

*Solace*

*The Mind bathes The Heart in fond memories and unlikely hopes to shield it from painful realities. Who bathes The Mind?*

Alistair Croll



MARIA PATRIQUIN

*Innocent*

*I am seven  
A human flesh and blood  
All from earth  
None of heaven  
Seven years of misery  
Reign of terror, fear  
To say the least  
What I say is no mystery  
Bang! Bang! those bullets!  
That scare the soul and break the guts  
I go loose on my pants.  
Seven year old  
No more crawling under the bed  
I have the rights to behold.  
Jerusalem West Bank  
Street full of people  
School kids, babies that toddle  
Teenagers .....  
Soldiers! ..... soldiers!  
Bang! Bang! plastic bullets  
Plastic they call them  
A harmless name  
Big soldiers that shoot at aim  
Children scramble and fall  
When hit by bullets that blind  
With powers that disable  
that tear and maim.  
To tell the truth is no epithet  
Children die mislabeled  
To plastic bullets put a halt!*

Abdullah Berih

*the slave*

*stung 1000 times over  
by your burning black clover  
I feel your brand coming near  
my body, it is instilled with fear.  
I am tied  
my thigh to be fried  
I am your slave  
treated worse than a knave.  
I still exist  
yet I cannot make a fist.  
rich man buys us, rich man sells  
poor man "why?"'s us poor man yells.  
raped in the cavern  
chained to the bed of stone with my muscle  
chained to the bed of silk with my beauty and my hustle.  
six feet tall or three feet small.  
nobody cares.  
they just use my wares.  
help me be free  
give me my humanity.*

Irfan Mian

