I’LL RAISE MY HOPES

Mark S. Aidoo

A great woman; a wealthy wife
Independent and generous; intuitive and nameless
Her table has one more space for a visitor
Her roof chamber has one more room for a man of God
A cosy bed; a comfy chair
A table and a lamp
All she needs is to comfort the comforter
Not for the prophet to raise her hopes
Not for the prophet to give her a son

A humble woman; a childless wife
What good reward does she deserve?
A pregnancy in her old age
O she knows her people
A child for her effort
She refuses a word to be spoken on her behalf
O she hates to be deceived
Not to have a child and lose him
Not to lose a son when the prophet is away

A caring woman; your strong lap
Your warmth cannot save your boy
Your joy is lost; your heart cannot beat
Whence shall help come from?
No caring father; no loving husband
Except those who frustrate a mission
From Shunem to Mount Carmel
For she refuses to deal with an intermediary
She accedes her demand; she intercedes for her seed
Not until the prophet intervenes
Not with the staff because she would not leave
A thoughtful woman; a compassionate wife
How can she settle for deception?
A brave woman; an insistent woman
She resists to let go; for his God can restore
Hoping against hope, she lives her faith
To give and to take is more than to take and not give
For she lives among her own people
Not till the son sneezes seven times
Not till she sees new life

Africa, your children are infected and dying
COVID is trying its worst
Our fears would be past
Can I raise my hopes?
Be of good cheer; women of strength
You graced your generation
When all refuse to care; social distance from healers
Women near; hope is there
Your concern for the dying is unparalleled
Sit on your donkey; ride till you find hope
For better in the worst, move in faith
Nothing is complete until life is found.