

## SUDANESE CHILD

Wrapped in her mother's shrivelled arms a starving child looks up into the sky.  
A glaring sky, whose unrelenting sun  
Scorches the earth to sterile, choking dust.  
A gnawing hunger forces her to lie,  
A bag of bones, no strength to play or run,  
Accepting as a way of life what is, to us, unjust.

Familiar to her the bleached white bones of animals left in the sun to die.  
A well-known sound the wail of grieving man  
Burying a child where once he planted corn.  
This child has never seen a bird flit by.  
There are no flowers to pick in the Sudan.  
She's never felt a drop of rain since she was born.

Nothing she knows of me, so far away, shedding in ineffectual tear of shame.  
Would she feel better if she knew I care?  
I give to Oxfam? Do the best I can?  
Would she forgive (if she knew who to blame)?  
Excuse our inability to share?  
Turn a blind eye to our self-centred lives, accept the frailty of common man?