

Belmont Poetry Contest

“Freedom”

What brings me joy?

Freedom.

The freedom of

Sudan.

Congo.

Palestine

The freedom of those

Whose mouth is

Gagged. Stifled. Destroyed.

Those whose bodies are

Gone. Desecrated,

Buried under blood.

The names

Never lost or forgotten

the babies

the children

the women

the men

the elders

“No child left behind”

Unless

They are black

Unless they are brown

Unless they are Palestinian

Unless they are Sudanese

Unless they are Congolese
Unless they are Hungry.
Unless,
They. Are. Dead
So, for now,
I cannot answer, what brings me joy?
Because for now,
I have no joy
Because tears are still flowing,
Blood is like a river,
And death is still raining
And the World
you.
Turn its back on
Celine Ehab Ayman Al-Bahtiti
Jouri Mohammed Mansour Abd Al-Jawad
Mohammed Mahmoud Yousif Al-Hissi
And the many more whose names are
Never forgotten
But their innocent joy
Lost forever
So, the question we should be asking
“What brings joy to the dead”