Hostage

They locked me in bank vault after midnight with shackles on my hands

I stood there reminiscing and pretending I was braver than I am

I drowned the passing hours in a violent flood of perilous regrets

Walking tightropes without nets

Like a genius who forgets that he can ‘t forget

They came for me at nine am with orange juice stains and syrup on their pants

Showing off their weapons talking loudly while I sat there in a trance

They dragged me off to prison and they tossed me in and threw away the key

And I’ve been here since twenty twenty-three

And now it’s difficult to see how I’ll ever get free

Allah are you the lord and sustainer

Allah do you bring good to the earth

Allah in the here ever after

Allah will you oversee my rebirth in hell

Are your children doing well

You know it’s kind of hard to tell from inside this prison cell

Am I the evil that they fear and is that why they’ve brought me here

To break my will and draw a tear

I just don’t know

They spit on me and called me names just like third third grade bully back in school

Pausing five times every day to pray because they’re following a rule

Praying to a deity who tells them they should torture me and hate

And that somehow they’re facilitating fate

And that they won’t have to wait at the pearly gate

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The bombs explode each evening while the gunfire rages endlessly outside

I sometimes still imagine that I’m dreaming or that I’ve already died

No one comes to save me and I’m pretty sure this is my final dance

If I could only break this trance

Maybe I’d still have a chance to correct this circumstance

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Allah