‘We’re Not The Same’

Hatred in his heart
Shudders him to sleep,
He’s the same as
Everyone else, but he
Ain’t like the rest
Of them.

No feelings, no emotions
But the deceased lie
In his head that grieved
For long, long years.

He’s got no skin,
Except the sputtering
Blood that comes out
Like pomegranates,
Severed.
I’m his next victim
And every part of
Me is the next
Hundred dead.

Toll the death knells,
Bring the death hearse.
Release the death ravens,
Bring the death flag.

Ablution this man
From the sins of
Me and the piled up
Decayed dead.

We are like sheep
And he like a
Troubled goat,
Sinful-like.
Shooed away
By the one who gives
Light.

He is the reaper of our land.

ATHISHAM HUSSAIN
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