

I See a Woman Sobbing

A poem by: Maria Thomas

Each day while on my normal route

I see a woman sobbing.

Each day I wonder "what about?"

Each day I think of stopping.

She wears a skirt of torn up silk,

A dirty shirt of cotton.

Her hair is grey, skin white as milk,

Her teeth are clearly rotten.

She cries and cries,

Looks all around,

Praying that someone will help.

To ease the pain,

She faces in vain,

The world is deaf to yelps.

Yet on her worn and crinkled neck,

It shines so gallantly,

A small stone cross, carved with care,

Protects from life's brutality.

Those that pass her never stop,

Repelled by sorrow and fear.

But this is not why she cries,
For God is always near.

She weeps for the man beside her,
Laying in his tent,
Filthy and angry, speaks with a slur,
Unwilling to repent.

For him, there is no shining cross,
No stone carved gallantly,
No life beyond this sidewalk moss,
That wraps him gently.

And people pass by these two
Without a second thought,
Yet now I write to speak the word
A lesson I was taught:

It is our greatest duty on Earth,
To nurture those in need.
Each human holds a priceless worth,
This is a holy Catholic Creed.

