This poem is dedicated to my dear friend and non-profit partner, Professor Ajume Wingo. A native of Cameroon, Ajume is helping to coordinate DOORs Cameroon’s efforts to increase access to education for orphans and bring computers and bicycles to remote villages. For more information see www.doorscameroon.webs.com.

Dreaming

By Leah Feazel

A preacher stands on the dais
He is passionate, certain, powerful
He asks America to believe
The crowd extends to the horizon
Reverent
Thirty years pass
A young man, true son-of-Africa
steps from the airport into
a sea of white: snow, faces
he shivers in his too-thin shirt
and thinks, “I must be dreaming”
Years later, PhD in hand,
head full of Kant, Dante, and African Political Philosophy
the doors of Harvard open
a W.E.B. Du Bois Fellowship
“I must be dreaming”
Then, Colorado,
Professor,
new town, new people, new inspiration
“I must be dreaming”
A young American couple smiles,
they raise their glasses to the professor,
“A toast to our adventure!”
white hands brush black
a sip, laughter
dreams shared
A non-profit grows
to inspire Africa
to show how America
Nurtured
Believed
Embraced
Dreamed