

Sun bleaches my grey hair streaky white and my pinkish skin turns to different shades of brown,
The African in me feels at peace as my colour changes, I know I am on my true home ground.

To some people, the immediate situation and terrain may look hostile, threatening and very bleak,
I am well aware that danger lurks at every point, but of my connectedness let me speak.

It is the heartbeat of this continent that I can never shake, no matter where I choose to rest,
A power, like the sun, has burnt into my being an unspoken loyalty, it's here that I am at my best.

Surrounded by hopelessness, affluence, poverty and disease, all of these elements existing side by side,
No logic can reconcile this dichotomy, history is helpless to equalize; we have to cope with the demise.

It is the resilience of the African spirit that becomes so evident across the mass of diverse races,
A strong core has a burning desire to foster true harmony, while other's actions are shocking disgraces.
Life is lost at an alarming rate for preventable causes, sheer ignorance, few try to stem the flow,
Instead of being a cause to retreat, this can be a consign to make a difference, and a place to grow.

Surrounded by memories, I realize that this connection was birthed through experiences as a child,
Taught in untamed spaces; while confronted with dangers, the breeding of the part of me that is wild.
The wildness is freedom, that looks at life as a challenge, the way ahead as never clear, but the map is made,
A healthy respect for hazards, they're not a hindrance; I cannot shake this legacy, the link will not fade.
As age increases the feelings heighten, so the connectedness takes on a deeper and more important role.
Reason is useful but is not the basis on which decisions are made; directions are heard and born in the soul.