



DO NOT STAND IDLY BY

SAVE
DARFUR

Quiet

It is quiet in Darfur.
There is the sound of the wind flipping a tent flap slowly back and forth.
But that is all.

No one is crying.
Crying requires energy.
No one has food.
No one has energy.

So it is quiet in Darfur.
The siege is perfect. Nothing comes in. No one can get out.
About a million displaced persons are starving to death in Darfur.

The United States Senate has passed a resolution declaring that
what is happening in Darfur is genocide.
Genocide: like what the Nazis did to the Jews and others in World War II.
It was quiet then too,
But not like this.

The United Nations have packed up their operations in Darfur and left,
due to the fighting.
No one is fighting.

Fighting requires energy.
No one has food.
No one has energy.

A man in Akron sits before his computer screen, reading news of Darfur.

No one claims to have gotten food into Darfur since late November, 2004.
He has a hundred dollars, and no place to give it to feed the starving in Darfur.

But he wears a green, plastic bracelet his daughter gave him for Chanukah,
The bracelet says: Not on my watch. Save Darfur.

The man in Akron sees pictures of mothers holding their dead babies

like stinky flesh dollies, so close to themselves that no one can bear
to take them away.

The mothers do not cry over their dead children.

Crying takes energy,

No one has food,

No one has energy.

"Can no one in Chad, or Libya, or the Sudan, just put a bag of grain on his back
and walk into Darfur, without being machine-gunned, or machetted, or bombed?"

The man in Akron asks on his computer screen. He lives next to a full grain silo.

It is quiet in Darfur.

It is not the silence of peace.

It is the silence of death.

The man in the green bracelet can keep himself silent no longer.

Not while he has food.

Not while he has life.

Not while he has a hundred dollars.

Copyright 2005 Max A. Lebow