

GIFT OF REALITY

MARC

My name is Hakeem Malik Husan
I am eight and live in Afghanistan
My religion is Islam
And it will soon be the month of Ramadan

But this year will not be the same
I ask my mother why but her faced is filled with too much pain
I find my grandfather and ask him if the Americans will soon refrain
But he stares into the distance knuckles protruding as his hand tightly clutches his cane

So I run to find my brother to ask him why they're bombing the forts
He says it's cause they think we are hiding the bad men and giving them support
They want us to give them the bad man so they can take him to court
He and all his cohorts

My brother says it is hard to explain
But that is the reason that American bombs fall on us like rain
Because of those men who crashed the building flying the plane
So now they are bombing us they think we are to blame

My brothers friends come and they run off to play
He tells me to go home and that it is not safe to stray
They run into a building and do not see the bombs falling or have time to get out of the way
I did not have a reason before but now I too hate America
and I hope I learn to fly a plane someday