

Like the rain

Layana

Roof dripping with rain,
In a dilapidated bamboo bed we lie in vain,
A room without a window,
My baby and I imprisoned here like a doe.

A room so dark,
Only a closed door in sight,
Heavily guarded by a shark,
And beneath my heart is fright.

My baby weeps with pity,
As I cry with anxiety,
But it was echoed in the dark,
As every body is deafened by the shark.

As the sun rises, Yes Sir! That's for everybody!
Can we go against? Nobody.
Can others show pity to the prisoners? No,
Be careful, they will incarcerate you.

If a soldier expresses support,
His job will be cut short
Camaraderie is forbidden;
So with helping is a mortal sin.

Oh, what a sleepless night,
Cause they woke me up at eleven o' clock
Relentless interrogation using their might
Force their wish as I am locked.

This camp is where?
My comrades are where?
My husband is where?
I need to talk, but where?

I replied, where is justice?
Where are my rights?
Why am I abused?
Is this the system of the society?

Sir is angry, he is shouting
Told me to stop talking
He is asking,
He will be helping.

Enough sir, enough,
I don't want it, I am dreaded
I cried, tears like a grain chaff,
My head is breaking, I am maltreated.

He changes his tactics to be,
He is now kind and gentle
He is caring for my baby
Asking me what he can humble.

Cake and perfume,
He will bring it to my room
Is this true or a doom?
Give my baby's needs, for a boom?

How long will I have to suffer?
Fascism with its two faces,
Gentle and abuser
But only one motive, to be mightier.

In a moment, the truth comes out,
Angry, the soldier let his emotions out,
He almost click the gun out.
Then suddenly he left and run out.

Then falls the rain,
The sticky mud in lain,
In my bamboo bed in vain,
As ants climbs like a paint in limn.

I don't know what to do,
My baby, I will carry you,
We will be running in the rain
Looking for a place to shelter in vain.

Again and again, oppression is there.
I'll never forget that day somewhere.
As I watched the rain in lain,

Remembering the past, as pictured in my brain.

When it rains,

I shouted, hounded for justice.

Thousands of people will rise not in vain,

But like the rain, never we can stop them.

Layana was a former political prisoner. The soldiers took her away from her community in 2005 and accused her of being a member of a dissident organization. They beat her up and refused to give her medications for her injuries. She was pregnant then. Her son had witnessed her maltreatment and suffering. The military kept her in their camp for one year until she gave birth. Eventually, she was transferred to a high security prison in Manila. Layana regained her freedom in 2009. The court acquitted her from the charge of rebellion. She has since then reunited with her family. However, she finds it difficult to return to her home place as the military might still do her harm. Now, she works as a volunteer in a human rights organization.