

BLOWING BLOOD

A single life so valueless, that poor blow,
Sooner than its timely moment to die,
As commanded by my dispirit will,
Its unprofessional life I chose to.

Put more simply, for disturbing my peace,
Its weak and poor life I conclude.
Yet my bloodstained hands always remained clean,
Once crimeful killing had become routine.

What invincible and sinful am I,
For generous judging who must die
By my sword, without remorse or regret,
The butcher blow under my gavel, I forget.

An evil power from no source or spring
Springs power in me like a unbalance King.

RABIA AZZEZ
HIGHLY COMMENDED, 2019



Remembering Man's Inhumanity to Man

www.genocidememorialday.org.uk

© IHRC and the author, 2019