SCARS

She sat by the rubble of her broken home,
Her tear-filled eyes stared at the torn rag doll –
The doll she had made with rags for her doll,
Whose head was smashed by the falling missiles.
Or was it a brick that was used by the ones,
Who worship in another way, eat different food,
Or dress differently and love a different colour?
Did differences do this to my smashed doll,
And to the doll’s doll?
She looked for a pen below the
Broken glass – searched for paper but
Found none.
Using the broken glass – she etched the word
‘Different dolls’
On her skin –
She felt no pain – as greater pain lay before her.
New scars – yes, to remember the old ones
Scars which cannot be forgotten
And shouldn’t be, by the mute spectators.
Scars that should never have been etched
On skin, or in the memories of the innocent.

* Crystal David John