

#daiszasworld

I am young A soul for the future My father has killed	
My father killed my neighbors	My father killed my sister
My father's mind was filled with hatred of others.	My father's mind was filled with drugs and sickness
My father ran into a life of wealth and plenty	My father ran from misery to misery
My father fled to the Congo	My father ran into hiding
My father will die in exile	My father will die in jail.
I am young A soul that belongs to the future I am not my father	
I have sought mercy for my father	I have found mercy for my father
I have learned to live with the scorn of others	I have learned to live with the pity of others
I will work to repay my father's crimes	I will work to overcome my father's crimes
I have received acceptance from my neighbors	I have received the legacy of my sister
I have learned to love in solidarity camps	I have learned to move forward in my city
I will teach Rwanda's children to love	I will teach my father's children to love
I am young My soul belongs to the future I am my choices	

This poem was inspired by a conversation with the children of perpetrators of the Rwandan genocide as well as a student of mine. This poem is based on two young people, thousands of miles apart, and their shared experiences with family and violence. This poem is memory of Daizsa.