

"You Do Not Know War"
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You do not know war until you stare at the innocence of a charred three-year-old, until you endure the shrills of her wailing mother, until you're burned by the tears of her father and strangled by his agony. You do not know war until you see the elderly asleep beside the corpse of their grandchildren praying atop the rubble of what was once their home, until you're forced to walk a child across her parents' carcass and try to answer "Why?" The continuous raping of the innocent only impregnates the land with the suicide bomber: the father who finally found cause to hate, the mother whose only slumber must be accompanied by death, by the promising nature of vengeance. They are the government's own illegitimate child, their own product. You tell me that they are terrorists, I agree. Yet I ask you to define the terms, to eliminate the Muslim prerequisite. For is not a terrorist a murderer, one that slaughters inclusively with no regard to military status, race, sex, or age, one that kills with no cause but to destroy freedom? Yet, ask them, go deep into the soul of your so-called terrorist and find the human that yearns, the cause that triggers, the anger that destructs. These so-called terrorists are multiplying. With one head down twenty emerge: his brothers, sisters, cousins, and friends, the ones, once neutral, now victims, victims to the murderer, the one who slaughtered with no regard to military status, race, sex, or age, the one who had imprisoned them in bomb shelters and dissolved their freedom, and from there the product evolves, making our once noble cause a foolish cause.

For our justified violence mirrors their justified hate. It's better to fight on their terrains in between their homes and memories and history and sacrifice a couple of their fathers, brothers and children to keep them from coming on our territory. And thus they fight for the freedom of their land and sacrifice a couple of our fathers, brothers and children to keep from losing the little they have. And each side justifies murder with the certainty that one man's blood is more precious than another. You may bomb the world to pieces but not to peace. There is little rationalization of hate and war and little answer to the young children's questions. There is no manner to erase the trauma in their souls, the trauma that evolves into hate, the hate that continues war, the war that prolongs the cycle; the never-ending pin-wheel we refuse to stop spinning.

The end of war comes with the beginning of consciousness; the consciousness of the human race as a single entity. We must stand together human to human, not with our weapons, but with our souls in order to achieve the one almighty goal of peace and harmony. For then, only then, may we all be blessed enough to not know war.