

This media could not be played by Mark Fiddes

You learn it takes a soldier over a minute
to behead a civilian using only a penknife.
Cameras follow the boy in a Juventus shirt
running between burning tyres streaming
a pristine flag as big as the joke cheque
they give to national lottery winners.
Today, his school was shelled so heavily,
it has eyes and a smile, an emoji of this war.
After fake news there is news noone wants,
kicked down the road and into a ditch,
like the human rights lawyer raped
by invaders, then stoned and stoned and
stoned until now she is the colour of stone.
Black windows open on my Twitter feed.
Men wrapped in combat fatigues bristle
in the back of a Toyota pick-up truck.
For extra blessings they circle jerk guns
towards the paradise they wish to inhabit.
For the 236th time while in office,
one of the Presidents flies to his golf estate.
The others can't quite believe their luck.
Showtime. Fatal jazz hands.
Two borders away, we are stopped
at a new road block, told to turn around.
The wind picks up. Too much static.
Once there's panic in the sand, forget it.