no more resting in peace: a poem

I sit here in this land of Mexico, where things feel peaceful and in destruction all at once. My privilege is shining armour, one generation away from this passport book. Writing these days feels heavy. To write in prose or poetry—to try to make rhyme or reason of flowers or beautiful sunsets—no longer feels like reality. And while these beauties still exist, people are dying.

The land I come from, a borderland away, where dreams of liberty and freedom have long been sold as illusions while serving capitalistic gain, is crumbling under the bloodshed of innocent people. We cannot say they are asleep now in a better world. There is no resting in peace when lives are stopped mid-moment—caught in distress, panic, fear, survival, terror.

Murder. Senseless deaths.
Men lost in a daze of their own washed minds.