

# Poetry Corner

*There were days  
I couldn't hold my  
child.*

*The rooms were cold,  
dark and a threat.*

*Did you hear my mother  
is gone.*

*Not of pox, but of  
this damn camp.*

*How it is killing us.*

*Our eyes are red,  
from smoke of the fire,  
moist air,  
the trees who cover us,  
and the smell of graves.*

*We were sent here  
for protection.*

*The environment is  
worse than war enemies.*

*Day to night  
I walk in needles  
of a tree. My baby  
step on a rusty nail.*

*I left a candle lit  
late each night.  
Sing a Russian Church  
Song to fill empty  
space.*

*June McGlashen*