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Remember Us

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Where are you going, Oh Sweet Soul of Mine?
I’m going back to the comfort of my childhood bedroom with
its white sheets and sky-blue curtains.
Back to the loving arms of my mother who rocked me to sleep
and sang songs written by Angels.
Back to the burning sidewalks where we would chase ice cream trucks and blow dandelions.
Back to the colorful red and orange swings in my school playground where we would pretend to fly like superheroes.
Back to the innocence of love where the only thing we were afraid of was catching cooties.
Where have you been, Oh Sweet Soul of Mine?

I’ve been to a world where I’ve heard screaming children calling for their mothers in war.
Where I’ve seen women beaten and bruised until they couldn’t feel anymore.
Where people ended their lives and were forgotten like a dream.
Where the loss of life is worth less than the price of oil.
Where everyone dies but acts like they’ll live forever.

Where have I been you ask?
In the deepest depths of hell
Where am I going?
Back to the world I knew.

SWEET SOUL OF MINE
TAZEEN HUSSAIN