

92103
mercredi
3pm le 20, 2, '19

"This gap... is for men"

Is there no man
who will stand
in the gap?
The words chilly, cut;
Why not me,
why, indeed?
Why born like this:
honorless, strength-less
Fragile bone and breast,
why was I cursed:
born as a woman?
Why may I not stand,
fight, defend with honor,
Stand in that gap,
upon the raised edge
between blow and shield,
pain and reprieve,
despair and hope:
may I too,
not stand??

"To The End"

21.2.19 92103
9:50AM "God's Tears"

The sky is crying, again.
First one tear, then three,
Then the long wail.
'It's ^{only} really wind,' they say;
but I know the truth:
the awe-filling, pain-spilling,
blood-curdling reason
That howl upon the wind
masked by cars and trees
is the sound of despair.
The ^{Despair(?)} despair of the way
The one process of creation
The one soul of humanity
The one hope of Earth
For we, her children, are
We heed nothing of it
Neither her cries,
nor the cries of our fellow
man nor beast - all
all are ^{starving} dying for a fat
So, The One, God, c