

Mahir

You sat alone, on that window sill
Staring into the abyss, eight floors below
Gone from your heart, of youth every thrill
All you felt was pain, delivered by the blow
The rape you endured with a rolling pin
That tore your insides, murdered you from within

And who can we blame now that you are gone
After jumping so horrifically to your death
Helpless fury and rage, when my heart can only moan
For I learned of your name after your final breath
Only fourteen years old, your life surrendered
Sodomized repeatedly, bullied to death, murdered

They tied you to a radiator and whipped like a dog
Made you kiss your friend while calling you gay
From your rectum blood flowing down the rolling log
Your screams, their laughter, the girls who came by to say
"Enjoying yourselves, boys?"
Pushing the rolling pin, like boys with toys

I wonder what would have happened had I been there
The answer is simple, and one that scares me so
Faced with my own brutality, they would never dare
In this private school, where privileged teenagers go
But rarely is a victim given a helping hand
Intervention is scorned upon, often legally banned

But I look at your photograph, holding your guitar
They said you loved music, books, video games
Your eyes show intelligence that was a shining star
To your mother, now condemned to forever mourn your name
I wish I knew you, and lament the life I could not save
But I will speak for you, of hell for which your life you gave

Bosnia has lost an innocent son
But how many of her children suffer as I speak?
It makes me sick to think, you are not the only one
These vultures have resolved good, innocent children to break
Your father's intellectualism is the reason for the persecution
A history filled with academia treated by execution

Your father spoke of a Bosnian history
In which all people were one, regardless of faith
Although true, few want to hear the real story
That ethno-religious divisions are not worth a single death
Your classmates tortured you for his progressive belief
And to escape the rape, in death you found relief

A symptom of a country dehumanized by war
A war with no victors, and no conclusion
A war where peace imposed closed the only door
The door to multi-ethnic life and religious collusion
Dayton Peace Agreement is a lunatic straightjacket
That divides Bosnia, nurturing sectarian hate and racket

The troubled Balkan history was not yours to pay for
But there is no room for humanity in Bosnia's new elite
You were innocent, full of promise, standing on the shore
And in your name, these demons we must pledge to defeat
To bring to justice your killers, your rapists
To prevent a future run by psychopathic sadists

Oh Mahir, young martyr, always on my mind
May your soul find resolution and peace
For your sacrifice, justice is our duty to find
The tortured youth of Balkans from hell release
So that violence and rape, are the norms no more
That no mother endure, what yours will forevermore

Vedran Eminovic, 2016