

Your Wish

Do you feel for one second
That you were right all along?
No use now,
The past is permanent.
Faint sounds
Haunt the hands of history,
And sometimes
I still hear them.

You wanted it to happen,
You asked for it all.
It's misleading and deceiving,
Now welcome to your wish.

When you speak of what you want
With an appalling face,
Do you really want it?
I wonder.
Thousands gone
To be remembered,
Who said—
"I will survive."

Dreaded civilians
Forced into battle,
Used
For wrongful purposes.
Faint sounds
Haunt the hands of history—
Don't bullshit me,
I know you hear them too.

—Clarisse Thornton

