

Thou Shall Not Kill

We talk a little,
Laugh a little,
We women folk
We have no time
For greater things
Then giving birth.

*

The clicking heels
The sound of arms
Is coming closer now,
They are about
Twenty one
And marching
One on One.

*

They give us
Little women folk
The chance to
Kiss them first;
And as you close
An eye
They've gone to be
The first,
To fall and never
Wonder why.

*

Open your eyes
And look around
All you women folk
Because in giving birth
You've given life
And all with you arise.

*

We are the one's
To take the steps
We are the one's
To show,
There cannot be
Any thought of who
gives what.

*

And if we gave
What sacrifice!
There is no need
For more.
The earth has shaken
With so much
Blood
There is no need
For more.
