

Mother Africa

BY: ANGELA GREEN

After the mission is complete and you return to American soil, do you still remember?
The voices and screams of the children at night.
The disfigured faces of slaughtered women.
The cold touch of a warm soul in despair.
Do you ever ponder?
Electricity is a convenience.
Food is a not a luxury; but a necessity to continue the vitality of life.
Mother Africa I hear you.
Though I am not near to bandage your open wounds
Or house the displaced people; my people,
Whom we have left behind
In pursuit of falsified happiness,
Living selfishly,
Unyieldingly,
Resentful and forgetful.
Our past still haunts us.
We consistently shun the darkness,
Harboring self-disgust,
Running from sunlight, we worship the clouds
Unwilling to stimulate melanin for fear that an overproduction will
Demoralize or associate with the African Darkness
The same darkness that birthed us
And still loves us
Even when we do not love ourselves.
I can still hear the cries of her labor pains.
Was it all in vain?
She cries at night for her lost children,
Wondering why they have gone astray
Ashamed.

Don't Ask

BY: BENJAMIN M KAPLAN MD MPH

Do not ask me if I know her age.
Do not ask me if I've read that page.
Do not ask me about the most common pathway.
Do not ask me because I really cannot say.
Ask me only about me,
I am a person, you will see
with hopes and dreams and love abound,
a human as a doctor you have found.