

Where is thy might?

Weeping in the night
Of life, because no right
Is ripe; all might
Is wiped in the eerie fight!

The future once bright
No more but now bereaved of light,
No triumph in sight
Over the gruesome plight.

Paws of AIDS grip you tight
Numbers soar to a greater height.
Africa, where is thy might?
Can you afford to lose the fight?

Lawrence Kubanga