Forlorn and forsaken you feel,  
For the arrogant betrayal,  
That has turned you to  
Sojourners in other lands.  
Losers of life's sweat,  
You feel lost and lonely,  
ha places allergic to your soul.

Take heart,  
Fellow sojourners,  
Take heart.  
Many who dwell in green lands,  
Know not where head rests,  
And heart lies from night to night.  
From bug-infested shacks,  
Legs search valleys at dawn.  
From sweet less sleep,  
The bug-harassed soul,  
Drags restless body,  
Feeling, stretching,  
Maybe to meet you.

Take heart,  
Dear refugees,  
Take heart, for the heat will cool,  
Leaving us to pick through debris  
Of former lives.  
Its hand will grow weary who stretches,  
To prevent a child from getting.  
The flying termites must fall to frogs.

August 29 1990.