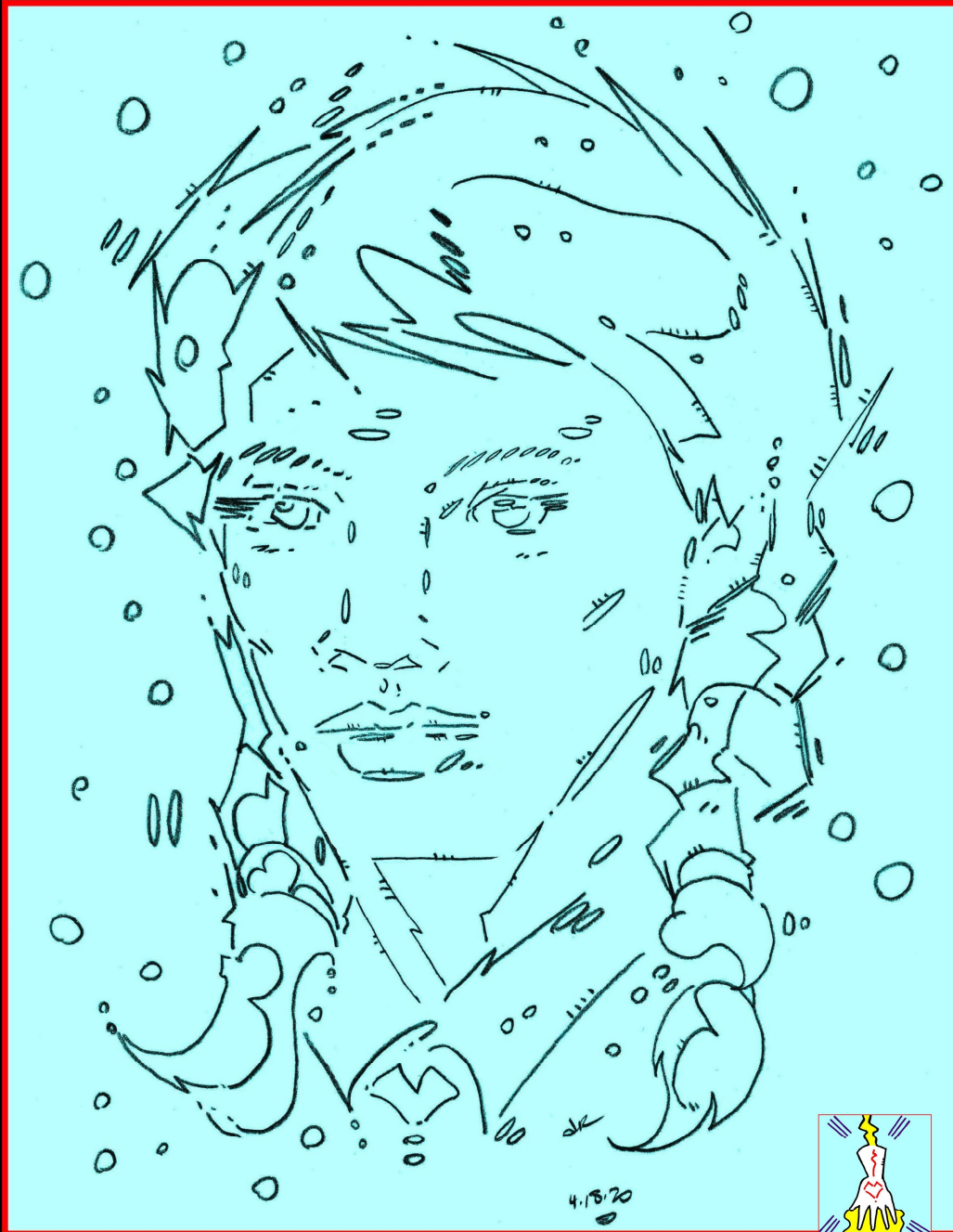


# THE DAY THEY MURDERED MY SISTER



# THE DAY THEY MURDERED MY SISTER

I was twelve years old  
the day they murdered my sister  
they said she was a criminal  
but to me, she was a saint

I've often wondered why  
the prince of darkness has such power  
yet it can only be granted him  
by the soulless sons of men

For there are many satans  
and it seems, only very few  
whose hearts are pure  
whose eyes are light  
and we are weak  
and poor and beaten down  
and it seems...forgotten

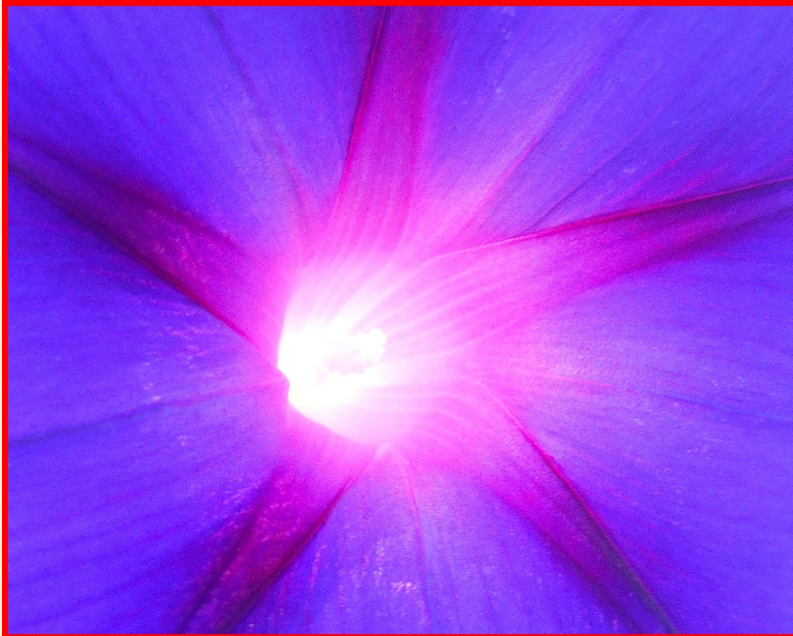
While the satans are strong  
they are not hindered by conscience  
their hearts do not feel  
they too look like humans  
but they are not  
they are devils in mortal guise  
and they are Legion





