

Paix pour Paris

By Madison Dong

Bullets pop.

The sound of gunpowder
combusting, twisting,
comes to a fatal, screeching halt.

They tumble to the ground
in a whirlwind of blood,
guts,
fury,
disgust,
What glory does this hold?

*If I fall,
you fall with me.*

Foreign names
unpronounceable,
lumped together
into “the middle east.”

The world stands in silence
with eyes transfixed.
“Peace for all,”
they filter their Snapchats
and profile pictures
without a single utterance
leaving their physical lips.

Be not
a watcher.

Be not
a witness.