Monoliths by Melisa Nyamukondiwa

We were made to read, write and recite from ancient tomes word for word
We were taught to pick the righteous side
from the very first day
Each rhetoric chanted like a prayer,
never taught to question
We said it for so long we forgot
who said it first
Yet we revered it as law
Every word against it
deemed a crime against
the very essence of humanity
Those who dared to ask why
were immortalized in stone
Ironically enough, they are now
the saints of the new generation
As the cycle repeats
With no new tales to tell
just woe, anguish and lethargy
Such torment extinguishes
the soul’s desire to carry on.
But
Perhaps this time
our martyrs won’t be villainized or forgotten