

Two Elephants in Sudan by Amelia Shafique

Two elephants play in the garden,
Laughter, happiness and dancing free,
Beautiful lawns, colourful flowers,
Not a worry to be seen.

Along came two armies, wanting to fight,
Power struggle, hatred, warring with all their might,
Chaos, disorder, there's no end in sight,
Gone is the joy, gone is the light.

Cowering in hiding, I cover my ears,
People running, afraid, faces streaked with tears,
I watch people suffer, feel the weight of their fears,
The two elephants fight on, without a thought for their peers.

The garden is dead now, we are bereft,
Tired and weary, there is no hope left.
"I want you to always remember this phrase," Mother whispers,
"When two elephants fight, it's the grass that suffers."