

# Kigali, Rwanda

by [Wesley Huth](#) in the [February 22, 2011](#) issue

I am thinking of  
a thousand hills  
and banana beer  
and the fast moving  
low resting  
dawn breaking clouds  
which must wake God  
in the country where He sleeps.

and I have seen Him there  
cupping black dirt in His hands  
smoothing out the curves of each valley  
and rounding off the crest of each hill  
a thousand times over  
like lumps in a pillow  
or my mother's rising bread.

yes, I have seen Him there  
cupping black dirt in His hands  
smoothing out the curves  
of each hip and shoulder  
rounding off the tips  
of each finger and toe  
a million times over  
slow and steady  
like love and laughter  
or the flicker of my father's youth.

and I don't suppose God slept  
a moment in the spring of '94  
when the rain all smelled like salt

and Kigali held its breath  
like a baby in a basket.

and I have seen Him there  
cupping black dirt in His hands  
smoothing out the curves  
of each tiny tomb  
for the sparrows they cut  
from the sky  
too many times over,  
swift  
and sharp  
like winter in the blood  
or the flutter of a broken wing.

and every time I see Him now  
He is braiding black feathers  
and painting justice on the grass  
where elephants fight  
on trampled ground  
at the foot of His bed  
for tootsie rolls and peanuts.