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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