WHEN MOTHERS CRY

Sher Chandley

When Mothers Cry
For homes
Blasted, bulldozed and destroyed
When Mothers Cry
For crops
Burnt or sewered
When Mothers Cry
For shade and fruits
Of trees pulled up at roots
When Mothers Cry
For thirst induced
By wells blocked
When Mothers Cry
For family members
Murdered or maimed
When Mothers Cry
For their young
Imprisoned and tortured
When Mothers Cry
For even babies
Burnt and bombed
In Palestine Mothers weep
Their misery paid for
With tax dollars
Crimes against them
By a foreign occupation
People’s parents born elsewhere
Such is the price
Of religious perversions
Satisfying feelings of

A South African poet and revolutionary who participated in African liberation struggles
Latent crusadic revenge
Many are smirking
Patting each other on the back
We hear only sinful silence
Or lies to shield evil
Even Angels sorrow
Prompted by despair
For what is happening
Happening right now
The Mothers’ Cries
Become accepted prayers
Pleas for mercy
Curses on the brutal
From their lips
To God’s ears
When Mothers Cry …
… beware!
You can fail at everything
Your marriage, your career
Your wealth, your health
Do not lose your self-respect
Do not fail at being a human!
When mothers cry
Open your ears!

Copyright
@ Sher Chandley
2020/07/01

Artwork picture credit: @ Copyright JEHADEM—JEHAD ALL GHOUL ART
JEHAD AL GHUL is a Palestinian artist and activist from Gaza, Palestine

This child has no comprehension yet of the wars of politics and religion or what
an arms dealer is; he doesn’t know the bankers that fund them or the governments
whose national interests affect him—but is a suffering product of all of them. He
doesn’t know us or our opinions. We allowed this.
I was born yesterday
I know nothing
Only suffering
Don’t yet comprehend
What’s happening
The cruelty
Of a callous world
In my ears
Sounds of war
In my sight
Visions of destruction
Famine and disease
Surround me
To me
This is natural
My eyes are shaded
With death
My body broken
With hunger
Every day I see
Those who smite all
Those who break all
Those who loot all
It’s the life I know
I cannot comprehend
The who
The what
The why
I was born yesterday
I was born to die.

Copyright
@ Sher Chandley
2019/11/16