

Blessing (on the election of Barack Obama, Nov. 4, 2008)

By Patricia S. T. Edmisten

The world waits breathlessly.
Could it be? America, that invaded a Moslem
nation, will elect a man whose middle
name is Hussein?

Could it be? America, where black
families were enslaved, traded, and broken,
will elect a man whose father's face shone
as black as eggplant?

Could it be that an "exotic" upstart, not black
enough for some, not white enough for others,
raised in Hawaii and Indonesia, will become
the most influential man in the world?

Could it be that even wealthy Americans will vote
for a man who promises to raise their taxes because
they are the keepers of "the least of these"
and know our destinies are shared?

Could it be that America, that produces more
carbon dioxide emissions per person than any
nation on earth, will choose a man who reminds
them of their recklessness?

Could it be that a nation with millions of
medically uninsured will see the contradiction
in States called "United" and know that the
common good is not the same as Communism?

Could it be that Americans, fearing for the future
of their children and grandchildren, will say to
themselves and the world, this is wrong,
no more, *basta*, enough?

Yes, Americans elected Barack, *blessing*.
Dance in the streets people of Kenya and Nigeria;
call him the "new black Kennedy" in Lebanon;
sigh with relief in Europe, Latin America and Asia.

Oh, the burdens to place on his shoulders,
the expectations of a country yearning
to believe in itself again.

How may we help?

**barack*: "blessing" in Arabic.

