

To be stolen from (For the Victims of V-Tech)

We lament lives stolen today. All of them.

32 souls ripped from unsuspecting skin
pierced with malice not as random as the trigger finger.
Lives thought to be safe from the turn/oil of war
in a place where battles are analyzed and catalogued,
but never waged. A chalkboard was never intended to be
a firing wall, but it was that mourning.

We weep for the absence of lives stolen today. All of them.

32 scores of Iraqi fathers, mothers, and children
lost forever to the black liquid prosperity others would
enjoy. Souls ripped from undeserving skin so we can smile
when pump prices descend. Shells encasing release from an
empire hell-bent on operations of freedom and autopsy.
Fossils were never meant to cause suffering, but they do,
every mourning.

We grieve for the lives stolen today. All of them.

3.2 million or more Sudanese souls ripped from an African soil
that has been losing children for seven centuries.
Brown lives just as undeserving as any victim of greed and neglect.
Brown lives mowed down with bayonets and heads turned.
Brown lives vastly insignificant when compared to 32 American ones
any mourning of the year.

We ought to mourn today for the lives that are stolen from us.

Every single one of them. Even if from a continent's distance,
we should cry for them. Weep for them. And let them know
that we are trying our best to make sure nothing will ever be
stolen from us again.