

# Thus and So

“And where do you belong?” they ask  
Expecting me to know  
My parents both are dead, you see  
I answer thus and so

The place we lived was bombed to bits  
Their deaths were quick, and slow  
Is here as good as there was bad?  
I hope it may be so

“Your face is black, it does not fit  
And naught to you we owe.”  
Because nowhere belongs to me  
I answer thus and so

*Chris Adie*