

A World of Pain

A normal day begins in the dark night, with what appears as stars all around.

Do not get me wrong it is not stars, for it is flashlights and workers without a sound.

The wind blows pass by, cold, making me feel like blades are cutting my face. My hands tired of holding a knife

pushing it into the dirt twenty times.

My back in pain, from bending

down to pick the stupid thing.

Then a red light with the sunrise shines splendid with such beauty above in the sky

almost like the perfect picture for a few minutes before it passes by.

Shortly forgetting the pain,

That makes me lose my brain.

A road longer than what I wish to see,

is right before me

waiting with the little green monsters standing tall and proud, with no worry.

One after another I cut, but only to let new ones grow,

for the next day to begin once more.

A bucket must be carried as if not enough,

with all the pain in my back and my hands. Finally I get a chance to rest and unload

just to begin the next day once again, making me feel old.

Time passing by with the stories and the gossip flying around. No time to talk for it is time

to run and change in a car while speeding through time,

to get to school. Sleeping in class, yet fighting to keep going and surviving.

The day is long, but not enough though I keep trying.

Once more I get up at two in the morning to help my parents pick asparagus.

I get asked by my teachers if I am obliged to work. What can I answer?

Only the truth, "No I am not, but I can assure

it's not for my pleasure."

Day after day the pain continues for two long months

though I feel like it has been years.

Waiting and hoping for one day that my family moves on.

Conscious that many others are worse than one.