

Poetry

Beneficial Crisis – by Kat Deal

We are left to our own devices.
Our problem is too wide-spread to be considered a beneficial crisis,
for money spent on explosive devices
is much more economical.
Apparently
our right is to be left alone,
for foreigners to not enter our home
But our right is to have a home.
But ignorance shuts off our stomachs screams and lip groans
for we are too many miles away from your comfortable homes.
You see,
foreign minds can't transcend territorial lines
but foreign mines
can settle on ground of any kind.
Do they even know that we are alive?

We are livings souls,
made of strong flesh and brittle bones,
our hearts are too big to be trapped so our ribs extrude and
expand to let our rhythm of life
bEAt a LITtle LOUDER.

We are like birds
flying with clipped feathers,
soaring on ground in tornado weather,
teased by queen bees and Mother Nature,
for it's hard to be a human by nature.

We are melted snowflakes,
beautiful in form, but hidden
by the land on which we fall.

We are children,

poetry

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with wise eyes and wide pupils
dreaming of schools and pencils,
seeing mirages of bread and water,
fantasising of the life of a UK prisoner, but

Aren't we free?

We journey,
the sun mocks us as we crawl daily to fetch the elements,
long walks over sharp stones and glass cutting up innocence.
Senses slowly disappearing because of lack of fundamental medicines,
and with every step we fight the creatures never meant for creation.

and we're invisible
like the diseases stealing the breath from our lungs.
We're lost, like the dignity of a mother searching for her young.
And now the puddle's reached, we stare into water too dirty
to show us what our faces have become

but we drink.
This water knows of no nuclear weapons or guns but it's
deadly,
floating on soil that would rival Hiroshima's dirty left behinds.
It reaches to take our livelihood from under our beaten feet.
The worst jealousy is inflicted on the weak
and it is hungry,
that's why the earth thirsts for our blood pumped by hearts of gold
and longs for the crystals in our eyes,
it has more nutrients than us
but we have more life,
but even that is an on-going battle.
You see
diseases don't care whether your soul is beautiful,
just if you have a body to conquer,

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and I've seen it celebrate
far too many times.

Death

dances at our cardboard doors,
and emptiness's rumble laughs in our stomachs and splits our sides
and every day is a struggle to survive,
and the truth is, that life
and death are the two things that we cannot deny,
look at our lives,
poverty is not some governmental lie or some conspiracy theory
but it's a real conspiracy against humanity.

I once heard

that we have the ability to make poverty history.

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So why don't we?