

## With bare Hands

by emir *Monday, May 31 2010, 12:39am*

international / poetry / post

how ever  
complete i thought  
my life had been  
your birth, precious daughter,  
made beggars of all  
my fondest memories.

something i would have thought impossible  
prior to your arrival.

when first you opened  
your infant eyes  
and found  
the innermost recesses  
of my soul  
the very core of my Being  
i realised i had never lived  
before your magical creation,  
my treasured pearl.

your perfect unconditional love  
granted me  
a renewed lease on life;  
the joy you brought  
to our humble home  
is beyond description;  
you added a joyous dimension  
to everything;  
i wouldn't have believed  
it was possible to be so happy –  
your gift to us all,  
my darling girl.

my/yours/all our lives abruptly  
reversed the day  
an American missile disintegrated  
the house and sent you,  
your mother and brother  
to Paradise.

my grief is beyond measure,  
i am inconsolable.

i live now in the hills  
with my brothers in arms,  
we fight the cowardly,  
murdering invader  
that brings death to innocents  
from the sky.

at times i am so exhausted  
i am barely able to breathe  
but i am strengthened  
to fight anew  
by only imagining i am  
returning every American  
to hell with my bare hands;  
ridding the world of this pestilence  
forever.

vengeance and retribution  
are cold companions  
it is only memories  
that define what remains  
of my humanity.

i love you forever  
but now i must fight  
and repel the invader;  
the detestable American filth  
that plagues our land and world.

i will see you soon in Paradise  
but not before my time  
and work is complete.

Your loving Father.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-1996.html>

---

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-80.html>