

Shukria Rezaei

My Hazara People

I can't write about my Hazara people
Who have suffered for decades
In Afghanistan where they come from
In Pakistan where they are murdered
In Iran where they offend because of their almond shaped eyes
My mind is blank!

I can't write about how loud the shooting was
Just two miles away from my house
How my aunt fainted
How nervous my mom got
how the cup fell from her hand

I can't write about how innocent people died
how the Martyr's necropolis gets bigger and bigger
how my people suffer
how cruel this world can get
how frightening it is
for kids like me.