

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

Al Haid
MOTHS

There was no light
except the glow that shined from her skin

A soft white light
that melted the darkness and bound me to her

She does not care who she hurts
She found more pain

I cut away the wire
but she poisoned my blood

Wash their bodies in her naked light
she had tunneled into the earth

why had I followed her
I want to give her my soul

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COLD STEAL

They stripped away my hair
until I was weak

When there was nothing left
it was time to leave

I remained on the sideline
not good enough to enter the game

benched by my father
before everyone played thief

And they will take my comfort
when the storm clears

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DEVALUED

They took my shoes
and said kind words

It was all they could do
until the fever passed

I was trouble
bringing misfortune

I did not work the fields
or bend metal

I sculpted with thoughts
forming phrases that lacked function

The table was cleared
I still had value left

No one was sure
if I deserved a meal