# LABA

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She spoke in a language I could not understand,
but through her emotions, I felt every word she said.
She had gone through the unimaginable,
and holds awful memories that can never be wiped away.
She was only thirteen,
a little girl that could never again play.

Her whole world shattered when she was held captive.
for two years they raped and violated her in every way.
She was robbed of dignity that justice could never repay.
I imagined her pray on every faithful day,
prayers that God never answered until it was too late.

She is strong,
I could tell by the way she narrated her story.
Her voice was soft and screechy at the same time,
of course she shed tears and no one could ease her pain.
Some advised her to move on; others told her to campaign,
some even had guts to ask if she then hated men.
You could tell her wounds had not yet healed,
 but some were already asking her to do more.

Her name is Laba,
a woman that no one wishes to have been.

**About the poem**

This poem is based on a true story of a young woman I met on a Southern African Young Women's Festival in Kinshasa (DRC) in October 2013.

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