

Behind every face in the newspaper is a story.  
My heart went out to these people, and I tried to capture their pain in my paintings and poetry.  
Painting, this time, was a tearful experience.

## **The Blink Of A Shutter**

With a blink of the shutter  
A moment of my life  
Is captured, for all to see  
With a blink of your eyes  
You turn the page  
Forgetting all about me  
And that is your right

*Driven to further prisons of sorrow  
Wrenched from a mother who cannot follow  
Drenched in tears of today and tomorrow  
Sarajevo, Sarajevo*

Stop for a moment  
Mourn my plight  
Shed a tear  
Or turn away  
That is your right

*Home. Will they ever see it again?  
How will things be when this war ends?  
Goodbye, Gorazde, family, friends  
Come what may  
Bus takes them away*

Stop for a moment  
Mourn our plight  
Shed a tear  
Or turn away  
That is your right

*Cape town, contained  
Young bodies, restrained  
Spirits on fire  
Soar free beyond wire*

Stop for a moment  
Mourn our plight  
Shed a tear  
Or turn away  
That is your right

*Frightened, hungry, and cold  
Only seven years old  
Empty pot over bare head  
No mama, no papa, no roof, no bed  
A Kurdish child  
Who has never smiled.*

Stop for a moment  
Mourn my plight  
Shed a tear  
Or turn away  
That is your right

*Weary of life, tired, worn out  
Dark Dhakan solitude all about  
Leaning upon a fallen tree  
A limb, as bereaved as she  
Companions in their misery*

Stop for a moment  
Mourn my plight  
Shed a tear  
Or turn away  
That is your right

*Dreams lie shattered in the ruins  
Of what was a thriving land  
A legacy bequeathed to  
The battered youth of Afghanistan*

Stop for a moment  
Mourn our plight  
Shed a tear  
Or turn away  
That is your right

*His home they blew  
Confiscated his land  
Only Palestinian earth  
And stones in his hands  
So he aimed and threw  
They fired their guns  
And he, too, was gone\**

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\* The caption that appeared below the photograph in Newsweek, May 10, 1993:  
“In Gaza, a Palestinian youth hurls a stone shortly before being shot and killed by Israeli troops.”

Stop for a moment  
Mourn my plight  
Shed a tear  
Or turn away  
That is your right

With a blink of the shutter  
A moment of my life  
Was captured, for all to see

With a blink of your eyes  
You turned the page  
Forgetting all about me  
And that was not right!

For if ever the tables were turned,  
If the captions were of *you* one day  
And I were alive:

I'd wet the paper  
With a thousand tears  
I'd write, I'd shout, I'd cry, I'd pray

And I would strive  
To tell the whole world of our fears  
For yours would be mine too

I'd know exactly  
What you're going through

I'd be reflecting upon the time  
When I was in the paper,  
And I knew

That with the blink of an eye  
The page was turned.