

A Poem about Death

One day I was happy with
my mother and father
and my mother started
feeling bad and my
father planned to
take her to the hospital.

Other men helped
my father. Before the death
I was at home eating
and playing football with my brothers,
and I heard my father
calling me, saying my name.

I listened to the
person who was calling
me. I was eating
and I lost the food.

And it was my father
and I asked my father,
what has happened?

My father said your
mother is dead. I cried
like a puppy and some
people came to see
what had happened.
They kept shouting. I did not
answer anything.

- Daphine Akampuziza, P-5