

My dear Malawi, if you were an old woman



My dear Malawi,
I would smooth away your wrinkles,
and make you happy once again,
if you were an old woman.

You would throw away your crutches, and hop,
and dance to the drums of your ancestors.
You would even run, I promise,
you would run,
not to your untimely death but to a promising future.

You would be full of life, yes you would,
infusing everyone with true expectations.
Regained childhood, renaissance, rebirth,
those would be the words on your very own mouth.

You would straighten your broken back and walk with dignity.
You would open your eyes and see with love.
Your ears would be the vessels into which truth would pour.
Your shoulders would carry your years of wisdom.

Your breasts would give us life, nourish us, sustain us.
Just as your shrinkled womb,
would bear fruit once again.
And your scars, your scars, those reminders of your past.
You would show them off to us:
"Look at them! I am alive!"

Your arms would do wonders,
Yes, they would.
They would do amazing things,
much to your surprise.

You would walk with grace again,
Yes, you would.
Those crippled, spindly legs would take you far away.

Your heart would be the well
from which would spring the flames of forgiveness.

You would be forever tolerant,
despite your heaps of trouble.

My dear Malawi,
I would love you like a newborn,
even if I knew,
you had a few days to live.

My dear Malawi,
I would promise you eternal love,
even if I knew,
your days were really counted.

My dear Malawi,
I would promise you everlasting love,
even when I knew,
you were a mortal like me.

All your days, my dear
all your days, my dear
you would walk with your head high,
proud of your past.

You would walk with your head high,
proud of your past,
content with your present,
confident of the future.

Nothing would be impossible for you,
nothing would be!