

Innocence, Victimized

(to the rape victims of Tigray)

My dear young sister ...

In the middle of the night, through the plasma window
Your cry spells agony, your plight casts a dark shadow
And I am frozen dead, dazed and immobile
Frustrated with anger, my mouth tasting bile

My beautiful Tigrayan sister ...

I shuddered to listen to it, your horrid story of rape
With my mind in contortion, my mouth wide agape
I know you are broken, puzzled by tragedy fallen upon
How beings resembling humans, could be devils with weapon

Hush young sister ...

Swimming across the oceans, piercing the mountains
riding the mighty waves, galloping vast plains
I feel your cry is for me, reaching out in despair
Unable to comprehend, your mind beyond repair

Hush young flower ...

You were a budding rose, biding time to bloom
A sight for sore eyes, the anti-thesis of gloom
How did it come to pass, that you wilted under torture
demon-humans roaming, uprooting your bright future

Hush beautiful sister ...

I know you were a seed, planted with love and care
Cared for with tenderness, with so much promise to share
While your eyes tell me, your world has hit a bottom
What you are going through, I can only barely fathom

Hush little sister ...

Words of comfort feel hollow, so better left unspoken
Only solutions would matter, hands to mend the broken
So here are my tears for now, for a smiling girl I saw before
Now a victim of hate, her innocence no more

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