For the Child of Aleppo

Rita Rizkala
rrizkala18@jcu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr

Part of the Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol71/iss2/34

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The John Carroll Review by an authorized editor of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact connell@jcu.edu.
For the Child of Aleppo
By: Rita Rizkala

A group of white foreigners
Swarm your ambulance,
Their words as alien as the neighborhood
You once knew.

Paramedics rush and sirens blare
Bombs blasting and horns honking,
Fallen buildings and crowded streets,
Men shouting and women crying,
Children wailing and… you –

You just sit there,
Hands folded in your lap,
Hair dripping blood.
Bare feet dangling over the seat,
And eyes wide shut.
From your head to your toe,
Your body is covered
In a thick layer of dust.

The world may have shed a tear,
But, there are no tears here.
You do not cry,
You do not speak,
You do not plea.

As paramedics rush and tend
To the others whom have fallen,
A group of white foreigners
Swarm your ambulance
Pointing cameras at your pedestal,
Yet, none of them hold your hand,
None of them embrace your fragile body,
None of them even say,
Everything will be ok.