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,
eglected 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