

## **MIENTRAS SOÑABAN, OTRA PERSONA DE DESPERTÓ**

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Sixty years ago, we were all liberated, all released from the white-knuckled hands  
Of a man intent on having the Earth entirely to himself, an immense desert of ghosts  
For, think on it . . . if he had extinguished the Hebrews, he would have taken the races out  
One by one; sequentially, even his own; until nothing could be left but him and emptiness.

Sixty years ago, we were all liberated; and we all said things would change  
But in many ways, things have not; there are still madmen ruling this world  
With minds poisoned by that which they themselves are too imprudent to understand  
There are still masses of the manifestation of ignorance . . . and they themselves  
With closed eyes and ears, sedentary, lost, follow these madmen to seek what they crave:  
That false promise that was given unto them upon which the madmen ride

We still fight the numbing wars that leave us psychologically damaged  
That leave bereft households and towns, souls dead and the flesh continues to live  
No point, no victors anymore, World War II ended that notion sixty years ago  
Wars devoid of meaning. . . wars that drift into images, rich with torment

The image of the Vietnamese girl running naked, her skin eaten by napalm  
The image of the Afghan girl with the soul-mincing green eyes  
The image of the Kosovo girl's white hand, pink nails framed with dirt  
Protruding out from the condensation-soaked plastic sheet of a body bag  
The image of the middle-aged Iraqi women washing the daughter's corpse as they cry  
The horrors we may imagine, the pain of war's reality is still fresh, it still hurts

To liberate today means something else; it is understood that we cannot work miracles  
We have the capacity to free by force, yet we should be conscious of what else may be  
Something is always misjudged, liberation is now quite often in the eye of the beholder  
To choose to be patriotic or not to, to realize Earth could do without countries  
To recognize that religion is for those who need it, not to be inflicted on others  
To plant trees, to breathe air and to fight for that air to be beautiful once again  
To drink the water and to stand in the mountains and cry for the earth to be whole  
To cry, to realize, to think, to act, to know. . . to know how much a simple gesture can do  
Our hands are made for reparation; healing of ourselves and our world can begin now

The alarm clock rings, a recalcitrant hand stifles it, and a new day will begin