

## One Cry of a Thousand

It is a box of images.  
A glimpse of  
a black and white world,  
shown in color.  
The loneliness and suffering  
unknown to the viewers  
Rescuers that are buffering  
And becoming wrongdoers  
It is the box of images  
that disguise horror  
with a thousand layers.  
A television set.

Look through the screen  
and you will see  
what stands as a barrier  
between you and me.  
A thousand layers.

A possessed, gray sky  
with peaks of dark light  
Tall burnt buildings,  
Large spots of blight  
Shattered windows  
Kids and women bellow  
As the men raise their guns  
And spare no one.

Zoom down to the corner  
Where a scene plays out  
Unnoticeable at first,  
but the wind around it speaks loud

A woman stands as she  
Protects her child,  
Who is no older than nine  
and cowering in fright.

"I have done nothing  
And you do me wrong  
What have I done  
to be given this song?  
A song of misery,  
not one of melody,  
that are all my own child's!  
that I listen to helplessly."

The woman cries loud with justice  
But not loud enough  
For the wind muffles her truth  
And the men spit with disgust.

A blood-streaked face,

and tear-streaked soul  
The boy's eyes are wide in fear,  
a confidence with nowhere to go.  
He wants to help his mother,  
Lift an inch of his head  
But he is left looking down  
At the feet of his awaited dread.

Just a few feet away  
Lay the Palestine flag  
What was once four colors  
Is now a red bloodied rag  
A country, a home,  
Has become a living hell

But through this TV screen...  
Can you see it well?

"Injustice anywhere  
is a threat to justice  
everywhere."  
Martin Luther King once said,  
In his own circumstances  
Of despair.  
He said it in hopes that  
humanity will realize  
That we all share  
The same skin, pain,  
and paradise.

To ignore the cry of one  
Is to ignore the cry of a thousand.  
It is like everyone on one land  
Blocked by a never ending mountain.  
But no one will see  
The barrier between you and me  
Because the world, our skin,  
Has too many scars to repatch;  
They are countless.

Call the doctor!  
Call the surgeon!  
Will they offer any help?  
Or will they doubt themselves  
And scar it more  
With all they've dwelt?

Prone to doubts is all they are  
Humanity stands at its graveyard.

And the Palestinians  
Wait  
They cry all night  
For those who do not  
Suffer  
To help them fight

Diminish your doubts  
Enough with the excuses  
the King did not die  
To watch the world become abusive

All for one  
And one for all  
Accept & depend  
And no one will fall

The world is one  
For all share the same skin  
Now, it is time to refine it  
And let the new age  
Begin.