

You Trample

In the eyes of the trampled there are no tears —
Only disbelief, and quiet shock.
They never rise up, nor fight back.
They just lay there —
A pile of bodies used up and forsaken.
You stepped on their faces, trampling.

Maybe once upon a time they screamed out at the injustice,
But now they rot in the glowing sun that you praise so much.
The sun you idealize.
The sun you head towards, trampling.

Its heat is so intense.
It is not warm and welcoming but searing.
Penetrating.
Bodies are tied down in this sun and it is melting them.
Melting them into silence.
You are trampling.

Kind and Generous people.
Hard-working people.
Honest and Open people.
Heartless, Cruel,
you trample.
You trample.

— *Sarah Capelle*