

Who Cares

By Jean Conway

Trees are known by their fruit

“Who knows why”

“Or cares”

Unable to have a life without feeling tired, guilty,
frustrated, mentally and physically drained,
my time is not my own.

Life of uncertainties, interrupted plans abandoned,
hopes dashed.

Such a greedy wave, whatever I met with gales
countless drops of rain trickle down my face
sleep, slow to come.

Face streaks of sadness one thunderstorm follows
another, The blows of life snap energy.

Fire beneath my words as the darkness envelopes my
heart watching my mother emotions cracking in her face
absorbing her pain like a sponge.

As I see the glow of the clock turning over the minutes, my
thoughts again of the days ahead.

How much more pain can she endure much in her
heart remains unsaid