

## **Terrorists aren't born, they are made**

Through tiny holes in jute  
I could see dirt and blood  
Rising in the air with me, made possible by  
A blow to the stomach

The floor felt unusually warm that day  
I wanted to stay there and die  
Tiny drops of breath left my lungs with  
A strike on the chest this time

I think they wanted to grab my hair  
But the jute bag came in the way  
Pushed me face down on the floor  
I felt my head sway

Leaving my body I saw myself, laughing  
Also, bright light and the gate  
Blood and piss reached my lips one last time  
They still tasted of incurable hate

The tables have turned today  
But I remember the light to this day  
No pain or guilt or shame  
I do the same to them now, in the same way.



**Akanksha Goel** fuses fiction with social issues to express a different perspective; the motive remains the same - to spread awareness. Her works have appeared in anthologies by Raindrops Publishers and Aagaman Literary Group.



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