

FOUR POEMS FROM THE GIRLS OF THE RESCUE DADA CENTRE

WHO I'M I

Who I'm I, lost and Lonely
Nowhere to call home
Thin and hungry, no one to feed me
Cold and shivery, no one to cloth me
Feeble and sickly, no one to treat me

Tired and neglected, I sit and wonder
Who am I?
Doesn't anybody care, children get their rights,
Health, education and others
Other children are happy, not me, why
Where is my hope, nowhere is my hope
Who is my hope, god is my hope

I am not ashamed of what I was, it was through
Rescue dada centre that, I knew of my rights,
And I am what I am you see



Written by Jane, Rescue Dada Centre, Nairobi ©MISEREOR 2012

A CHILD'S VOICE

Hallo world
Can you hear me?
Let me be heard
What do I want?
What do I need?
What I deserve
I want to sing
I want to dance
I want to learn
Give me a chance

I want my rights
Within the law
To be enforced
By one and all
For everyone
For one and all
To have respect
Beyond the law
From within their hearts
As taught by god
To love each child
Big or small
To hear each child

If only they were there I would be so glad see
When you have a mum who is angry heart
So bad on the other hand you have a cruel dad
Who pretend to love you in this endless world
You just sit down and you wonder why your parents had to leave
And not say goodbye
One day in life you may just meet again
All you have to do is just bow and pray.
He is here to stay.
All you have to do is just bow and pray.

Written by young girls, Rescue Dada Centre, Nairobi ©MISEREOR 2012

BLACK PEOPLE

I know that I'm black, and proud of my blackness
Black is strength, black is beauty, and black is success
Black people just stick to your culture
Stick! Stick! Stick to your culture

Hallo Mr. Kimondoson I greeted my fellow African
What similarity did he have?
What did he say about civilization?
Civilization of names like Kimondoson
Johnson and whatever son
God our creator did his work
He created black and white
And yet African is yet satisfied
That why I'm proud to say that [back to stanza1]

I was born by a black woman
Brought up in a black village
I used to eat healthy food
Which was being cooked in black pot?
Later I was taken to a black teacher
Who used to write on blackboard
That why I'm proud to say that [back to stanza 1]

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STOP VIOLENCE AGAINST CHILDREN

This life we are living in, full of torture and anger
Down cold frightening streets, is where I get my treats
Gnawed with cold and hunger, increases my hurt and anger
If you miss me in child labour, then find me an early marriage
Being left in wild so cruel, seeking for better home

Where do we belong, to whom does a child belong
To our mothers, beaten and forced to feed for ourselves
To our fathers, oh its worse, rape, sodomy is what befalls us
Today raped by a father, and tomorrow, sodomised by his neighbor
We are seeking for an answer, who will save us from this violence

We are the shining flowers, the lilies of hope
You pluck the petals, destroy the flowers
Who is our hope, parliamentarians, some say yes, others say no
Yes our mothers in parliament are right, we need to be protected
Fathers show your extent of care, by supporting the bill
Then I looked up and say beyond, someone fighting for me
Yes the children act cap 586, the sexual offences bill
I saw Njoki Ndung'u in the car, steering the wheel
Justice must be done, the rapists must be stopped
Let's join in the struggle, and stop violence against children
We stand together, we know our rights
We hold first our hope, we can change our lives
The gov't, civil society, church, you and I
It is possible, if all are willing
Let's join our hands, and say no to child violence
THANK YOU

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