

Forbidden

Death touches humanity
This woman despised,
scoffed at,
angrily denounced,
by nearly every man, woman, and child
now her death was passed,
from lip to lip, subdued tones,
Pity took place of anger and sorrow.

Neighbors, some with grave clothes,
Some with food for the half starving children
Three in number
John,
Kate, and
Maggie,
the youngest,
hopelessly diseased.

Two years before, a fall injured her.
She had not been able since
Except with lifted in the arms of her mother

Pitying glances were cast on her wan, wasted,
form thoughts on her account
Mothers brought cast-off garments,
removing her soiled, ragged clothes.

Sad eyes, patient face,
of the little one
ouched many, knocked at them for entrance,
none opened.
Who wanted a bed-ridden child?