

# "the coast of my life"

storm was beating the rocks of my childhood  
and the waves of emptiness battered the coast  
all my relatives were made out of wood  
the holes in my body were empty, I suffered most  
because of this emptiness they left me with  
no one around who cared so much  
there were no people who really did  
and the storm grew to thunderstorm indeed  
it was then I realized I lost my two feet  
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