

## **Poor and Rural**

Down a long and narrow path tucked deep and far away,  
The young, innocent children gather 'round to play.  
They know not their plight, nor their sodden lives' lot;  
They know not that their weak-armed work has all been for naught.

Down a long and narrow sidewalk left to bleak decay,  
A father trudges toward his home, his face torn by dismay.  
One hand holds his dignity, worn down to the rind,  
The other holds his poison, to numb his broken mind.

Down a long and narrow hallway twisted by disarray,  
A mother cowers silently, crying her pain away.  
Though bruises mark and stain her skin,  
They cannot match the fear and pain that lies within.