

**“Bly stil”**  
**By Mia Botha**

Bly stil!  
The ringing of gunshots

A school book never reopened  
A pair of shoes never retied

Bodies fall limp in their brothers’ arms  
12 years gone in an instant  
By the selfish grip of a policeman’s rifle

Flocks of lead doves  
Usher our youth  
To a place where  
Hatred dies

And our country weeps  
To this day  
For the shattered dreams  
The futures that were gutted  
With no remorse

Simply because of ego  
Or delusion  
Or the failure to recall  
That we are all born of the same cells  
With the same oxygen flowing through our lungs

Bly stil!  
Will we ever erase the bloodstains that built this nation?

