

WHO AM I?

PALAK GOEL

The dark wind screams,
The trains newly full.
Forgotten are long-cherished dreams,
Their silent, deadly pull.
And it's too cold to hear my cry,
But I still whisper, "Who am I?"

I see the sun,
But there is no light.
The work is done,
But only for tonight.
Children whimper; their throats too dry.
But I know what they ask, "Who am I?"

I don't notice the fear;
I don't notice the flame.
I look to the skies and pray God is near,
But nothing is the same.
Sometimes I stop and wonder why
I have forgotten, "Who am I?"

Victory, they whisper, is still in sight.
Outside the fence, soldiers clash by night.
Sometimes I wake, gasping with fright,
I wonder which army is dark and which is light.
When I hear the screams I think it's better to die,
Because I still can't be sure, "Who am I?"

One day the fence will be gone
And our angels will pour inside.
I long for this silent new dawn.
Will I laugh and forget I cried?
Or will, perhaps, my soul learn to fly?
Will I ever stop asking myself, "Who am I?"