

# *Sheet Lightning over the Veldt*

I.

I see him crawling limbs spread out like trees, skinny so frighteningly breakable in such terrible wretched sadness twisted and contorted in such a sad and pitiable pose as that hipster Michelangelo would have conveyed through his model of that beautiful human body that most high creation of God.

What a sin, oh what a terrible and unforgiveable sin that of taking the lifeblood from the men and women and children (the sad little eyes, the cowering in those lonely homes those sad bodies being dragged through dirt living on grass and leaves, the manna of the plight of these people)

In the name of God and Allah what you have done these sinister and diabolical images contorted and distorted mocking the love of God who has created you to love and to be loved (and to smile at the red sunsets and to see the wild animals and teeming creation and to caress another human)

And yet they steal the lifeblood, the very soul of another human being out from beneath their feet, leaving them to rot and to twist and starve and die

What a wretched and detestable thing to do to suck and bleed the people to create famines like locusts, evil wretched dark clouded locusts sweeping the grain, murdering and pillaging raping the wives and selling the children into bondage and slavery

Is this, could this be what Allah commands?

Is this detestable work the work of an awful and terrifying God?

The Sadistic indwelling of a spirit of hate what god indeed what devil, burning in the depths of the earth, could command such a fearless and heart less act as to starve that very life and breath and blood of another man. I do not accept these orders from God or Allah or whoever it is that sends you and winds you like some sick robot or puppet.

I do not accept your lies, the blood is on your hands the starving children in your hands, the raped and dying women in your hands and the broken and enslaved men are in your hands

May God show mercy and protect the oppressed oh how long lord will you remain silent in the face of such oppression to your servants?

How long?

## II.

Oh beautiful child, you who were chosen before the earth, before the waters were set in place and before the continents shook and broke through before that beautiful and wild and teeming vegetation crept and crawled and slowly but surely over took the earth

Before it was known of the antelope or the bison or the dinosaurs, terrible and powerful yet graceful and somehow beautiful

Before even the first man Adam, taken from mud and clay and dirt and the very ground you must drag yourself through today before all of that you were known and chosen

But chosen for what?

Were you chosen to starve at the feet of oppressors to bleed and vomit into the ground to cry and not be heard to find yourself without a mother or father

To be lucky (oh the terrible fate) not to have been blown away by gun fire, to be murdered in cold blood to have to feel that foreign bullet in your head or heart and to look down on the ground and to feel the death angel with his sword (God please not a scimitar, that symbol of the oppressor like a splinter of a moon I've seen it on those cursed flags before)

And to know that in a few seconds this will all be over like an evil, twisted nightmare only to awake with your chest pressed down by an unknown evil

oh beautiful angel, given charge over this child, give the child strength and godspeed over the walk, the seven day journey, a lost and broken refugee accompanied by a grandmother, yes angel like with sad eyes, tears like cold winter rain in her eyes she will give until she withers and dies like an autumn tree under the weight of its own winter tears

Walk dear child, run dear child, fly on eagle's wings faster and faster and faster to a promise land a land of grain mixed with water into a swampy mush

A land of starving, naked, and hopeless people a land without promises, or even maybe promises but what to call a promise that you know won't be kept

Oh dear child I see as you approach the camp, you are starving and weak Good, in a few days you will lose enough weight that you may be able to may take part in the meal

You are still too healthy to take part in supper we are sorry there is not enough to give now child don't cry please understand

### III.

They buried that child side by side with the grandmother no tears of course no one there that had ever known that child

Perhaps god had forgotten to show his book where the beautiful plan of life had been recorded for the child perhaps no one has any idea how much has truly been lost but then again maybe they do understand

Dear God do you see how lonely and ghost like how far away these people are from their eyes and their minds and their bodies does fire burn them do they get cold can they cry have they taken the last train to the coast?

All of these questions yet still God remains silent

I imagine him with sad eyes as he looks over this beautiful creation comforting this child and grandmother yet still some sort of far away sadness and anger at these men, these wretched men and all of the emotions because let us not forget that God does love them as he loves them as much as you or I

That strange and powerful miracle to raise someone from the dead is in itself hard to believe but how will you explain love for such an evil and wretched people a people, loathing their creator, turning to fire and guns and strength and greed to murder and oppress a people and a generation we wonder how can he love them

But we also know that he is just, and he will uphold the oppressed God please come soon, alleviate the suffering of your children please lord, how long will you allow the wicked to oppress

Please lord, please