

Two Voice Poem: Women of Rwanda

Today is April 6th, 1994.

I am a Tutsi woman.

I am a Hutu woman.

Today our president was shot down.

Today our country will never be the same.

I am fearful for the future of my family and my people.

I am excited about the opportunities for my family and my people.

Today is April 10th, 1994.

I was chopped by a machete several times on my hand and wrist. Both of my children were killed.

I did a head count of the dead for the mean and told them we were missing a husband and wife. I also took their nicer things from their home.

I hid in a bush for 3 months while my hand bled so much that I lost my vision.

I rejoiced in my family's new lifestyle because we finally had enough food. I have a new radio. My life now feels lavish compared to our past.

Today marks the beginning of July.

I am found and saved by the RPF.

Our job was not done, but we were stopped by the RPF.

100 days of pure hell for my people.

100 days of security for my people.

Today is November 18th, 2017. We are neighbors.

I have forgiven my people and have peace in my heart.

I have asked for forgiveness and received acceptance.

Today we are united. Today we are Rwandans.