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Dead Rose

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AT PEACE IN WAR

Ibrahim Safa

It scared me, how calm I was.
I thought death should be more profound.
At least a little angrier.
Ironically, it was a lovely morning.
The sun shimmered beautifully through
the window as it rose, hitting
my lifeless face.
And I, just a little boy, crouching under the kitchen counter,
hands covering my ears.

Shouldn't I be screaming?
Maybe not. After all, this was inevitable.
The dark cloud of a bitter end
hovered over our house for quite a while now.
I try not to look at it, distracting myself with
Small talk, meaningless card games, and the occasional forced laughter.

When is it going to happen?
The anticipation only made it worse.
Boy, did it pour that day.

As I was losing myself,
through all the deafening noises,
I caught a glimpse of my cousin in the other room,
Snoring.
And it didn't matter anymore.
I closed my eyes, and suddenly there was
no more screaming, no more crying,
no more pain, no more dying.
I'd found a way, made peace in war.
For all I could hear was my cousin's faint snore.

DEAD ROSE Christie L. Conklin

