

Darfur, Unnoticed

by Pauline Gillette

She looks out of the old window
They have guns in their hands
Riding on massive horses
Gallop to the village

If she runs, they will shoot her
If she stays, they will burn her
With her village
She hears footsteps, and gunshots
She has no choice,
She runs out of the burning house
And she is unnoticed

She is in a refugee camp
Days have passed
She lies there, starving and parched,
Each night hoping that they wouldn't come
And still, she is unnoticed

The Janjaweds come
They rape her
And they shoot her,
She died that night
She didn't have a chance
Yet again, she is unnoticed

Wealthy people are safe and comfortable
In their homes
Every day and every night
Yet she, and many others
Are dying in Darfur
And they too, are unnoticed