

The raging beasts

From a beautiful picturesque town to a place of unsafety and bloodshed,
how our world in Srebrenica changed in a blink and in an instant went to raging red,
how I never knew a sunny summery day could suddenly change into a wild winter storm,
this day that I woke was the day when my life and the life of thousands was torn.

My world of love, peace, friends, family, laughter and play turned into tears, rage, loss, blood,
death and separation,
I still awaken in the night to question whether it was a nightmare or reality,
no human should in this way lose their dignity.

The storm began, happy eagles were confined to a cage,
the army of Republika Srpska suddenly came down on us,
not knowing why the thousands of troops had surrounded our town and our every breath.

We stayed in our homes in bewilderment and shock,
like wild raging beasts they crushed our front door, no good was that big strong lock.

My family and I sat hunched frozen in absolute fear,
six big men marched in and dragged my dear father off his feet,
next they took my grandfather and finally my brother,
they gathered all three in our beautiful garden and shot them one after another,
I too felt the shudder that day as I do today.

Hiding in my bedroom and watching all that unfolded before my eyes, it was me next,
grabbed by my heels and dragged down and out screaming,
I could not comprehend what I was seeing nor feeling,
transported to a camp like so many others,
women and children moaned in a dreadful manner overflowing with tears.

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