

\*Trigger Warnings: at the end of the document

Like the Moon || مثل ماه

To eyes locked with guns  
and fists held high,  
as bullets pierced their sky,  
as shouts escaped their lungs.

The ones in chains.  
The ones in pain.  
The ones in shame.

The ones still hoping  
to dance in rain.

Those silenced in chambers,  
while the whip  
turns their skin to amber.  
They're still raising their chin.

To the souls stained  
in prison,  
on floors  
now wet crimson.

To the hearts  
that stopped beating,  
the ones still pleading.

To the mothers crying  
while their sons are dying.  
If that's love you're implying  
then maybe God is fucking lying.

Why do you hesitate  
with giving the helping hand?  
Why are we just looking,  
while they all take a stand?  
Your silence  
is what I don't understand.

Is violence louder than truth?  
Is this slaughter not enough proof  
for the courage of a doomed youth?

Is your flag of freedom red?  
Stained, as my sisters fled,  
as they ripped it off their head?

Tell me,  
is their freedom dead?