

Beat: Local

Iraq and the pain storm

Poem pain

Iraq, 09.03.2020, 17:18 Time

USPA NEWS - Every day, my homeland suffers.

His limbs are cut with malevolent knives and knives of strangers.

They destroy with their aggression its infrastructure where they cover the sun with their evil as well underdevelopment and misery in every alley.

They grow scare and hunger in every street and in all district.

Every moment, they steal the country's fortunes after they were homeless barefoot.

Their family members send them to Europe as to get up certificates from the finest universities and schools.

While our schools are either destroyed or cottages where swim with winter torrents.

My homeland is sick but no and it will not die.

The smell of death on the streets, the smell of poverty at homes, the smell of want in the wallet and the smell of hunger in the dishes.

Electricity is a sleep rarely wakes up.

Water loses way to our homes.

Health status wears a garment of neglect and waste.

Home steals in broad daylight and in the depth of the night.

The suffering is longer and longer.

Thieves thieves were and are still.

Hussein Ali

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