

THE BLOOD

By **Anthony Anaxagorou**

They
slaughter body with bullets,
wound flesh with steel,
dismember limbs with bombs,
break bones with metal,
crush spirit with torture,
cripple hope with fear,
obliterate families with tanks,
deploy troops with flags,
trample life with boots,

they rape villages with screams,
burn graveyards with death,
loot temples with storms,
break history with books,
bury babies with drones,
kill mothers with disease,
kill fathers with smoke,
hang innocence with power,
chain muscles to walls,

but the blood
the blood they cannot get inside,
the blood they spill cannot be killed,
the blood which runs,
the blood which soothes each vein,
blood as silent as blood,
as old as blood, as alive as blood,
the blood knows,
the blood breathes and gives life to blood
the blood crosses an exhausted star to sing

the blood, the blood
will always be made of blood.



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POEMS