

# Tormented Hearts

Sadness hangs over

Srebrenica

Like a dark cloud

Ready to spill

Dark secrets.

Snowy white hills

Frozen, still

Tainted by the

Dark designs

of an evil man's

Dream.

Rivers flow

As they always did

The sun sets and rises

On a land butchered,

Violated, desecrated.

The silence is

Penetrating,

Desperate.

Where is the outcry,

The indignation, the protest?

Women sit in

Broken homes

Waiting

For the wait

To end.

Praying

Someone might

Hear their story

As it murmurs through

The chilling landscape.

In the face of denial

Rages a truth

Undeniable.

Eyes that saw too much

Meet with

Eyes that saw nothing.

Tormented hearts

Pause for a moment

At the smallest thought

Of freedom.