

Amani Hafeez

“Child of Wisdom”

There once was a child that leaped from the head of Sapiencia.
Precocious as a baby bird, she left her little nest in search of
answers to her endless questions.

She found earth all by herself, without the help of any goddess
or man.

She thirsted for knowledge, and went out to find it.
She saw scholars immersed in books, their minds brimming
with intelligence.

Their minds became her mind, clever, yet lacking balance.

She observed elderly smiles, showing their wits and their scars.
Their smiles became her smile, radiant and true.

She witnessed skilled workers, able to cure and heal with their gentle hands.
Their hands became her hands, learned and calloused.

She watched as the scientist exhumed solutions from his heart.
His heart became her heart, beating as a clock ticked.

She glimpsed venerable souls, knowingly waiting for the clock to tick, and never
once looking down at the strap on their wrist.
Their wrists became her wrists, worn with time.

She espied wizened wizards, peering at sparks of memory.
Their sparks became her spark, fueling her studies and perceptions.

The child of Sapiencia, searching far and wide, found light in the eyes of the
human beings, and fire in the hearts of the engineer.

She renewed the world, revolutionary and new.