

Ifrah Bukhari

The Subhuman

I am the one they call the subhuman.

My people forever damned.

Hunted in packs, we run.

They hunt as programmed.

Already looted of our lives,

what now have you come to take?

Nought but the title survives

Of the subhuman who will not break.

You may tear into our bones,

But the truth slips through the fracture,

Our thoughts are still all our own,

For them you cannot capture.

Not the same as we were shackled,

Bound lest we escaped.

Hacked down and culled.

Pillaged, tortured and raped...

Do not think that I fear you,

these tears are for my beloved gone.

And to those whom I never knew,

Through our songs their story lives on.

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And still louder I sing them,

I cry at the bitter crescendo.

These words you cannot condemn

Hot and angry I let them flow.

Subhuman indeed am I,

For my strength is tenfold of yours,

Not even my oppressors can deny

The struggles of my daily wars.