

We dedicate this issue of *Feminist Dissent* to the memory of

Ayan (Zum) Joshi

3 September 1996--6 April 2019



Identical Forces

Ayan (Zum) Joshi

(a poem Zum wrote at age thirteen)



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Fighting, never stopping, until they've won this battle

Filled with hatred and prejudice, without any reason

Maybe peer pressure, maybe the way they grew up

Born loathing the other side, which is identical.

Racism that fills their blood for the enemy

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And love that fills their heart for their fellow fighters

'Grenades, Molotovs... what else can we throw into the

Mosque?

'Grenades, Molotovs... what else can we throw into the

Temple?'

'Fear, what is fear? Fear of dying? Nonsense.

You don't fear what will bring you great martyrdom.

And why shall you fear the pain that only lasts a moment,

when straight after you will be happy, forever?'

Crazy, not for one moment considering their reasons,

Thinking only of the destruction of their enemy

The only reason that even makes sense to fight, is revenge,

'You killed my father!' 'You killed my brother!'

Now they are even, or are they ever?

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