The Rape of a Nation

Larger than life,
they were soldiers
in the streets of darkness,
shadows with no faces,
burning, raping, killing
in a land not their own,
a battle not of their making.

I was watching
by the side with others.
They did not see me
or the other watchers.
But I could hear the screams,
smell the wet of the blood,
see the red of fire.

I was doing nothing.
Nothing was done to me.
But I felt the desperation of both
the perpetrators and the victims
in the rape of a nation.

Was it from another time?
Another space?
Was it just television?
Or a hallucination? A prophecy?
A fragment of collective memory?

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