

Two poems

Alta

1971

i'm scared walking
so i hold lori's hand
and she says, its a trouble, mommy,
but don't worry.
her strong little hand squeezes mine,
then she skips on ahead and i try
to be brave.

* * *

loreie j
i go to prepare a worki for you
the pain of it too much i want
you to live free breathe clean
drink clean walk safe, i
didn't make this world, i fought
i'm fighting, dear daughter.
& treasure your touch.

fifth Estate

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<https://www.fifthestate.org/archive/126-march-4-17-1971/two-poems>
Fifth Estate #126, March 4-17, 1971

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