

A poem about sanitation status in sub Sharan Africa



In Sub-Saharan lands where sunsets
gleam,

A tale unfolds of dreams and a challenging
scheme.

Sanitation, a quest, elusive it seems,
In the heart of Africa, where reality teems.

Muddy paths wind through villages small,
Where life and struggle intertwine for all.

Sanitation, a whisper on the winds,
Echoes in valleys where hope begins.

Open fields, where children play,
Yet sanitation struggles, day by day.
A chorus of voices, resilient and strong,
Sings of a future where health belongs.

Rivers meander, stories unfold,
Carrying more than tales, but challenges
untold. Sanitation, a silent plea in the
night, For a cleaner tomorrow, a future so
bright.

Communities gather, hands held tight,
Facing the challenges, seeking the light.
Sanitation warriors, bold and brave,
Against the tide, their efforts engrave.

Pit latrines stand as silent sentinels,

In the battle for health, where courage
dwells.

Toilets, a symbol of progress untold,

In Sub-Saharan Africa, where stories
unfold.

NGOs join hands, governments too,

Aiming for solutions, old and new.

Sanitation's dance, a rhythmic sway,

In the heart of Africa, a brighter day.

Education, awareness, the seeds they sow,
In the minds of the young, the future will
grow.

Sanitation, a beacon on the horizon,

Guiding the way, a new era rising.

Sub-Saharan Africa, a canvas so vast,

Painted with struggles, but hope steadfast.

Sanitation, a chapter yet to be told,

In the tale of a region, resilient and bold.