

A poem by Misba Sheikh

Shadows

All that's left is
Shadows
Floating on a prayer
Said
Twenty years ago.

When no one
Felt our fears
Our hopes
And our cares
Had any place to go.

They took us
From our homes
To a place
They couldn't
Find
And shot us all
In line.

Leaving behind
Our mothers
In a perpetuity of deaths
On repeat
On rewind
A grief that never rests.