



Acacia

God created Africa on a whimsical, big Sky-Blue day
with spots, finger-paint stripes, long necks, and
moving gentle giants—stretching from horizon to horizon.

Acacia was placed sentinel to the horizon,
anchoring endless blue-sky Africa to the brown, green,
yellow,
undulating skin of mother earth—the Serengeti.

Serengeti grass takes precious water, sun, waste, and gives
back life.

Fertile, balanced, complete, rich, and life-giving,
it hides the weak, the young, and the powerful.

Tall, proud people come in awe to this world,
loving, caring, living in the grass, moving flocks, fighting,
and dying.

Succor comes from the sky, from the breast, between the legs
of mother giraffe,
under the father ostrich, and from death itself.

The predator comes with stealth, cunning, and power,
And brings death to the old, the weak, the very young,
business-like, necessary, and natural.

The acacia thorn pierces paw, sole, foot, and Christ's brow.
The sun sets over the horizon, over the acacia
and the Serengeti brings hope to Africa.

Man created cities on a desperate cold day in Africa in the
image of power, wealth,
efficiency, and millions of God's children.

The acacia of Nairobi reach modern arms to the African sky
and anchor it to
concrete and asphalt from horizon to horizon.
Kiberra yields birth, life, and irrepressible dignity of
creation,
hidden in waste, mud, metal, and music.

Succor comes from dying mothers, scraps in the street.
Enterprising orphans
learn hardness, stealth, and quickness, while longing for
breast, warmth, and
human love. Waste makes the streets, brings disease, and
catches life-giving water
splashed from pipes and jugs for precious coins.

The predator comes with cunning drugs to hide the pain,
squalid, unbelievable rent to live,
powerless, loving mothers of dying children.

The acacia thorn pierces groin, soul, and Christ's brow,
and brings death daily to fathers, mothers, blameless
babies, and hope of all.
But God lives, and dignity still drives dreams and laughter
in Africa.

Man created war on a stormy, dark day in Africa,
When tribes and pride and handsome people coveted and
conspired with
leaders born of man's greed, guns, and hate.

Sentinels of the African horizon. Tall proud people cross the
desert from cultures
which do not nurture life, power, or dignity for mothers,
daughters, or children—
driven from their land by war and violence.

Lost Sudanese boys left parents dead or dying and crossed the
mountains,
to the tar-baby—feeding, protecting, educating them into
lost men, sucking pride and
independence from fierce national bones.

Succor comes from people whose existence, welfare, and
wealth
depend on the dependence of proud people.
Sudanese boys become Sudanese men and death comes
slowly, without dignity.

The predator comes as western wealth squandered with
oppression, war, and guns.
Child soldiers build kingdoms of hunger, death, and
dependence.

The acacia thorn pierces pride, independence, family, culture
and Christ's brow.
But the sun rises again over Africa, over the horizon, over
the acacia
and morning brings hope to the Serengeti.

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