, pre-uppercut her whole body and soul a magnificent flex—

cut to the credits crowning our names
cut to our shoulder shimmies
cut to the previews unbinding binaries
cut to applause and the theater's surround sound playing
a *Native Deen* track or that *Doo-Wop* song, *Sugar Mama*, or all of *SZA* in the background.