

SRI LANKA 2008

Jack Clancey

At one time:

She was a beauty:
Her attractiveness charmed all those who met her.
She was admired by all;
Adored by some;
Envied by a few.

During New Year's celebrations,
All her children,
Praised her beauty;
Lauded her assets;
Acclaimed their good fortune.

Then:

Her daughter's face was brutally cut by the jealous wife of a rich merchant.
There was an outcry,
But no arrest.
Her son was tortured by six police officers.
People were frightened and shocked,
But did nothing;
There was no prosecution.
Her granddaughter was raped by a politician's son.
Reports stated people were horrified,
But soon kept quiet;
There was no conviction.
Her grandson was blown to bits by a bomb.
Onlookers expressed disgust and dismay,
But only watched.
Accusations announced, but no serious investigations undertaken.

Now:

Celebrations tinged with sorrow;
Joy stained with tears;
Festivals circumscribed by grief.