

Traveling to Davao City from Nanbuturan, Philippines

Beside the broken walkway along a busy road
 sitting on the crumbling curb rests a broken life
Oblivious, her lovely, broken face gazes into nowhere
 as though such a place were her home
So young, yet resigned, as if her final lot were cast...
 but the sun today is warm and her hair is dry

Perhaps, like generations before her, existing to exist
 alone, forlorn, managing to survive while dying
The restless toddler beside her reflecting her resignation
 like his mommy, wondering if life is alive
Breathing an atmosphere where perhaps nothing counts...
 but a warm tummy would make a good day

And I grieve at the poverty of life and thought
 and wonder what difference hope might bring...
And I wonder where the Lord's gospel is today in Davao
 wondering if she will ever get to watch it live...
As our shiny little bus passes by this broken life
 I wonder what her grandchildren will think of her

by Richard A. Nelson/ 06 Sept 07/ Davao City, Philippines