

The hunger virus

On this ancient continent Alkebulan*,
starvation outpaces infection.
Cape townships and Kenyan slums,
goad this pestilence to surpass scarcity
as their most desperate concern.
Contagions pale in famine's face.

We'd rather die of this virus
than suffer in hunger's claws.
People stand in queues
for handout food,
wishing that wind might blow
this irksome disease away.

Our bifurcated reality renders
leafy, privileged suburbs sheltered
in ghostly silence - while settlements
erected overnight, clatter with
the sound of corrugated shacks
and a daily jostle for clean water.

Consuming food portions has surpassed
being citizens as our core concern.
Our continent broods, while
the world wails - our true anxieties lie
far beyond any holy grail of vaccination,
that consumes other continents.

** Alkebulan' thought to be Africa's original name,
is said to mean "mother of mankind"*