

The Victims' Voice

*It was a dark day,
When you arrived in my city,
The terror predominated everything,
Fear and pain,
No more birds' tweets heard,
Leaves could not fall because of fear,
Foreign people had conquered my city,
There were people who were running,
They were just running without knowing where to go.
Just as mad sheep.
I still remember it like yesterday,
I found myself and my family in a segregated camp,
I saw so many people there,
Some of them were lamenting, and some others were silent.
Something terrible was happening to them,
Suddenly I heard shouts, babies crying, and the sound of a scourge,
I could hear it in every room,
I couldn't bear it anymore, instantly I covered my ears,
Scared and traumatized I did not where to go,
And where to hide!
I wished that everything would end,
But it lasted and lasted,*

*Until no more breathing was heard,
Their bodies were covered with blood and wounds,
So much that I couldn't recognize my parents' faces anymore.
They were trying to protect me from those iron hands,
With all the power they had,
But there was nothing they could do.
I was praying to god every second,
For this torture to end,
For a bright day to smile on us,
But that day never came.
We found ourselves in a big house which was sailing,
With people dead from torture.
With hated people,
Cruel people,
We stayed in a big hollow covered by water.
I was hearing weak voices,
Everywhere dead bodies floating on water,
As waves were playing with them,
Where waves play with them ,
Some of them were sinking and some other floating at the shores.
I couldn't feel anything, neither legs nor hands.
I was lying on the water, under the sky.
Suddenly my pain was over.*

Every terrible moment ended.

Many of the people went in peace.

The black days left, and dark memories remained!