

## Florence Nightingale

*This poem was written during my stay at the Black Sea in Turkey. Florence Nightingale was a famous nurse during the long Crimean War.*

Lady with the lamp  
Slowly gliding through glimmering hopes  
In sick, wounded soldiers  
In their hours of pure misery  
Crimean wars and in Scutari  
Your impeccable white apron  
And your hands are clean and caring  
Loosening the bandages, staring at wounds  
Ministering angel  
No man could win your heart  
Gave yourself to a divine task  
Reliable women's power forever in shining lights

*Black Sea, Turkey*

## **African mama**

*On my way to Zambia, this young African mama was trying to shoo-shoo her baby when we had a long flight back.*

You bundle your baby  
Freewheeling free on your back  
Colored chitenge has all in his grip  
There he is, your son  
A little head hanging on your spine  
Safe, free, and happy  
Shoo shoo shoo  
You walk around, and he stops crying  
Swing swing chariot  
Sing and sway your hips  
A lullaby and big-eyed watching  
Then falls asleep, happiness  
He is waiting, and his tiny head bebopping  
Mama Africa, you are pure jazz  
This poetry was never spoken  
Mother and Child Reunion

*Malawi*

## Helene of Troy

*The charming story of the beautiful Helena came back to my mind during my visit to old Troy.*

La Belle Helene  
Joliejolie Toujours  
Your eyes on the mirror  
And men fought wars  
For your beauty  
Come here and sit down  
Tell me what you feel  
And why this eye is soar  
You have been beaten all along  
Eat or be eaten  
Is what Troy is all about  
No, no horseplay, please  
Because I am still allergic

*Troy, Turkey*