Nursing the World

Our plane is almost struck, bucking through storm-clouds, a lightning bolt streaked with thousands of volts electrifying the sky, sunrise over Africa we marvel the very science of being able to fly.

On land the earth is dry, sandstone and dust, tortuous tunnels of gold below, the streets aglow, honeysuckle yellow, almond light, cut open cassava roots white-hot, bright and shining.

We are nursing, reversing statistics to which we were once restricted. Our children living longer stronger limbed and full bellied: under the trees, around the fire aspiring to be all they can be, strong hands, stretched fingers, reaching up, ever-higher.

We are nursing, Nigeria, community-led, our babies fed, our elderly helped to take steps, no longer spending days lying in bed able to see once more reading newspapers that once lay unread.

From Ghana to Manchester and back again, my moon-blood brings pain just breathing the air, scared to go to school because all the children will stare. And though my sickle cells cannot be seen I know the tiredness it brings, know what pain really means.

We are nursing mobile clinics in the market place in Togo, and free phone lines so that you can call us whenever you need to, whatever the time.

We are nursing, all over the world and though there may not be gold beneath every street, I know that where there are nurses we are rich beyond our wildest dreams.

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