

Genocide Through History

He's beaten down the road,
He's pushed to the floor and cries,
At the choking cries of his father,
He smells the chlorine,
And it's too late,
For Jews in Nazi Germany.

She's chased down the street,
She's tackled to the ground and screams,
At the sinister grin of the soldier,
She hears him laugh,
And it's too late,
For the citizens in Nanking.

He sprints down the avenue,
He trips on a corpse and gasps,
At the bloody face of his brothers,
He sees the burst,
And it's too late,
For the Muslim Men of Bosnia.

She's driven by the barricades,
She sees the peacekeepers and cries,
At the incoming death of her family,
She sees the weapons,
And it's too late,
For the Tutsi of Rwanda.

He stumbles down the path,
He's kicked to the floor and stares,
At the mass grave of his people,
He hears the click,
And it's too late,
For Iranians in Iraq.

She runs in the playground,
She sits on the bench and laughs,
At the innocence of childhood,
She can live a life,
But it's not too late
For her genocide

Your child can play in school,
Sit with in class and learn,
Of the genocide you could have stopped,
Live a life without murdered friends,
So, end the tyranny of death and genocide,
For those too come.

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2ND PLACE, 2019



Remembering Man's Inhumanity to Man

www.genocidememorialday.org.uk

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