

Wraiths

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“Justice, don’t preach. My streets were cleansed with might,
No addicts left to rot the nation’s core.
The people cheered; they knew my path was right,
Their safety paid with blood they won’t ignore.”
But wraiths loomed and whispered, “What of more?”

“I am no Justice—I died on the street,
No bullet hole, no blood-stained thread.
You called me scum, yet I cried out in fear,
Begging for life, my innocence unsaid.
You’ve built your peace on graves, a tyrant’s feat.”