

He was 16  
When he saw his neighbor,  
Shot, by soldiers, slain.  
Others, laid  
In pools of their blood,  
Staining the streets,

Their march for peace,  
Thus shattered.

And in that moment,  
Though yet a teen,  
He resolved, his goal, his single aim  
To take up arms,  
Thus rid his home  
Of this foreign state.

Torture ensued ...  
A decade of prison,  
Forced to emigrate,  
His goal turned into a dream,  
He thus, unrepentant, waits  
For time, the future, to reveal,  
His fate.