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| **War Photograph** |  |
| by Kate Daniels | |
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| A naked child is running  along the path toward us,  her arms stretched out,  her mouth open,  the world turned to trash  behind her.  She is running from the smoke  and the soldiers, from the bodies  of her mother and little sister  thrown down into a ditch,  from the blown-up bamboo hut  from the melted pots and pans.  And she is also running from the gods  who have changed the sky to fire  and puddled the earth with skin and blood.  She is running--my god--to us,  10,000 miles away,  reading the caption  beneath her picture  in a weekly magazine.  All over the country  we're feeling sorry for her  and being appalled at the war  being fought in the other world.  She keeps on running, you know,  after the shutter of the camera  clicks. She's running to us.  For how can she know,  her feet beating a path  on another continent?  How can she know  what we really are?  From the distance, we look  so terribly human. |  |
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