

From India to Africa

Separated by the mighty Indian ocean,
Living under the golden sun,
Our lives weaving a common thread,
While we earn our daily bread,
We may be different, my brother...
But we share our love for Earth, our beloved mother!

Our civilizations are ancient and wise,
We offer nuggets of wisdom that cannot be priced!
Sharing a common love for nature,
We bond with all creatures!
We may be different, my brother.....
But we treasure our resources like one another!

Our culture boasts of rich diversity
That is constantly challenged by modernity.
We struggle to preserve and protect,
Our heritage from increasing neglect.
We may be different, my brother...
But we are in awe of the culture of each other!

Our stories and poems are very old,
But they are still relevant and worth to be told.
We share a rich oral tradition,
Preserving it should be a mission.
We may be different, my brother...
But our literature is all too familiar!

We both have been colonized by others,
Who didn't take the trouble to understand us!
We have been crippled by the foreigners,
Who didn't leave till they were pushed to a corner!
We may be different, my brother....

But our pain is way too similar!

Now, we have tasted the fruits of freedom,
We can relax and enjoy seldom,
For the difficult challenges that loom ahead,
Like eliminating poverty, and providing bread!
We may be different, my brother...
But our struggles are like one another!

We dream of a great future for our children,
Enriching them with ancient stories of heaven!
We will have to walk hand in hand,
Working towards a common plan.
Of saving the dreams of two ancient lands!
We may be different, my brother...
But our Vision for the future is the Same!

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