

Mrs. Africa

Your soil be the riches.  
greatfully valued and held as benedictions.  
fore your birth gods.

Kings Queens.

And the utmost of superior warriors.  
Known throughout the world;

Beneath your surface.

Reside diamonds.

Rubies.

Gold.

An even oil.

Elements that seem to rule the world;  
Your beauty.

Every nation an nationality long to see.  
Even the Isley Brothers.

Spoke of sailing the Atlantic.

Always coming back to you;

Your love.

Fruitful and divine.

Colorful and blind.

You are liberty essence.

The mother land of all time;

I've yet to breath your air.

Or feel the hot rays from the sun your  
climate produce.

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yet to converse with my look alikes on that  
dreamed about shore.

but im thankful and aware of you being my  
roots;

I send love and greetings.  
to all the mothers throughout the world.  
and I had to show my appreciation of you.  
I am a descendant of your Eastern Civilization.  
therefore.

I wrote this one here for you.

Mrs. Africa:

Happy Mother's Day.

By:

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St.