

Mother Africa

There's nothing more beautiful than a healing soul
Mama I call upon your name as you lick your healing wounds
From the whips and guns of vicious, savage men
Even through that, you still remain kind and shaped in the form of a heart
What a huge heart you are
That opens wide, yet never closes even when scratched and stabbed to the core
You remain precious, just like the diamonds and gold on your precious body.

There's nothing more beautiful than a healing soul
Regardless of the struggles you've faced daily
The invisible knives of period pains stabbing you deep within your soul
The blood you, constantly had to hide from the naïve society that never understood
The sacrifices you had to make to keep your children alive and eye them grow
You still remained strong, like a rock that stands tall unshaken by the wind
You played your role as a mother, you became a mother even to your enemies.

There's nothing more beautiful than a healing soul
You have given birth to beautiful brown babies
With your overflowing love, warm and wide open arms
You adopted western children
Then gave birth to caramel skinned babies
Like the fruit salad tree, you gave birth to a diverse continent
Your unconditional love has taught us to love even through our struggles
Mother Africa, I thank you
For nurturing and teaching us to live together in harmony.

L.B. Shoco