

Cambodia

How dark is the river
Which flows beneath the soil.
Suffering,
Innocence smeared with filth,
Hopelessness without end.

The soul is stained,
Crying out for healing.
The land grieves
Unanswered blood
Cries for recognition

Heal us!

A blood deeper, darker
Poured out like water,
But more than water.
A deeper cleansing
Can be found.

Release it