

### **Extract from IF...**

The following poem was the winning entry in a local poetry competition and like all the competitors at the time the poet concerned was still under 16 years of age. The poem was further published in South Africa by a local mission, but is even more appropriate in today's world especially in Zimbabwe.

#### **Poverty**

The cruel sun of Africa beats down on my aching metal back,  
I meander through a village,  
through the corner of my glass eye I see a child,  
lying on the hot, dusty ground like an animal after the chase.  
I try to reach out, help him but I cannot.  
All I am is a train, a long snake that takes people places.  
I see another child; this one with an empty  
ballooning stomach, a mother with a starving baby  
lying beneath the flies.  
Another village moves into view, I know I will see  
more poverty.  
My iron heart breaks.

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