

Poem

Sun is blazing down,
as bombs detonate one by one.
annihilating the sound of peace.
replaced with the silence of pain.

sand splashed with red,
while stones used for barriers ahead.
no buckets or spades in sight,
but shells of ammunition and combat knives.

Buried through those who didn't survive.

God's children are withering,
Running with shards beneath their feet,,
The fight for freedom.
In nightmare heat.

Ella Numo