

THE CHILDREN OF YEMEN ARE WEEPING By Joyce Jones

The children of Yemen are weeping.
Their eyes are huge and their limbs are thin ,
Their bodies are swollen with hunger
And their cheeks are sunken in.

“Poor things, poor little things.

Something should be done

O help the starving children

In the equatorial sun.

Turn off the TV my darlings,

It's no matter how badly you feel –

Wasting good food cannot help them

So come and eat up your meal.

After the meal you can help me

Scrape the food that you've left on your plates

And when we've done that we can sort out the fridge

For food with expired use by dates “

The crops in the Yemen are failing,

People are praying for rain,

Children are drinking themselves to their deaths

With water drawn, from a drain.

“Put on your waterproof clothing my dears,

Though these showers are not h ere to stay .

Just enough to water t he garden, I guess,

Then tomorrow will be a nice day.”

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WHAT LOVE CAN DO

Frankie smelled of urine,

His face was dirty grey

His clothes were worn and ragged

And were worn day after day.

Frankie was a naughty boy.

“Ignore the buggers “ was his code.

“I’ll go where I like and just when I like.”

And he walked on HIS chosen road/

Frankie was a greedy boy. He gobbled up his dinner.

He was always feeling hungry,

But more sinned against than sinner.

Frankie is a pupil who’s obedient and good

Since the men from Social Services

Came to take him into care

When ladies washed and bathed him

And combed his curly hair.

They put him in a soft warm bed

Gave smart clothes to him to wear.

They gave him hearty meals to eat

And all had LOVE to spare;

But more than anything I do suspect,

Love gave him back his self respect.

LOVE

From colleagues, to friends to lovers

To happy husband and happy wife.

To praying for him to die

Praying for him to live.

Love in a turmoil

What more could I give?