

**Eating the harvests of the drought and laughing,
laughing out the warm breaths soaking the winter
air and dancing.**



**Dancing in their tattered torn clothes and drinking,
Drinking the seconds and
minutes of their back-breaking toil and patting.**

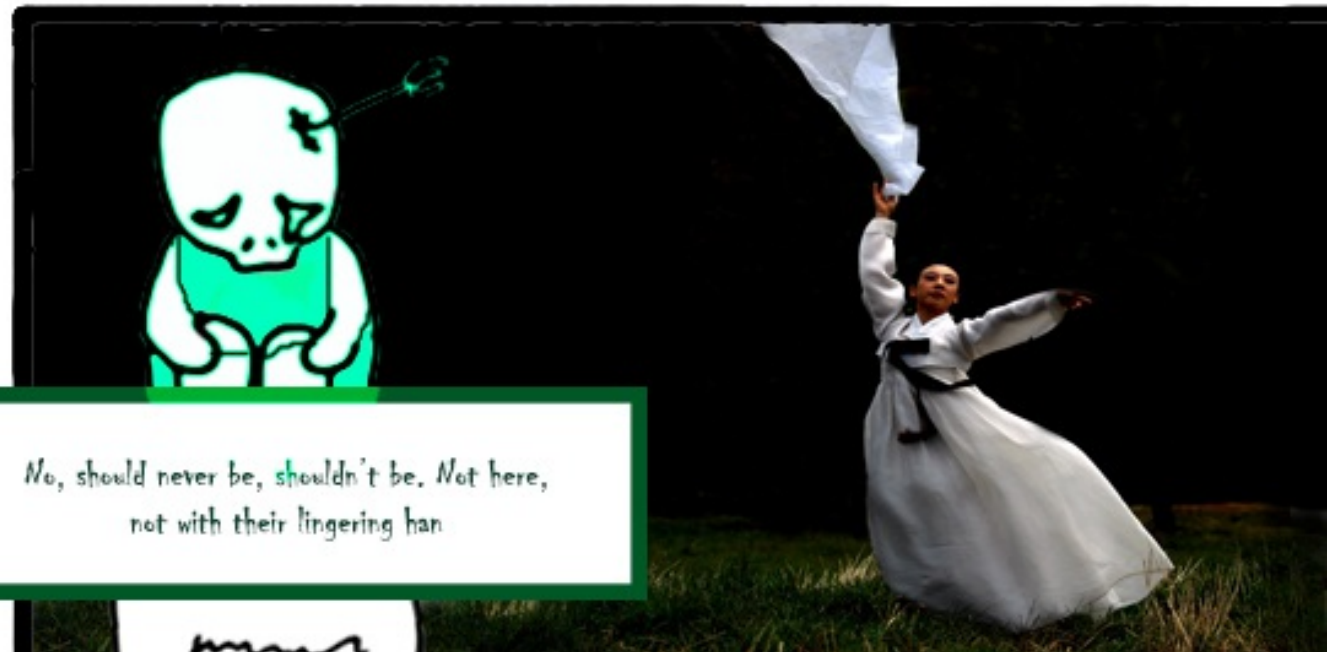


**Patting their sons and daughters' hair,
a house of lice, and telling
Telling the story of their days, days of heung.**



A baby clawing through an empty stomach, darkened
Darkening face, trying to see through coughs of blood, dead

Woman hitting her breasts to
squeeze out one drop of milk, breathed
Screamed how and why, how and why,
and is this all and everything to life, yes,



No, should never be, shouldn't be. Not here,
not with their lingering han





**Answer
the question
first!!!**

END