

“going without” by Nneoma Prudence LaMarche

can you see my ribs
jutting from underneath my top?
my bones, feeble and tired,
are crying for even a drop
of milk.

can you see my pain
flowing throughout my veins?
my eyes, weary and bloodshot,
are weeping for a wink
of sleep.

can you see my need
showing through empty pocketbooks?
my storehouse, barren and dank,
is left without even a crumb
of bread.

can you heed my cry
singing from within my soul?
my heart, broken and bruised,
is aching for the kindness
of care.