

GMD2012  
2<sup>ND</sup> PLACE

**Am I hit? by Maya Williams**

They drilled a hole in my head and put  
weights in my pockets threw me into the  
river where the water sank behind my eye  
sockets wound around their wrists was the  
rope around my throat and with every slight  
twitch I began to choke  
But I'm running now, reeling now  
God save me, protect me, I am bleeding now  
I'm tearing, splitting their eyes are leering,  
hitting my physical, physical strain I'm so  
weak  
throat dry, sewn shut, my struggle to speak  
as I'm screaming now, wailing now God  
forced his way out of my soul somehow  
slithered out of my skin like sweat weeping  
tears of black gold and regret I'm thrashing  
and twisting as they mock my agony and I'm  
wondering where you are why can't you see  
me?  
I claw at the air  
I pull at my hair I  
stamp and I spit  
but they shoot  
and I'm hit.



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