



## I WEEP FOR AFRICA

By Wayne Visser

I weep for Africa -  
And my tears water the ground  
Where the tree of life first took hold  
And its severed roots still spread wide

I weep for Africa -  
And my tears salt the wounds  
Where the battle for freedom first was fought  
And its fallen heroes still lie scattered

I weep for Africa -  
And my tears mark the stain  
Where the blackness of slavery left its trail  
And the rust of chains still bleed red

I weep for the invisible:  
For all those who still live in darkness  
Because the light of the world's media is dim  
And poverty's face does not sell

I weep for the forgotten:  
For all those who died nameless  
Because the eye of the world's memory is blind  
And history only remembers the conquerors

I weep for the ignored:  
For all those who cry out in vain  
Because the ear of the world's commerce is deaf  
And free trade is freedom for the few

I weep for Africa -  
Whose mountains are scarred by greed  
And whose deltas are slick with corruption  
Because power is like cancer





I weep for Africa -  
Whose valleys are lined with graves  
And whose rivers flow with blood  
Because revenge feeds on itself

I weep for Africa -  
Whose villages are skeletons of mud  
And whose cities are phantoms of dust  
For progress leaves many homeless

I weep for the mothers:  
For all those who cradle sickness  
Because their compassion does not pay  
And life still has a price tag

I weep for the fathers:  
For all those who sweat for food  
Because the forges of industry are infernal  
And labour is still just a commodity

I weep for the children:  
For all those who grow up too soon  
Because the killer virus reaps a bitter harvest  
And childhood is still a luxury

I weep for Africa -  
But not tears of pity  
For this is a land of countless assets  
And a people of abundant resourcefulness

I weep for Africa -  
But not tears of despair  
For this is a land of vast potential  
And a people of inextinguishable hope

I weep for Africa -  
But not tears of judgement  
For this is a land with its own destiny





And a people whose sun is on the rise

Yet for my forgetting of her ancient ways  
And my ignorance of her hidden secrets  
For my deafness to her fireside stories  
Africa weeps for me too

And for my dwelling in her shadows past  
And my cutting loose her community ties  
For my arrogance looking from the outside in  
Africa weeps for me too

Yes, for turning my back on her wild spirit  
And bleaching the arc of her rainbow vision  
For my veil of salty tears shed for her  
Africa weeps for me too

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