The Dirty War Poem

pəɹnłdeO - The Lucky Ones

When they disappeared, they often were not seen again People who were executed, thirty thousand killed by the death squads I was one of the lucky ones, I didn't become one of the People who were taken off the streets by the Junta in the dark of night I knew people who were beaten and thrown into the River Plate, for I was one of the Witnesses to the atrocities committed, I saw those with blood on their hands. When Argentines were detained, they became Dehumanized, treated as an animal During the genocide, the Dirty War as many called it, I was Scared, never knowing if I would lose someone I loved Who resisted and stood up for what was right, and I still was Worried, because the government targeted civilians, and those Who had leftist beliefs, who didn't back down to fear, and yet I was Never safe, because I was one of the people That didn't agree with the government, that was Someone who saw what was wrong with the government, I was someone who saw people executed in the streets Who were usually killed by the government And terrorists, people who killed before the government did and Who murdered, who hurt others, considered villains Me and my colleagues were accused of being people Who were cowards who were afraid to stand up for what was right But we fought instead of people, organizations, and countries In the different way than what people normally thought of

(Read it again from the bottom up)

By seeking justice and protesting Against an injustice that is still going on today Long ago I was involved in a Dirty War

Artist Commentary Genocide can be a hard topic to talk about. However, it is one that we must remember and memorialize, to try and stop the atrocities of current ones and prevent them from happening in the future. I found the Argentina Genocide, which was also known as the Dirty War and took place from 1976-1983, of intruiging both because it is a South American country (I have Colombian heritage) and also because how it wasn't necessarily as well known as other genocides, despite it involving the murder of 30,000 people, as it was done completely in secret. When I was researching, I learned from sources that explained the chronology of the event and saddened by harrowing personal stories of survivors, who described torture, abuse, and other horrible crimes. I was also shocked to find out that many cases are still unsolved and perpetrators have not been brought to justice, despite this having happened almost 40 years ago.

The Argentine government also hasn't always been supportive of justice regarding the genocide, with different administrations having different policies towards it, such as the government in 2015 disbanding official groups related to it. This needs to be stopped, as the perpetrators of a genocide facing consequences should not be a controversial issue, and the victims of these horrible crimes need to be avenged. For the poem itself, I created a reverse poem (reads differently if read foreward or backward) because I wanted to show that people experienced the genocide in different ways. One perspective is a victim who was part of a resistance group and was captured, but survived. The other perspective is a bystander who chose to fight back by bringing justice against the perpetrators of the genocide. Additionally, I wanted readers of the poem to be affected emotionally and see the horrors that took place. I also want readers to be saddened by the tragedy and remember those who were loss.

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