

## **Bambix**

### **"Mrs. B"**

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I've been slaving all day long  
Making mock of me as if nothing's wrong  
It's a curse, I'm a castaway  
I've given all, nothing more to say

So tired, still no end  
She placed her hand on her forehead  
Wondered why, what's it for  
It's a dead end  
Mrs. B walks towards the door  
You haven't eaten anything, don't you want some  
more?  
Does she talk to herself or me  
Contemporary slavery

She seems shrunken  
And her face showed signs of her old age  
Breakable bones  
All alone without her family  
They are waiting for the death of Mrs. B

Mrs. B keeps her son to herself  
At least she tries to  
When he married, it cause quite a stir  
She hit him and her too

She wonders why no one calls  
Since they got her number and all  
It'll be a relief to slowly drift away  
No more waiting for the lonely days

Mrs. B says she's all alone  
Wondering if she's safe in her home  
Doesn't care to come out because the kids  
Might take her purse or blow her to bits

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