

Another Two-Voiced Poem

Hutu	Tutsi
<p>I can cut you, kill you, and decimate your family.</p> <p>Yet, I get to unload my burden, my sin when you recognize me.</p> <p>Here lies your kin beneath the soil. Today, side by side, the earth we toil.</p> <p>I have been forgiven. I am free now.</p>	<p>Tears for the “we.”</p> <p>I carry your sins in my heart. I mourn my losses with your fresh start.</p> <p>I bury the seeds of genocide where they cannot flourish—outside the sunlight where I will not nourish.</p> <p>I am not free. My job is to show you mercy. Who, then cries for me?</p>

Kimberly Hillstock