

Broken Wings and Flight

(dedicated to Africa's resilient older persons)

The dusk conspired to steal my dance
My rhythm lost to gray days and knees knocked
by faded colors and sneering foes
Still I hear the drum beats of hope;
The surge of applause-
Not of thunder and dark clouds
Not of gray days and black shroud
I hear the sweet rhythm of tomorrow's song
That unquenchable tug
Stirring my confrontational guts
Like dry leaves inundated by strong winds
I defy my broken wings,
Like dry leaves dancing to adversarial force of harmattan breeze
I defy my frozen feet
I dance to the opposing rhythm of change

Emem Omokaro

Although faced with several social, economic, health and cultural challenges, Africa's older persons have the survivorship attitude-they continue to defy overlapping deprivations and, to use personal and community assets to bring their value and contributions to bear on society.