**Hava's Plea**

**By: Enes Kisevic**

That night

when the seven of them

raped me at the camp,

I prayed for you to spit

from my womb the seed of that dog's sort,

why did you not heed my prayers, oh Lord,

when I have done you no wrong?

I prayed to You

to free me, if but an instant,

from the vigil of my captors,

so that with my fingernails

I could scrape out of my womb,

Why did you not heed my prayers, oh Lord,

when I have done you no wrong?

I turned my head from water,

I turned my head from bread,

if only death would heed my prayers,

but how could death take mercy on me

when everything rests in your hand, Almighty.

I begged those who raped me,

the ones who set my house afire,

I swore to them in Your name

that I would forgive them for all they had done

if only they would kill me,

if they would draw and quarter me;

They did not heed my plea, oh Lord,

giving me instead an apple,

feeling day and night

how their brood grew.

That morning,

when the unborn child first kicked inside,

I prayed to You

that my man Alija

not return from the battlefield;

You heeded me not, Oh Lord,

instead You had

the Militia set me free,

instead they took me to the hospital,

where four doctors held me

by my legs and my arms

so that I could not smother this child

with my thighs

whom more than the sun longed to see,

stillborn

or that it should set eyes on its

mother, dead.

Why did You heed my prayer,

Good Lord,

when this innocent nubbin,

and I,

have done you no wrong?

Give me strength,

on Dear God,

to raise this male child,

whom no one but You

would spare,

and grace the boy with the mercy

to live among people and with

their truth,

so pleads with You his wretched

mother Hava.