

## MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPERS

The deathbed rattles  
reality has arrived  
with an offbeat heart  
her veins die

Thirsty and hungry  
no shelter to hide  
screaming and crying  
as water levels rise

No coloured pills  
for mother today  
overdosing on crooked Band-aids  
shakes from withdrawal stay

Battered and bruised  
sweating in pain  
the time has come  
to nurse her back

Too late for flowers  
hold her hand  
hug her tight  
love her through long, dark nights

Sleepless chaos  
no more fight  
I see you, I hear you  
I stand to fight

As mother recovers  
looking unsure  
and drained  
she feels connection

Not blissfully  
but respectfully  
a world where humans  
are brave enough to listen

An environment  
that builds  
trust in survival  
where money is not the hero

Another realm  
without excuses  
hate or cunning  
or self searching gain

Stay crazy for a minute longer  
imagine a sustainable future  
your heart full of hope  
and an openness to learn

Where governments and those in power  
make change  
with a sense of intelligence  
and childish wonder

Let's keep tripping

Act now