**A Dream (Runner Up)**

I switched off the light and slept

The deepest sleep of my life –

And the dream it wrought so real

A dream I’ll never escape.

I woke in it to the boom of guns

And a world impossibly huge.

I woke frantic seeking my mother

I woke frantic seeking my father

I woke frantic seeking his shoulder,

But my brother had found it first.

Oh that I’d never seen this…

I recalled how often I’d teased him

When again I’d won a race…

His legs now a site of horror…

My mother’s eyes, lustrous, wide

Just stared away, as if dead…

Legs and eyes explain my tears…

I woke from my dream

And tried to scream:

A gun was pointing at my head

And then the last sad tears I ever shed.

**Rana Ahmed Al Saririya**