

# ***MY MOTHER WILL NOT CRY***

My mother's wretched cries  
Can be heard from far and wide  
Beaten and broken by her own children  
Never getting her sweet redemption

They kill her with toxic chemicals  
And smile at her agony  
They refuse to clean her up  
Leaving her poor and filthy

My mother is still so very young  
Sixty-five never looked so tarnished  
Betrayed by her blood-hungry inhabitants  
She sits in silence, waiting for her saviour

Poisonous smoke blinds her  
She still loves and embraces her children  
While they leave stab wounds on her back  
What a glorious tragedy!

Not all her children are rotten  
The kind ones cover up her wounds  
And feed her leftovers  
Of their greedy counterparts

My mother gets stronger  
Little by little  
Step by step  
She will overcome

One glorious day  
My mother will cease her cries  
She will spit in the eyes of those who persecuted her  
My mother will not cry

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