

Sonnet of the 43

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The world prays silently amid global desolation;
We are a million voices and do not forget the facts.
There are no reasons, just tears instead of information;
We live the tragedy and we are missing some more acts.

The hand hid the bodies but did not silence the crying.
Do you think that protest is a reprehensible crime?
With an empty talk, the truth is not for buying;
We do not forget the victims; we demand better times!

Just what is forgotten dies, their ideas are alive.
Ideas and trees do flourish despite impunity;
When history is rewritten, peace and justice arrive,
As the light of freedom of this new opportunity.

In the night, they all were taken alive, Ayotzinapa!
Forever gone, they will never see again Ayotzinapa!

