

Motherhood

by Lazola Pambo

I stuck two needles in her windpipe,
Trust me,
she has witnessed worse atrocities
Three miscarriages,
in the space
of two years,
I wanted to extinguish those evil spirits,
she told me No,
and so,
I rinsed the needles stained with blood,
There is something,
astonishing about God's creation,
A woman gives birth,
and forsakes the child,
while another bears the pain,
Of having no children,
I looked at her sorrow and I
wanted to bear it,
She patted me on the head,
quit crying, she said,
enough with all the pity,
I have not lost anything,
For mankind came to being,
from this womb of mine,
I am the world

Empathy

by Cactus

Walking around old tombstones
Where few remember to go
Is a journey
To places where those departed have walked
To see the same sights
Hear the same sounds
Smell what they have smelled
And wonder
Why they've done
The things they have done
Perhaps if others
Could
See what I've seen
They would know
Why
I do
The things
that I
Do

Poem

by Michael Votta

I wish someone would ask me if I needed financial help
So I could be more open to talk about my needs
And get a warm place so comfortable for a day or three
To rest with my Mrs. Andi Votta and we both just melt into each
other
But until then I can only wish
But if you asked how my day is I'll say
Oh it's alright, I can't complain but I am going to anyway.

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