

A Simple Recount

Panicked gulps, gasps, and cries,
Streamed from her face
As the menace of a jagged, corrosive knife,
Stroked against her light-brown skin.

"Pas mon bébé!"
She cried in all desperation,
Howling! Wailing! Squealing!
As the captain's footsteps neared
the unblemished figure on the ground.

Bloodcurdling!
The unrelenting sound of a soulless killing,
As the army boot callously pressed down on
the toddler's neck,
Scarring the air around them with
the snap of the delicate rose's stalk.

By Philip Monberg Pfeiffer, 15 years

Manifest

I don't believe in a quid pro quo God.

I don't believe in the false American promise of a white picket fence and Thanksgiving dinner.

I don't believe in capitalism, socialism, criticism, or any other ism that was made to incorrectly label anything that we cannot comprehend.

I don't believe in luck, charm,

Damage or harm,

And I don't believe in selling the world.

I don't believe in Mugabe.

I don't believe in al-Bashir.

I don't believe in John McCain
and the politics of fear.

I don't believe in Kambanda, Bizimungu, or Colonel Bagosora.

I don't believe in playing blind,
and then weeping when it's over.

I believe in shouting from a soapbox.

I believe in human equality.

I believe in the children playing in the streets,

I believe in love being a conventionality.

I believe in taking action,

As thinking is

But a fraction

Of the key

To save the world.

By Philip Monberg Pfeiffer, 15 years

Snowflakes

The clouds were glints of white and grey,
None of which were content to stay,
And so, they descended from Heaven.

As beauty slid down from its lands,
It smiled down, then extended its hands,
A blanket of white in Sawakin.

Down they slipped, pristinely guided,
A twinkle of clarity as they glided,
Yet they fell with uneasy persistence.

Deafening silence as they hit the ground!
What once was white had now turned brown.
And Gunshots were heard in the distance.

By Philip Monberg Pfeiffer, 15 years

For the Ignorant

I'm tired of waiting in solace,
A nomad on deserted shores.
And my feet are getting weary now -
The clouds grow darker on the moors

I'm sick of standing on the sidelines,
Waiting for the van to come.
I'm sick of looking out at the ocean,
Watching for the sun.

It seems writing will never do;
as gunshots speak louder than words.
And for the politicians of the world;
The killed are never heard.

By Philip Monberg Pfeiffer, 15 years

Magnum Opus

Harmony;
It's here.
A gesture of hands,
Soft rain blissfully seizing upon
Exultant crowds.

By Philip Monberg Pfeiffer, 15 years