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Africa

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Africa

YANNICK DESIRE ASSALE

I was the first mother.
I don't use makeup; I am natural.
I am not cool in winter,
And I am also not too hot in summer.
Anyone is happy to visit me.
Oh, check over there, it is the Nile, my river.
From Kilimanjaro, right here,
I am able to see the sirens
In this water that people call ocean.
I am rich; I have energy, petroleum, food like beans.

My babies are blacks
And several were taken for slavery in my hands.
I thought they would come back, but none of them did in the end.

I have many diseases.
We are five sisters and I am ranking like the last.
In my ears, gun's sound never ceases.
Every morning, when God turns on his light,
I have a thousand and one questions to ask to the Holy God
And it started when I was one hour old.

God, why do you give me this child?
Between we five, why I am the last and will stay the last?
Why, God are my children so wild?
Why don't they work together to improve me?
I have everything to end first but why am I the last?
When God turns off his light, tired, with no responses, I sleep.
Oh God, should I be proud or sad of what you gave?
Should I cry or laugh for all the wars that I have in myself?
Should I blame someone because I am rich and poor at the same time?
Why do I look like a Gun;
With a gun, I will never be happy.