Something good had to happen that day,
The day that terror came.
As we closed our eyes and watched with horror:
The names, the screams, the pain.

Something good had to happen that day,
The day the guns were fired.
A day so evil, so rife with malice,
Division, and hatred transpired.

Something good had to happen that day,
As our country feared in dismay.
With phone calls, and texts, and hugs, and tears,
For terror had made us afraid.

A baby was born that day,
A day as dark as can be.
A little light, so small, so bright,
Amidst the horrid debris.

A baby was born that day,
Despite loss of life so vast.
As that tiny face wriggled and cried,
Some joy and hope was cast.

Something happened that day,
As I looked at the world in shame.
I refused to go home until I could say,
“Something good happened today.”

About the author
Harry is a final-year medical student at Auckland City Hospital. He has a wide range of interests including haematology, nephrology, and obstetric medicine. Outside of medicine, Harry enjoys singing, poetry, politics, and spending time with friends and whānau. Harry is one of the Creative Arts Competition winners for Issue 31.

Acknowledgements
This piece is dedicated to the victims of the Christchurch Terror Attack at Al Noor Mosque and the Linwood Islamic Centre, to their beloved friends and families, to our wider Muslim community, and to the first responders and healthcare professionals involved in the aftermath of this tragedy.

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