

Repeat of Yesterday

The moon is shining with the stars,
And a cool breeze blows on your face.

You don't see another person,
Walking towards you on the dark street,
So engulfed in the serene night.

You would not notice anything
Until you're gripping your stomach,
Feeling blood bleed down to your thigh.
You're blinded by the darkened streets,
And deafened by ringing gunshots.

You can taste and smell the copper,
And think with dreaded confusion:

This red is not only from you.

Your fingers go numb with the cold,
And you think maybe this is what
It feels like to bleed out to death.

Until the blow of something far
Stronger than a gun hits your sides,
And your eardrums ring then go out.

You can feel more than hear the screams,
The rhythm of feet on the ground,
As the warm sticky liquid grows,
Moving around you; not only yours.

You let darkness engulf you, now.

You won't survive. They can't save you.

They're too afraid to face these men.

So tomorrow, on front-page news,
They'll have your name, and others, too,

With a title in big black font:
Another Terrorist Attack:
Seven Dead and Dozens Injured
And from the dark you'll watch again
As more get blown to smithereens,
Because we are far too afraid...
Far too afraid to face a fight.
So you listen to the prayers said,
And cry when you hear children sing:
The london bridge is falling down,
And if we wait too long to fix
It, It'll be irreparable.