WATER INEQUALITY IN DAAMI, HARGEISA: THE STORY OF WATER
WITHOUT ME...

AND WITHIN ME...

...DEATH AWAITS.
But within you...

...I bring life.
I live underground. Deep down in the cool darkness.
Until, suddenly, I am wrenched up into the light.
They come and take me.

But I am not theirs to take.
I am travelling now from the basins of Geed-Deeble to Hargeisa, over bumpy, uncared for roads.
My body slaps and laps at the sides.
‘CAREFUL NOW- DON’T SPILL’ SAYS THE OWNERS.
But the clients cannot wait.
Their need for me is urgent.

‘Hurry!’ they command.

I am coming to you. I know
how much you need me.
This land also yearns for me.

We near Daami.
First they take a large part of me and fill up the rich men’s tanks.
THEIR CUPS RUNNETH OVER.
I splash to the ground.

They waste me.
No man owns me. I am as essential to life as air.

I want to reach everyone.
To go to the thirsty people...

To clean and quench them.

...to slip down their throats and over their skin.
But they only get a bit of me—so dirty that I make them sick.

In Daami lives Badria.

She needs me. Her children need me.
For now Badria and her family rely on a kind-hearted lady who owns a small shop.

If I could afford to I would of course buy enough water to last me a while but the price for that is too high for me and it kept increasing.
She used to sell me in 20 litre jerricans for 2000 shillings, but now it costs 2500 shillings.

She stores me in a big tank close to Badria's home.

The fuel has become expensive.
There are pipes. They have been laid but they sit in the ground dusty and dry.

Corruption and incompetence means Hargeisawis remain thirsty.
But I dream of the day I run through those pipes and from taps into bodies and the land will grow green again.

I am not theirs to keep. I belong with all life.
The inclusive urban infrastructure research project explores how urban infrastructure is provided in the Global South and how it can benefit the most marginalised.

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