

## **The Camel's Back**

She often missed his deadlines, although she did her best  
She knew that he would punish if she didn't pass the test  
It started with the laundry, a clean white shirt each day  
Ironed to crisp perfection or else he might not stay  
And then there was the cleaning, there must be no dust  
She did not know which one was worse, his anger or his lust

There were of course the children, they were her pride and joy  
A curly headed daughter and then a lively boy  
He supervised their homework, and although there was a lot  
He gave them random spelling tests, to put them on the spot

Meal times were a nightmare, if not ready, piping hot  
The family round the table at seven on the dot  
The children sat in silence, uncertain of his mood  
She hardly had an appetite, just toying with her food

"I work hard to feed you", he shouted, "eat your meal"  
His daughter started crying, fear was all that she could feel  
The boy was more defiant, and stood to face his Dad,  
Who struck him in his anger. Things had never been this bad

She knew this was the last time she would tolerate his rage  
She knew that she would go and take the children, leave the cage  
One day when he had gone to work, they packed their things and went  
Left behind the misery, her patience all but spent  
They left behind the violence, determined to be free  
And looked towards the future as a loving family.