

11th of July

If his voice from below the earth could speak,
he would ask for what crime he was gunned down,
and the daughter through vacant eyes would ask,
why she was robbed and pillaged of her innocence.

The child, whose shrill cries still carry in the wind,
would ask of the severance from the womb that carried it.
Clasping earth now cold, that once held in warm embrace,
quivering voice weeps "speak, why are you so silent?"

The mother with hands as coarse as the rubble,
amongst which she hemmed stitches of shrouds.
Row upon row upon row in the field of green,
A lifeless face, death marches through the crowds.

You will never see the path she has walked,
nor every hollow nor every violent veer.
Never see the fine fractures, from a time torn open,
only to be mended with glue not yet dry.

You will never see her limbs lament despair
nor see her eyes deluged with tears.
You will never see the turbulent turmoil,
sweep shivers through her seared soul.

You will never witness the seated splinters,
sending sharp reminders of once upon a forgotten past.
Never hear her utter the words, claiming "I am broken"
Nor hear of defeat, but instead a life unsurpassed.

She will never forget,
to speak of the unspeakable.

And I will never forget,
to remember the memorable.

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