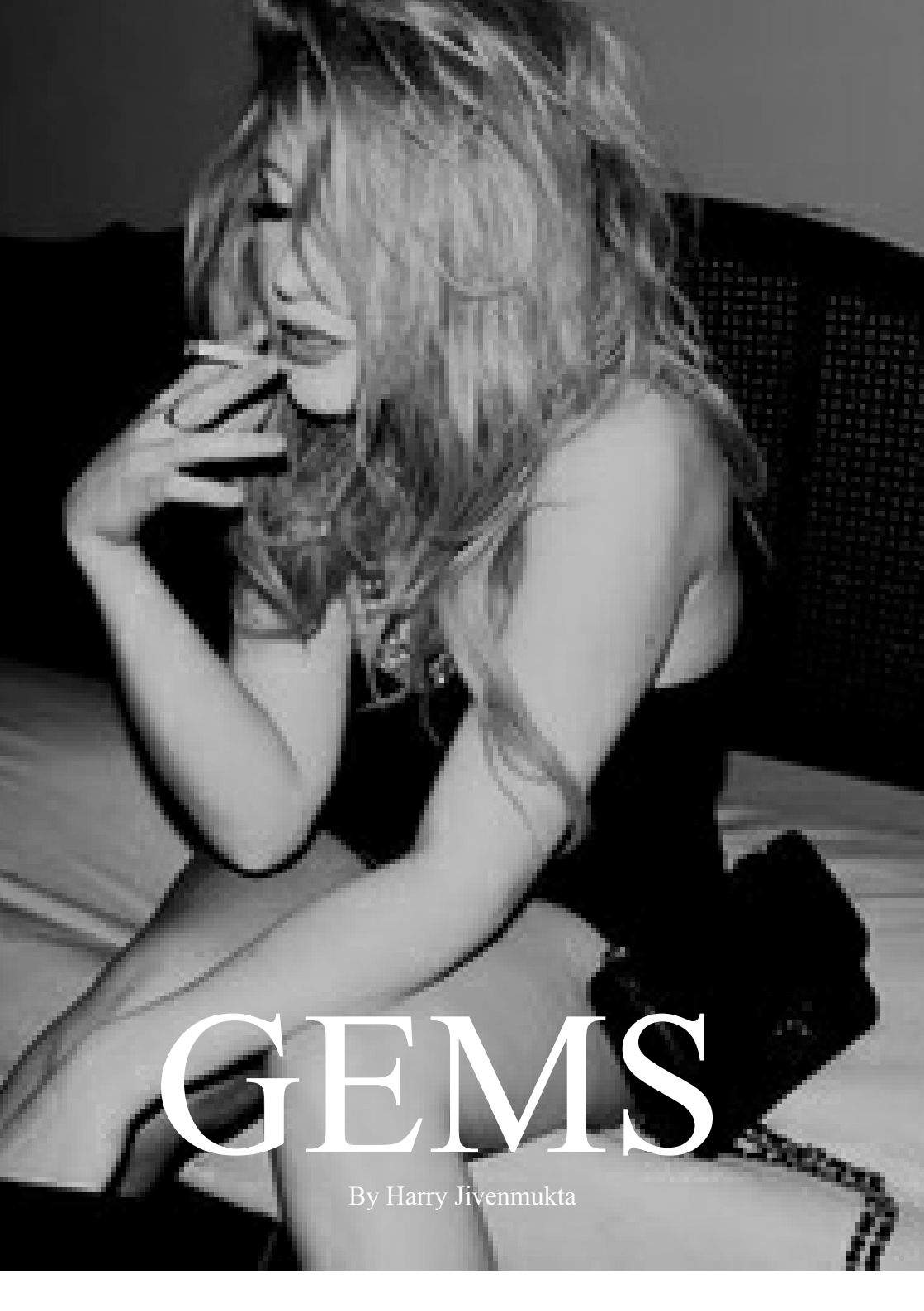




GEMS

By Harry Jivenmukta

There is a silence

There is a silence
Like an empty room
At the end of the
Corridor.
The silence of
Stains on a coffee table
Sticky beer stains
That cannot be washed
Away
By a fresh
Burst of rain
Outside.

She doesn't know

She doesn't know
When the axe will fall
The tick tock
Of the clock
Doesn't tell her.

She waits

She waits
For the results
Of her endeavour.
Her girls are
At stake.
3 years old and 5.
She is high on
Crack
And knows she
Will fail her
Drugs test.

The tools

The tools are
Tooled up.
Everyone is in position.
There is no doubt
Any more.
A crying child
Will be fed
From the breast.
But the hammer
Will fall.
A rabbit caught
In the headlights.

You are pretty

You are pretty,
Pretty like a new day
And you might have
Failed the drugs test
And lost your little
Girls
But anyway you are.
Never forget it
You are special.