



Ensure political leadership beyond health

Poetry by Brian Alfajiri

Its FORCE lies not in the width or height of its stem, but rather the intertwining of the roots from one tree to its neighbour.

The roots cascade the their boundaries and forget their origin as they aim for the same goal. The goal to be one and work towards 'becoming'.

What then makes our health systems becoming whole?

Is it a one man/woman job, or does it require extraordinary effort for its being?

Can one engage in isolation without the rest and still become?

What lies behind a blossoming health system that makes it becoming whole?

In **ONENESS** lies strength and in strength lies existence.

Uniqueness is made from simple ordinary entities which bloom to be extraordinary.

No single sector works alone, all are needed to make a **RAINBOW** health sector.



Leave no one behind

Poetry by Brian Alfajiri

The distance between them spoke a thousand words,
Yet no one among them seemed to hear, nor try to look back.

The only glance was to see if they were catching up.
And if they tried to reach them, it was just for seconds and again the **DISTANCE** grew.

What they didn't know was, without them they knew not the **RIGHT PATH.**

Without 'them', the journey was a wrong turn to nowhere.

Without 'them' the cause was lost in nothingness.

Without 'them' there was no **JOURNEY.**

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Regulate and legislate

Poetry by Brian Alfajiri

“Ujana ni moshl” so they say, that youth is yet another ‘smoke’

A smoke that will soon disappear into thin air.

But before the smoke fades away, before its gets swallowed by the wind,

Before the smoke’s lifespan clings loosely to the tip of time’s fate,

Let’s just pay **ATTENTION** for a moment.

This smoke needs a listening ear, a smile that portrays understanding,

Hands that will stop pointing at them and instead reach out.

This smoke is a sign that fire is burning somewhere.

Burning yet another ignored aspect, only termed important when at the fireplace.

Kindly spare that last glance, bring your mind to this fading smoke.

See how it flares out its soot to the clear sky aiming higher and higher as it dies away.

See how the wind tries blowing it but it keeps on rising.

Against the odds of the clouds, it prints its mark.

From you, all the smoke ever needed was your attention



Uphold quality of care

Poetry by Brian Alfajiri

Take me back to the days when work was a **COMMUNITY AFFAIR.**

Take me back to when it was never done until your neighbour had a hand on it.

Take me back when it was a community affair to keep us all healthy.

Take me back!

What happened to a child's health being a community affair?

Bring this back, bring it back so I can feel the **UNITY** and **COHESION.**

Can you feel the need, the need to join this **MOVEMENT?**

The movement towards one purpose, the purpose of **HEALTH FOR ALL.**



Invest more, invest better

Poetry by Brian Alfajiri

I'm lost in a trance of confusion for I fail to understand how's this has come to be. Help me understand one thing, help me see the logic behind it all and believe that it's not anger clouding my judgment.

What comes first, is it health or wealth?

Who makes it to the pyramid's peak?

Back here, my motherland (that bore the Nile).

Help me understand this, "**HEALTH IS WEALTH**", help me see the logic.

For in my motherland, your wealth determines your health status.

Or is it the hospitals to blame? Help me understand the logic please.

With my goat and two cassavas, the most I can afford is a pain killer.

Yet he who drives the fuel hungry black car, gets a reception like he's in a palace.

Help me understand, ni "Afya Bora au Bora Afya?" How much is life worth, when we ignore quality over quantity?

Does money bear the mark of health?

I will no longer stand and do nothing, I refuse to see lives lost because of a dime.



Move together

Poetry by Brian Alfajiri

Can you hear the **SOUND**, the sound calling from beyond the ear's reach?
This sound that pricks the conscious like a thorn in numbed skin,
Like a cactus screaming in the scorch of equinox

Can you hear the sound?

Can you hear the sound, calling fourth every Shepherd and flock,
Calling the served and the server, a sound that knows no inequalities? This sound that is
yelling out a call for a prevailing role.

Can you hear the sound?

Can you hear the sound, whispering in despair for all to catch?
See the need that lies ahead for **ONENESS**. The whisper sniffing, for a stitch of unity . It
calls for all to indulge in achieving UHC. It calls for all to **ACT**.

Can you hear the sound?