

# Junta

## Trust

What horrors we wage  
in the light of day,  
bodies left decaying  
for the world to see. Conakry,  
September, two thousand nine.  
Mose Dadis,  
junta chief, will not resign  
his command  
to sworn democratic law.  
Thousands band  
to demand that he withdraw. Crowd trapped.  
Soldiers  
gather,  
guns drawn.  
Fire. Butchery veiled in tear gas,  
bayonettes puncture eyes.  
Flesh strewn across the grass,  
knives sever robes from thighs.  
Women raped with gun barrels,  
bullet through a child's head,  
howls of humans feral  
as they haul away the dead. Red berets,  
elite guard,  
murder-crazed,  
a city scarred.  
Stores they loot,  
ribs they snap  
under boot.  
Cadavers wrapped. C'est du  
jamais-vu,  
they said.  
Pourquoi  
nous, Allah?  
they pled  
to absent god.  
At the morgue a mother  
seeks out her son.  
No remains were found.  
A desperate father

reaches for his gun,  
his daughter bound  
in an army base,  
used by soldiers in turn,  
til a rapist discerned  
her familiar face,  
and, shamed, set her  
free. She speaks no word to her doctor,  
for fear her pain disgrace her kin.  
For weeks she dared not sleep or dream. Camara denied blame for the atrocity:  
The militarys beyond my control.  
The chief of his guard drew a pistol  
and fired a round in the presidents  
skull. He survives,  
abdicates.  
A flood of  
candidates  
compete in Guineas  
first truly  
democratic vote. Anarchy  
mars the year.  
Election  
frauds unclear.  
Will of the people:  
Guineans elect  
Alpha Condé. The girls suicide,  
the son never found,  
the butchers alive.  
The butchers alive.

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