

5-1-2016

Bystander

Marzia Mariwala

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

Recommended Citation

Mariwala, Marzia (2016) "Bystander," *Forces*: Vol. 2016 , Article 5.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2016/iss1/5>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.

BYSTANDER

Marzia Mariwala

There's a loud commotion, a chaos in the surroundings.
But silence is overbearing; she sings her melodies with clarity,
and we are all lost in the midst of decisions:
courageous decisions, cowardly decisions, controversial decisions,
while there's a war raging just a few feet from us.

My feet scream at my brain. They seek permission to run,
The man needs help. He desperately needs help.
My eyes confirm my feet; brain don't you see:
the bruised body of the man, the dried blood on his face,
and still the senseless, constant kicking from the bully with the gun.

But I stay paralyzed; the car seat itchy under my petrified skin,
and I keep watching; waiting for someone to do something.
Why doesn't someone do something?
Yet all the cars are standing still, behind one another, in this surreal gas station.
We are each other's companions, but we are-after all-strangers.

Finally, after what seems like infinite hours of waiting and wondering,
the bully with the gun stops, his demeanor of a conqueror.
With his crown, his gun; he becomes a ruthless tyrant
and lazily walks towards his jeep, each stride more powerful than the other,
and just like that, drives away without a care.

Then all the bystanders come out of their shelters.
Someone picks up the broken, battered bike pushed on the floor,
while two people lend their bodies to the limp body of the man.
Life goes back to normal; each car drives forward.
We get our gas and try to forget.
What our eyes did see; when our bodies didn't react.