Explosion Affected Reflection

Blasted into a wasteland,
behind an old torn photo
Father silently weeps
for what were once his people
their voices and love forsaken
while Mother has grown old
torn in recollection with grief
her children's young kisses
still innocent upon her cheek;
memorizing, unborn babies
hear exploding bombs
as yet she stares, despondent,
out the broken window,
in remembrance for peace.

— Helle van Aardeberg