

River of Fire Water

Kascia Lovett, English FP

Broken bones, broken hopes,

And systematic oppression.

The genocide of a culture

Left no one safe.

A boy,

Too young to understand,

Signed up without a choice,

To experience an unknown form of hell.

Grown to believe that he,

Because of the colour of his own skin,

Is less than a person,

Less than a soul.

You are reduced to a number.

Keep getting those "check-ups",

Yet no one is staying healthy.

Choosing survival and choosing denial.

An electric chair, what are they teaching?

Cannot understand a word of your punishment,

For not knowing a foreign tongue.

Must love thy neighbor who does not love you back.

Believe in the lord who made you to hate you.

Those holy souls are purely demonic.

Edmund is unnoticeable,

In the eyes of his parents.

Maybe what is happening is normal.

Maybe it is his own fault.

As Wesley's whips decrease in pain,

The voltage increases.

Treated like underfed cattle,

Pushed into the slaughter house.

From thirty to twelve.

Given hope to cope with that horror house.

Congratulations on surviving but it only gets worse.

Jumping from foster home to foster home.

Only alcohol seemed consistent to his brothers.

But keep working to escape that tattooed fate on your hands.

"You could always work for me."

Mike Pasko seemed to be derived from a saint.

Saints do not walk among the broken,

Slipped Edmunds mind.

Montreal was beautiful but under the covers was not.

With no work and no escape in sight.

He could never leave St. Anne's.

Thank God for the undesirable illness.

Joan.

She walked on air with flowing hair,

Perfection in human form and green eyes.

Was not allowed on her property

But who listens to rules?

Hands placed on chests.

She is the one.

But pregnant then married,

To a native man.

Cannot be a crime if there is no one who knows.

Go to university,

Because Joan cannot work.

A degree only inches away but,

The alcohol was closer.

Every night,

Forging friendships by bingeing brew.

Why does Joan nag,

Every night?

Two more children,

With more broken promises.

They don't understand.

He has been through hell,

and cannot leave.

What would professional help do?

Another night in the bar after disappointing the world.

A pair of hopeful eyes gazed at me.

And her friend had a camera.

Oh no.

Everything is lost.

Sterile scenery and withdrawal symptoms.

A bottle a day to nothing,

In for a treat.

The alcohol made things easy but,

Only thing on his mind,

Joan.

Why had he screwed everything up?

Less alcohol meant more memories.

Faces contort into nuns and priests.

One Mississippi,

Two Mississippi,

Stop.
