

A Girl

The night was cold and rainy,

A dim light shined down on me.

I heard a sound of a train screeching to a stop,

It sounded like the cries of children.

I looked down into a muddy puddle,

I could vaguely see my reflection.

I do not look like the girl I once knew,

My long locks are gone.

Pale and fragile,

I stand.

Clothes dirty,

Unbathed and scruffy.

I look at my body,

My arms are thin.

Bones sticking out,

Body is weak.

Behind these gates I live now,

No parents in sight.

No bed to sleep,

No toys to play.

Strangers all over,

Looking scared.

No one looks at you,

Looking down is what they do.

I did make a friend,

I'm not sure of her name.

She looked like me,

Though we all look the same now.

She must have been about my age,

She still had light in eyes.

And hope in her heart,

Behind these fences.

I have not seen her in two days,

I wonder where she is.

Did she escape?

Did they take her?

Soldiers walking around,

Yelling at us.

Mocking at us,

Taking some away.

During the day we see smoke from the chimneys,

What is going on I wonder.

I hear older folks talking,

But they can not be right.

Their thoughts seem insane,

It could not be true.

My mind wonders,

But hope is what gets me through.

One day I will see my mother again,

And my father too.

I dream of that day,

When I run into their arms.

I miss my life.

My friends,

My school,

My home.

How lucky I once was,

To know love.

Have a family,

To be loved.

I look up and at the rain starting to fall,

Opening my mouth.

To catch some drops on my tongue,

Oh that feels refreshing.

These soldiers walking proud,

They know no love.

Nor peace,

Or the happiness of catching rain drops.

Is my mother seeing the same rain?

Is she catching drops like me?

Is my father thinking of me?

Where are they?