They put my sister in a prison  
because her soul was good  
because she dared to speak the truth  
in a land of sheep  
(not unlike ours)

She was a little bird  
how could she be caged?  
it vexed her soul, twisted it  
yes, I her brother could understand  
we were one in spirit



I saw her, as she lay there, despairing  
lost in a desperate darkness  
cold and afraid  
and God allowed me  
to visit her in the night

The greatest suffering one can endure  
is to suffer alone  
to feel unwanted, unloved  
she did not deserve that, O Lord  
and so You sent me

I knelt beside her  
and spoke quietly, reassuringly  
lest I add to her fear-  
"it is only me, your brother  
I am here to comfort you"

I gently removed the hellish mask  
the satans had placed upon her  
perhaps they could not bear  
to look upon the face of an angel

I too had wandered far from the Lord  
in the days of my youth  
I too had felt the scourge of affliction  
to drive my soul back home  
I am your brother  
you are not alone



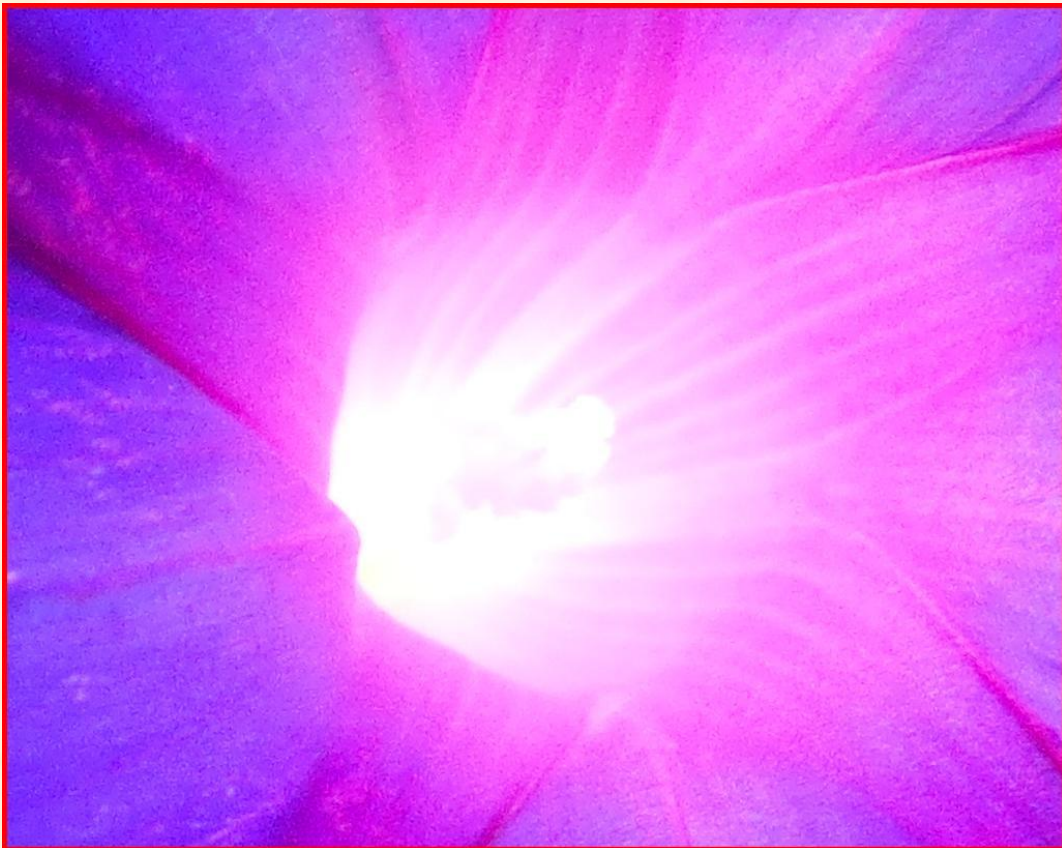
As I gently caressed her hair  
I wept bitterly, for her, for me  
yes, even for them  
and my tears baptized her afresh

Every night I visited her  
sometimes she knew I was there  
but most often she did not  
she could never quite see me  
there in the dark



But she would hold my hand  
and she said to me,  
“you have a soft hand  
like an artist’s hand”  
And she said to me  
(her brother),  
“you have a soft voice  
like an angel’s voice”  
but I was not an angel  
only a man, and nothing more

And I prayed deeply, in agony  
that her misery would end  
that she would be removed  
from the real prison  
not the one made of bricks and bars  
but from the world of the satans  
for she did not belong here



I was there on the final day  
(and her first day)  
the day they murdered my sister  
they shot her once  
without pity  
without remorse  
as if she were nothing  
and no one cried

except me, and God  
and the holy angels





But I saw her spirit  
for a moment, a brief moment  
and she was young again  
(for she had grown so old)  
and the last thing I remember  
was her beautiful smile

Very soon now  
my sister and I  
will be together  
and then, I too  
will smile again.



*For Lin Zhao,  
my beloved sister in the Lord;  
murdered by the communists  
on April 29, 1968.*



Copyright 2020 God and James Rubino. [www.jamesrubino.com](http://www.jamesrubino.com)