

Genocide

By Erin Bouffard

Streets in towns made of their flesh,
Survivors stumble numbly over the rest,
Bullet riddled bodies litter the sidewalk,
We turn a deaf ear when they try to talk,
We bat their bloody hands away,
The mass graves that house them are here to stay,
We cover our ears when they start to scream,
Their death is ignorance we shall deem,
We turn the other way when we start to see,
Turn away from the violence and let it be,
We dare not call it what it is,
For it's not our problem, it is his,
Politics trumps man's basic need,
Morality is not what they will heed,
It's the nice guys that finish last,
Apparently, it's what we've learned in the past,
So, just tell me, what did it mean?
To me, it just seems so serene,
“Never again” and “never forget”
To the world, those are just words we've learned to regret