

She Is My Child

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The shrill, agonizing, little voice rings in my head still,
The pain in her little innocent face accuses me still.
They say her right foot will be amputated tomorrow,
Today, my heart is sinking with sorrow.
I read my Bible and pray,
The shrill, little voice still ringing in my head.

The baby's mother was sitting beside her, hungry still,
Her malnourished breast as good as expired pill,
The baby wailing still from pain and hunger.
As her mother explained, there has hardly been laughter
Since they fled the war where the baby was shot in the leg.
Right here, in this dusty wasteland, they fight another war: hopelessness.

Disorientation, amputation, a grief prolonged.
I read my Bible again, prayed, and longed.
I went to the gym and exercised,
Wrote a song of my grief but could not sing,
In my head the shrill, little voice still ringing,
Tomorrow her leg would be amputated.

I will read my Bible again and I will pray again;
I will go to the gym and exercise;
I will write another song of my grief;
In my head her shrill, little voice will ring;
Her leg will be amputated:
The world will lose no sleep.

I wonder what I would do if she were my child.

Dedicated to a little, nameless girl in Darfur whose story is told here.