

With bare Hands

by emir *Monday, May 31 2010, 12:39am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

how ever
complete i thought
my life had been
your birth, precious daughter,
made beggars of all
my fondest memories.

something i would have thought impossible
prior to your arrival.

when first you opened
your infant eyes
and found
the innermost recesses
of my soul
the very core of my Being
i realised i had never lived
before your magical creation,
my treasured pearl.

your perfect unconditional love
granted me
a renewed lease on life;
the joy you brought
to our humble home
is beyond description;
you added a joyous dimension
to everything;
i wouldn't have believed
it was possible to be so happy –
your gift to us all,
my darling girl.

my/yours/all our lives abruptly
reversed the day
an American missile disintegrated
the house and sent you,
your mother and brother
to Paradise.

my grief is beyond measure,
i am inconsolable.

i live now in the hills
with my brothers in arms,
we fight the cowardly,
murdering invader
that brings death to innocents
from the sky.

at times i am so exhausted
i am barely able to breathe
but i am strengthened
to fight anew
by only imagining i am
returning every American
to hell with my bare hands;
ridding the world of this pestilence
forever.

vengeance and retribution
are cold companions
it is only memories
that define what remains
of my humanity.

i love you forever
but now i must fight
and repel the invader;
the detestable American filth
that plagues our land and world.

i will see you soon in Paradise
but not before my time
and work is complete.

Your loving Father.