

How Many Died, I do not Know. Silence.

I have walked in the rain, but that did not stop the tears.
I have walked in the cold, but that did not freeze the pain.
I have washed my hands, but the blood is coming and coming.
I looked in the mirror and saw evil looking back at me.

I was once a mother's joy, a father's pride,
I now have no feelings for children died.
I am death, waving my scythe wherever and whenever.
I now decide who lives and who dies.
I am one of many – police, army, criminal, children, X and Y...

I began my journey long ago.
I loved children, but who would know.

I bombed a school bus, I heard the children screamed! One died!
I burned a house, screams of children yet again. Six died.
I bombed a truck with parents, screams and anguish yet again.
I bombed a boat, children screamed, voices drowned forever.
How many died, I do not know. Silence.

My appetite is whetted. Next stop Wismar.
I wanted more children.
I beat and rape sisters and mothers, kill fathers.
How many died, I do not know. Silence.

I wanted more. Next stop Rupununi.
I burnt houses, raped and kill children as they exited.
I have the gun, I have the power.
I watch them suffer. Shot them as they run.
I ate and drank, while I burnt their bodies.
How many died, I do not know. Silence.

I wanted more. Next stop Jonestown.
I saw so many children, no one cared.
American and Guyanese orphans, screams, panic, pain, silence.
I took them all!
How many died, I do not know. Silence.

I wanted more. Next stop Lusignan
I entered a village and laid waste children yet again.
I saw their tears, heard begging, and watched their fears.
I killed, killed, killed, killed, and killed.
The screams are silenced. Silence?

I have been raping and robbing, beating and brutalising.
I did not hear anyone complain, most run. I thrived.
I strike anywhere - Agricola, Kaieteur.
I know those few who oppose me get betrayed and no mercy.
I have your children killing too. Silence.

I know who I am, but do you know who you are?
Look in the mirror, I am there looking back at you.
I am you and you are me, silence has let evil thrive.
We are a nation that kills its children. Insanity.

We have been brutalised and brutalised.
We know violence as the only way.
As before our children showed courage to express sympathy.
As before, we beat them and beat them.
As before, I now give orders: Shoot, tear gas them!

As I have said, we are many and I can come from anywhere.
Just beware. I am hunting yet again.
Do we have the courage to stop evil?
Are we bold enough to break the chains of hate, despair?
Can we watch more children die? More coffins to bear?
More voices silenced? More mother's anguish?
More tears to cry? Silence?

I have been crying in the cold rain.
No one understands my pain. I say I am fine.
There is no joy in my smiles, No mirth in my laughter.
I cannot carry this burden of insanity, again and again and again.

Come walk with me just for a while.
Hopefully, children smile and laugh again,
Skip mud puddles, play again.
What else can heal this broken heart?

Seelochan Beharry