

Until it Happens Again

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When will it end?

When will we notice what is blooming before our eyes?

We let it go

Pray it will improve

Ask, how can anything be worse than this?

Because how can an innocent spectator resolve such a spectacle?

But as days fly by, it repeats

Every day, we are bystanders to heinous crimes

We glimpse back, wondering how we arrived here,

among terrified families and concerned citizens,

lost in our own priorities

Why can't we notice what looms at our back door?

Why can't we face what burdens us most?

Instead, a haphazard bandage is slapped

on as we stride away, refusing to meet reality

Yet every day, it prevails

Every day, society bears witness to its own demise

Every day, the blood of our peers is spread across the floor -

the very place we were meant to learn

But still, we don't

And then we forget,

until it happens again.