

**~ give us ten minutes ~
(for the little girl on her
trampoline)**

there is silence this evening
and streets tuck soft whispers
inside bedroom windows
like an unworthy lullaby

on this night, quiet comforts two friends
and they laugh, entertained by
a bloody violence that will seldom
escape their screen

the city is tranquil, yet the friends
don't hear a man plead with a soldier
to '*give us ten minutes*,' don't see his life's work
being destroyed in the time it takes to keep scrolling

the two friends are sleepy now, but
2,225 miles across the sea a little girl is wide awake,
jumping on her trampoline, celebrating eid al-fitr
by watching bombs set the black sky on fire

her father murmurs that god is great as they wait for mercy.