

War-Torn

by Karima Hussaini

The first blanket of snow settled this morning,

But it did not bring with it the feeling it used to.

The snow at home never had a sign reading "Warning",

Maybe it was just a precaution for the crew.

Standing outside, what were they recording?

I think only my Mother knew.

She started mourning;

Her teardrops resembled the early morning dew.

Settling against the glistening shatters of the once tough glass.

I follow her eyes to meet the crew, now in a queue.

It was as if the men were all in one class;

Each of their black coats had a familiar symbol, it was not new.

"Mother, are we going to pass?"