

## Children of My Country

In my country  
children are born old  
with the taste of fear  
in their famished mouths

Children are born old  
with eyes staring-betrayed  
by and insane world  
exploding with the shock of war

Children are born old  
knowing hunger pains  
and violent death  
before the age of life

In my country  
children are not innocent babes  
for a moment longer than  
the blink of an eye

For time more than  
a split second that it takes  
children are born old  
before their innocence can survive

— Dee September —

