

Potato Eaters

"Badou"

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She burned in Badou!
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She woke today
in a crowd in Badou
Alive, unafraid
as she wandered the rue.
When she was a girl
she had known such a world as Badou.

Fields were ablaze
with poppies in bloom.
She lingered to play
with the children at noon.
They spoke of the days
and the curious ways of Badou.
She wondered if they
would truly be saved in Badou.

She cried for the Queen of Angels.
She cried for the little Guy.
She cried for the motherless children
She cried for the hurt inside.

She burned in Badou!

When she flew away
she was long overdue.
She hoped to bring
something back she could use.
But it was clear from the start
what was rare was the heart of Badou.
The moon and the stars
weren't so far from the town of Badou.

How does it feel to be
one of the beautiful people
or haven't you heard, now.

She burned in Badou!

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