

Camp Darfur

Before opening.

6am—I arrive at school

And find a foreign sight.

A crescent of tents that seem to have appeared like

White mushrooms that sprouted over night

On the damp green grass.

People inquisitively inspecting

Convuluted skulls stenciled on the canvas.

Unmanned—

Alien ships that have landed on the lawn,

Waiting patiently to come alive.

After opening.

The courtyard is teeming with curious fish,

Stopping in front of tents to feed off of Them—

Ambassadors from the doldrums of despair,

Working to pull the other side of earth

Out from the eclipse of obscurity,

Illuminating.

Venturing into the tents.

Walking in is walking out—

Walking out of darkness.

Out of ignorance and into consciousness

In dim tents lit by the radiating sympathy

Of sparked hearts.