

**divided**

*-the land of the morning calm-*

fragments upon fragments of *identity*  
shards of glass licking at the fire that continues to  
burn- a trail of glass and metallic blood  
snakes around and bite at my heels

i am from a divided land of silenced truths  
the line is drawn through the sand but i don't  
seem to understand

i am from red stars and black disintegrating crowns  
that work in stilted harmony  
with indoctrinated propaganda  
where citizens are enclosed in the lies  
that tell them

i am the enemy-

i am from miracle and flowing rivers,  
invisible wars no one remembers,  
neglected truths of a nation threatening to  
overspill

i am from deleted memories and shattered  
histories- concealed identities  
of forgotten people unable to speak

our past is buried, ashes scattered along  
like remnants of glass reduced to dust, gone  
in wisps

i am from the in-between  
not fully one or the other  
somehow still fastened in a repetitive  
circuit that never seems to close

You may tell me  
*little girl run along, do not try to*  
*interfere with ancient history*  
but i tell you we have trembled for too long  
this is not the time for ancient history,  
because history is what we  
create

i have been born into this history  
my identity is fragile like glass that  
shatters until the particles float to  
land at my feet- the ringing in my ears  
playing over and over on repeat  
until there is *no more*