Orphan

"The noise is dying as the darkness sets. SOS SOS... please help us."

- *Port-au-Prince Earthquake survivor*

His eyes are filled
with pictures of bones
buried beneath rooftops.
They are too full for tears.
The blood rushing
from his temple weeps.

Here they come.
In their white jets.
Here is some money, they say
Some food & water they say
Here are some clothes, but
Usai mi mama dey? *Where is my mother?*