1944-1964

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Abstract

You tell me of bodies shoveled ten deep in this green valley; father’s fresh wounds swabbed with thick brine till he died; a hungry child shot for stealing their garbage...
1944—1964

by Tessie Wolff

English, Sr.

You tell me of
bodies shoveled
ten deep in this green valley;
father's fresh wounds
swabbed with thick brine till he died;
a hungry child
shot for stealing their garbage.

You say
I cried
for milk at your empty breast;
you gave
pints of blood for grams of flour;
one night,
starving, we ate a dead rat.

You once saw
a woman
scratch through the corpses for gold;
a young girl
raped on our street and then shot;
a soldier
laughingly choke a baby.

You just can't see
how desperate
is our own situation.
We are displaced
in this heartless machine-world.
Of course to you
this may seem quite trivial.

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