

# 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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