

Child of Africa

By: *Wayne Visser*

I am a child of Africa –
Young and wild and free
I play on streets of sunny hope
And feed on dusty dreams
I am a child of Africa –
Young and bold and bright
I think a million sparkling thoughts
And wish on shooting stars

I do not want your pity
For I am not a helpless pup
I do not want your charity
For I will thrive at first chance
I do not want your mistrust
For being young is not a crime
I do not want your prejudice
For that is your prison not mine

You will know me
Not by the colour of my skin
But by the spectrum of my ideas
For I am Africa's child
You will know me
Not by the name of my tribe
But by the poetry of my ideals
For I am Africa's child

I may look young
But I am older than you
For I was born at the beginning of time
I may look weak
But I am stronger than you
For I was weaned on the milk of the sun

I may look simple
But I am smarter than you
For I was schooled at the knee of wise elders

You will know me
Not by the poverty of my means
But by the wealth of my ends
For I am Africa's child
You will know me
Not by the shadows of my past
But by the brilliance of my future
For I am Africa's child

I do not want your visions
For I have dreams of my own
I do not want your fears
For I have monsters enough
I do not want your leftovers
For I have freshly baked needs
I do not want your playthings
For I have imagination aplenty

I am a child of Africa –
Young and shy and sweet
I smile to hide my nervous pride
And laugh with crystal joy
I am a child of Africa –
Young and hip and cool
I dance my way to destiny
And rise on wings of change