

Poetry Series

**Khadija Islam**  
**- poems -**

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## Khadija Islam(03-09-1997)

I am a 18 year old pursuing my bachelor's. I recently got published.  
I love to read books, write and cook.

You can interact with me by either following my instagram which is  
wordsandkhadija or you could always mail me at Islamnkhadija@

# Brock Turner

I took her pride,  
her respect,  
her dignity away.  
Because I could.  
Because it happens.  
My father stood by me,  
because I couldn't be jailed  
for a '20 minutes action.'  
My parents are worried about my safety,  
help me I am a rapist!  
I am a smart student and I am white,  
of course the judges will be kind.  
I've served only for 3 months,  
although they've written it worse.  
Now listen to me you upcoming rapists,  
rape someone and you will get away  
because it happens.

~khadija

Khadija Islam

## Educated Bullies.

But if we do not open our minds and see  
We will be lost fighting  
For the cause  
That's never meant to be.  
We will be aiding oppression  
Because that's what we  
Chose to believe.  
And we will kill innocents  
Celebrating their defeat.  
And we will list ourselves  
With the just and wise beings.  
Whilst reality is the fact that  
We are nothing but educated bullies.

Khadija Islam

# I Asked For Too Much.

I asked for too much.  
I asked for things that do not exist anymore.  
I asked to be left alone.  
I asked to be able to help my son.  
To be able to protect him,  
feed him and just be with him.  
Perhaps I've asked for too much.  
Which is why they bombed us.  
They killed two at once,  
him physically and myself mentally.  
I've asked for food and shelter  
in my very own house.  
but I've asked for too much.  
And my little baby paid for all of it  
with his tiny heart.  
I've asked for too much.

~khadija

Khadija Islam

# I Must Stay Strong

I sat there in an ambulance  
dazed world and unknown words.  
i sat there watching  
something unknown and distant;  
probably life before invasion.  
A tear escaped this strong face  
and I wiped it away;  
swift and fast.  
But it hurt.  
It hurt physically.  
It shouldn't have,  
it was only a tear.  
So I looked down on my hand  
hoping water finding blood.  
And I wiped it away and hid my hand,  
I wouldn't want anyone to see my mess.  
I am strong.  
I must stay strong.  
I wouldn't beg for your prayers or mercy,  
because those who know what's humanely  
do not need a reminder for doing what's right.  
so go on and munch on your food.  
while 5 year old like me  
fight the deadly drone of existence.

~khadija

Khadija Islam

# Is That Freedom?

Let's talk about freedom.  
A word solely made  
for the white kingdom.  
Don't get me wrong  
but everybody takes a keen interest  
in the holocaust victims.  
But where is freedom when the African American  
are still suffering the once abolished slave system?  
The Nazis tortured the Jews  
and yes  
it was degrading to whole of human kind.  
But the blacks got sold  
for a dollar, a penny, a dime?  
The women raped  
and the babies slaved.  
Importing them from the African lands  
like they were things being shelved?  
But hey, where's human rights and freedom at?  
The zions kill hundreds of Palestinian a day,  
I see no aircraft's rushing to thier aids.  
Now do you see what I mean when I say,  
freedom is only a white privilege.

~khadija

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# The Colour Of Freedom.

They told us about terror,  
And they told us about freedom.  
They told us that if we do not stand for ourselves  
We will be doomed;  
We will be killed.  
So we stood,  
We followed.  
Like a ship without a radar.  
Ran aimlessly for what was freedom.  
But the ways, oh so different.  
We used weapons to attain peace.  
And hatred to attain love.  
Torture to keep ourselves safe,  
And shade card to judge who is great.

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