

The Killing Fields

Your eyes,
the eyes that saw innocent men, women and children slaughtered.
The eyes that saw broken people in the dirt,
crawling from the pain of hunger.

The eyes that saw humans turn from man to monster,
their hearts to stone.
The eyes that saw something crucial
leaving someone forever—

The spark that defined a person as a person,
the soul that left a still cruelly marching body.
Thousands of red banners, shirts, headbands, even ribbons they tied
to guns they pointed at all those clothed in blue.

The eyes that stayed silent,
watching those who succumbed to hunger—shot to death.
Heartless men dragged their still bleeding, breathing bodies into the unknown,
and your eyes were forbidden to cry.

The eyes that watched children, once innocent children
search for people with hands lacking signs of labor.
No bullets were wasted on them,
they merely placed a plastic bag on their heads.

As I learned of the Killing Fields,
your eyes revealed a terrible secret—
the eyes of a human being,
the eyes that searched desperately for a sliver, a crack, a light,
a way out of this place, this mad world,
where people lost their bodies,
monsters lost their souls.
Where life was bitter and barricaded
and death—a sweet escape.