

The lady Iraq.

By Joseph Taylor

She enters my mind with a nostalgic tune so often it is unbelievable.

The passion I have for this woman who is the mother of my people is so powerful to me. Will I ever see her? Touch her? Smell her? Eat her? Or am I destined to hear of her through my television and through stories of “the old times.” It was once one of the most beautiful places on earth and has now become an embodiment of the western stereotype of the Arab world. Her mountains, agriculture, night life, rivers, homes, universities, hospitals, churches, mosques, historical monuments, bazaars, shopping centres and all her gifts. All gone. Replaced with pain, destruction, political unrest, hate, fear, religious chaos, persecution and greed and death. Her skies are no longer lit up with a starry white so unexplainable, instead they flash with asteroids that cause screams when they land.

She is cursed by her own individuality: The black gold along with gas and phosphate, all call out to the hungry green eyed monsters. They sense she is wounded and they close in and devour everything in their path, they have entered and she is being killed from the inside out. Once united now segmented and divided, they beat her down. Changing her to what they want her to be, it’s something she can never be. Once the city of palm trees, now the dates cannot be eaten for the intruder’s breath has poisoned them, now it is the most dangerous place on earth. Once rich beyond belief, now starving, once the origin of peace and brotherly love, now the birthplace of despair and detestation.

Her children flee and their uncertain eyes scour for help. Yet the world turns a blind eye. Who will help them? Me? But all I can do is sit here and speak of it. Sit here and think about it. I wait for her to live or to die, I wait for a miracle, I wait for an answer, I wait for her to rise like a phoenix from the ashes... I can do nothing. Nothing but wait...