

Darfur

Wherefore Darfur?

What connection we to them
or they to us?

They live in distant lands unknown to us
They do not hold our theology
pray our liturgy, tell our narratives
They speak different languages
They are of different ethnicities.

What have we in common if not theology or race or place?

In common we shed tears and share in common fears, in hopes
We see their tragedy with ancient eyes.

We have seen the terror of wild predators
swooping down on innocent people
Riding on stallions with swords outstretched
to behead bodies and carve hatred into flesh.

We know the fright that follows the burning the trauma
that follows the bombing of fragile homes
the savage teeth of genocide that tears our flesh.

We know the twisted design of rapacious men who rape children and
wives into humiliation and destroy the pride of families.

We have seen the bodies bloated from lack of food.
The infectious flies that dance on the eyeballs of helpless
Children too weak to raise their hand and brush them aside.

We have not forgotten the lethal silence
that turned eyes and ears away
from the unspeakable tragedy
We were not born yesterday.

We swore over the cremated bodies of our fathers,
mothers and children a solemn oath. "Never Again."

That cry carries the past into the present to do today
whatever is in our power to prevent the perverse plots
we remember of yesteryears.

Do not forget. The first burns in foul directions.

"Never Again" allow the world to dissemble, to pretend
that they are voiceless, soundless, without legs or hands.

We can raise our cries to the heavens
Pledged are we to wake the world from the paralysis of will.
We dare not shut our eyes, our mouths, our ears.

Who is Darfur to us? And who are they to us?

They are us.

