Anthem of Appreciation

Amos Msekandiana
College of Medicine (MBBS 5)

To all those who have once worked in Chatinkha nursery at the Department of Paediatrics of Queen Elizabeth Central Hospital.

When the child is born
The mother is born
It is born, she is born
Child is mother to mother.

Chatinkha was in a knot
a complicated ball of strangled confusion and bungled hopes beyond repair.
Who would unfasten it?
I pause for a reply!

A joke whispered
into small ears
putting a smile
on mongoloid faces.
You shook single palmar creased hands.
you are humble
And you were about to distribute slippers to those with pronounced sandal gap
You left too soon.

In simple silence
you had a miracle to share.
Oh pity the poor tangled strangled knot of chatinkha unfastened.
We thank God.

Widely spread was the news
Those with small chin gossiped
The low set ears heard
of your miracle
Overlapped fingers were waved in the hot air Freedom had come.
Rocker bottomed feet walked to postnatal ward spreading news to their mothers.
You broke the spell behind the tied knot.

Toiling the whole day in that equatorial belt, giving hope to premature babies
In you they were seeking solence
You were striving for excellence
We are grateful for you who worked for it
Your helping spirit so rewarding
They benefited from your sweat, produced in the war to stop their fate
We decorate you with a golden belt
Your service we appreciate You deserve applause.