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## Upon Learning that April is Genocide Prevention Month

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# Upon Learning that April is Genocide Prevention Month

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*David Schelhaas*

As if April didn't have enough to do,  
here she comes babbling about genocide prevention.

Sweet, hippie-girl April, with her daffodils everywhere  
shouting their happy yellow song and waving at me as I pass,  
April, with grass so green it hurts my eyes,  
April, with her young trees dressed in thin green-gold ingénue frocks,  
bright and fragile and hopeful,  
ready to dance the night away at the prom.

What would you have us do?  
Shall we send a flower to a warlord?  
A bouquet of daisies  
to a mother as she spreads thin sand  
over slaughtered sons and daughters?  
Sweet, foolish, flower-garlanded April,  
do you think that a few choruses of  
"Give peace a chance" will do the trick?

What is Darfur to you, dear April. Death in The Congo.  
Those boys holding big guns in their small hands,  
Will you invite them to the prom?

Fair April, come away with me.  
to beautiful, downtown Gaza,  
to the Sudan sands where we'll catch the perfect tan,  
to the Congo's lush jungles, ever green.  
We will weave garlands of bones to wear round our necks  
and dance the genocide prevention dance,  
our hands stretched upward, eyes wide,  
mouths shouting soundlessly,  
"No!"

It won't change anything, April,  
but at least next year, when you're  
asked to be Genocide Prevention month, you can say,  
"Thanks, but I did that last year."