

Watching

She has nothing to give.
She is not screaming. Her body screams.
I am watching her.

She is fat muscle ugly. Mother stands
common stone. She hates this man.
They have nothing to give each other.

She glares, has had it. Enough!
Out with him, the present, the past, the children.
I am watching them.

He is angry, blazing, a mean fire.
But he laughs, he can't be sad, burns, leaving
the stone fired hard: nothing to give.

He hits, he hits, he raises his fist.
Draws blood, blue green purple cuts open
the skin. I am watching them.

She bled, a stone drawn in blood.
Mother dead, father dead.
They had nothing to give.
I am watching still.

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