And the Wind Blew Fiercely

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AND THE WIND BLEW FIERCELY

by C.J. Bacino
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Student in Environmental Science

And the wind blew fiercely
over a land that never was.
A red sky dusts the cracked eyes
of a mother.
Who, with bone arms,
holds a bloated child.

And the wind blew fiercely.
A dry well stands alone,
its bucket begging
Like the rigid man
who breaks when he moves.

And the wind blew fiercely.
Empty bowls stand without majesty
and in rot.
Water is finally to come,
But not to quench a thirst.

Tears from a bone-armed mother
who holds a still child
Over a land that never was.