Enas, an Iraqi, Speaks

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ENAS, AN IRAQI, SPEAKS

Tia Lawson

“Baghdad,” I hear on the news, an insurgency and rebels coming to mind.
“My Baghdad,” she said, a home with neighbors she cries for.
The love flowed from her lips, her scarf-clad head looked out to us.
A doctor with a mission.
A privileged few see the photos.

Omar’s blue eyes searched my own.
He looks like my own family, people I love.
His body holds out for hope and medicine, as his Baghdad loses books and schools.
He may live, but will Omar ever read?
“It is your money,” she said, “your votes.”
My finger has not pulled a trigger but my hands have detonated bombs.

“My Baghdad” echoes as I sleep, as I study.
A woman who loves her home, her country.
I wonder, if united, can they also stand?
Children need toys, not tanks, in order to play.
Ignorance, shame, devastation—
a bomb is dropped on my heart, just like on the hospital in Al-Quiem.
“My Baghdad,” I whisper.