

A Poem for Tamar

Sue Wright

Wanting to contact you,
hard to find the right words.
Wanting to say that I am thinking of you
and the people from your homeland;
that I am thinking of the people of Gaza,
and the people further back in history,
much further sometimes,
who have suffered
because of hatred and fear and prejudice.

Wanting to find words to capture
the shock and horror
and the pointlessness of it all.
To lament yet again mankind's capacity for brutality.

Why do we hate?
Why do we other?
Why do we obfuscate,
turning blind eyes on our own culpability?
Dark shadows. Stains on our history.

In the now dark time between five and seven
when I set off for my early morning walks,
I wear a head torch,
its little light a guide.

Can we shine the light of love
into the dark corners of the world?
Can we firmly insist on that light?