

# Anthem of Appreciation

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*To all those who have once worked in Chatinkha nursery at the Department of Paediatrics of Queen Elizabeth Central Hospital.*

When the child is born  
The mother is born  
It is born, she is born  
Child is mother to mother.

Chatinkha was in a knot  
a complicated ball of strangled  
confusion and bungled hopes  
beyond repair.  
Who would unfasten it?  
I pause for a reply!

A joke whispered  
into small ears  
putting a smile  
on mongoloid faces.  
You shook single palmar  
creased hands.  
you are humble  
And you were about to distribute  
slippers to those with  
pronounced sandal gap  
You left too soon.

In simple silence  
you had a miracle to share.  
Oh pity the poor tangled strangled  
knot of chatinkha unfastened.  
We thank God.

Widely spread was the news  
Those with small chin gossiped  
The low set ears heard  
of your miracle  
Overlapped fingers were waved in the hot air  
Freedom had come.  
Rocker bottomed feet walked to postnatal ward  
spreading news to their mothers.  
You broke the spell behind the tied knot.



Toiling the whole day in that equatorial belt,  
giving hope to premature babies  
In you they were seeking solence  
You were striving for excellence  
We are grateful for you  
who worked for it  
Your helping spirit  
so rewarding  
They benefited from your sweat,  
produced in the war  
to stop their fate  
We decorate you  
with a golden belt  
Your service we appreciate  
You deserve applause.