

## The Struggle Of 1947

By Simran Sahota

Acknowledge my pain, then we can talk.  
Fear, hate, determination, betrayal,  
is what my country came across,  
to see what is now called freedom.

But who am I to say,  
I being a child who was only worried about school being closed,  
while my people were worried about the colors of our flags being burned faster than wood,  
and this is what we had to go through to see what is now called freedom.

Walking across the wheat fields I fearlessly held my sack of lunch in a tight grip,  
just like the British held their wooden sticks,  
in which they fearlessly glared at my innocent people,  
and we had to go through all that to see what is now called freedom.

I look upon a British soldier,  
wearing red and white from head to toe,  
while I wore brown clothes from head to toe,  
which made us differ by not the skin color but by our meanings of humanity.

He whips out his belt as if he had no regret,  
hit, slapped, and whipped my innocent people were once again tortured,  
tell me this is intolerable because I was close enough to faint.

I stood there with no expression,  
eyes lost in fear,  
lips sealed as if there was glue on them,  
hoping I would stop this situation.

But I could not.

The agony of fear was put on my shoulders while I moved across the corn field,  
neglecting the beauty of corn I only reckoned the red coats,  
a bruise, a red scar, a black eye laid upon on a child's face,  
the innocent people were once again harmed.

Reaching town I hear the cows, goat's horses, chickens being slaughtered for food,  
on the other hand brewed tea was arousing from the British quarters.  
Neither did the crops receive any water nor did my innocent people,  
and this is what my innocent people had to go through to see what we know call freedom.

So then came a day,  
my innocent people waited and waited for,  
at last the nation was freed from red and white and had gained back the colors green and orange,  
perhaps the country had a loss, but had gained a lot for which we now call freedom.

## Women of Courage in Chaos

by Desiree Booco

I see in our community  
Women struggling  
Plagued with all kinds of ills  
That come from battling urges  
Shattered hopes and dreams  
Emotion out of control  
Abused, rejected and abandoned  
Never ending loneliness  
Displaying selfish, destructive, controlling behavior  
And emotional rage  
Words are destructive  
Actions harm people  
Selfishness is always apparent  
Especially in hard times  
In spirit of kindness and generosity,  
The bottom line selfishness will always surface  
Hateful rage,  
Empowers destructiveness  
Powered to the degree that makes selfishness seems like  
Their only hope for survival  
If you look inside these women  
You will see  
Powerlessness and anger  
Intensified and dramatized  
Women only trying to keep their lives together  
Under control  
Through fear, anger selfishness  
Through thin dark journey  
These qualities are forged  
In the lines of struggle,  
Being women of courage in a world of chaos.

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### Sisters Of The Road

Nonprofit Cafe in Old Town

#### UPCOMING EVENTS

- Jan. 19 - Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Holiday - Cafe open as usual with special activities.
- Jan. 21 - Meet at 9:00am for an action at City Council Chambers w/ R2DToo - Reception to follow at Sisters!
- Jan. 31 - 27th Annual WinterFolk Benefit at the Aladdin Theater!

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