

one child is everyone's child – by lisa nackan

this page is blemished
like the land we tread on
scars on ancient maps
that aren't ours

buried stories
under footsteps
silent voices
wilting in the sand

what happened
to the belief that
*"it takes a village
to raise a child"*

what do we do
when children scream
into awareness
deafening cries

that rerise each dawn
i hear them
when i sleep
when the crows caw

begging us to hear
i want to imagine that
*"one child is
everyone's child"*

each time
another body
is unearthed
why can't we all be mothers

the shock piles up
like grains of sand
that over time
make mountains

the loss
is so much

of everything
life tradition respect humanity

a mercilessly inhuman
killing with no bounds
that passes through cells
of survivor mother to child

there's memory in our blood
how can we fix the unfixable
heal wounds that bleed
red as the fabric of a lowered flag