

Poem for Rwanda

When God left the bed Rwanda on which he lay down to sleep every evening
and did not return,

the church doors opened to the fleeing,
the church doors opened to the murdering,
the church doors closed behind them,
and hid a celebration of slaughter from the eye of the world.

The churches were the bed for eternal rest.

But there outside, in the glow of the sinking sun,
Sister Cécile sits on the doorstep of the hut
and with her smile caresses the vacant stares of the children.
Her arms are cradles for a dreamless sleep.

If God returns one day, he'll sit down beside her and lay his head in her lap.

*There is an old Rwandan saying: God works all day in other countries and
comes back for sleeping at night in Rwanda.*