

Doing Without

by Joyce Wycoff

No cans in the cabinet,
 No books in the school.
No man in the house,
 No job uptown.
No place at the table,
 No way to get in.

When trust fades, only hope remains.
When hope dies, it leaves only a residue,
A gun-metal gray powder that
 Burrows under your skin,
 Explodes in your bloodstream,
 And screams toward your brain,

A red-hot,
 Flashpoint,
 Gun-in-your-face,
 Knife-in-your-belly,
 Nothing-to-lose,
 ANGER!



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