

Senegal, a Nation Reborn

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April 4th, 1960, marked the dawn of freedom,
as the sky whispered, 'At last.'

Feet touched the red soil, imbued with memories of resilience –
the weight of handmade ships, the silence of names taken, and
the prayers carried by saltwater winds.

The flag rose, a vibrant promise, with red symbolizing lives lost,
Green representing the heart and future, and the yellow star shining bright with hope.

Voices sang in unison, 'We are free.'
Yet, freedom's voice is not always loud.
Sometimes it's a quiet murmur, a gentle tremble,
sometimes fading away.

The chains that fell left behind shadows,
lingering in the cautious distance between strangers,
in the pause before trust, and in the stories passed down through generations.

A grandmother's love, a father's guidance,
and a child's resilience – all forged in the fire of experience.

Invisible chains, crafted from generational trauma,
still pulsate through the blood.
Yet, listen closely, and you'll hear a rhythm,
older than fear, a heartbeat that refuses silence.

It resonates in the markets, in laughter shared over tea, and
in hands that reach out, even in uncertainty.

It whispers: Freedom is not a moment; it's a journey of becoming.

And Senegal, with its majestic waves, is a nation still rising,
still unlearning while transforming the language of chains,
still teaching the world the sound of resilience, and proclaiming,
Allah ou Akbar! God is great!