

TRAPPED

by: Andrea Bucher-McAdams

They come to me
Holding
Begger-bowls
Expecting me
To fill
The empty urns
That each of them
Has kilned.

They depend on me
But keep their
Distance
Their separation
Contemning me
Wounding me
Refusing ever
To be close.

They resent m e
They mock me
Declaring
That the fool
Who keeps giving
And forgiving
Lacks
Self-respect.

And still they come
Hands outstretched
And I
From my own
Hunger
Fill
Their begger-bowls
Yet again.