

Numbers and Ladies

Nicholas A. Hunter
Mogadore High School

The Christian Lady

Two years ago, a Christian lady peered through the curtain;
Seven kids playing outside; carefree and innocent.
The radio told of kids just like them,
Stolen and never returned; herded like animals.

Two years ago, a Christian lady heard trucks rumble and guns rattle.
Her heart broke at the thought of that sweet family;
Different ideals, but the best of neighbors.
About to face condemnation, just for being who they are.

Two years ago, a Christian lady risked her life
Protecting those kids and giving them shelter.
Choosing Christian values over righteous supremacy,
Turning her basement into both a safe haven, and a prison.

That Christian Lady always knew this day would come;
Soldiers banging on the door, no longer friendly.
She'd sworn to protect them with her life.
And that she did. God bless her soul.

Girl only Twelve Years Old

Total darkness at 12 PM.
Windows blacked out by big wooden slats.
Wishing to get a glimpse of light through the boards.
Fearing the other side, and the despair it holds

Girl only twelve years old.
Six little brothers, sunken faces.
Just like hers, she sees in the candle-lit mirror.

Parents have been gone for twelve days;
Almost no food left, and so little hope.

Twelve sets of footsteps come crashing down the stairs.

Twelve seconds of screaming and gunshots.
Christian savior, here no more.

With the help of twelve little hands,
And six little grunts,
Her secret cellar is open.

She finds the revolver and twelve little bullets.
Loads up six, like daddy taught her last year.
Shaking hands while she grips it tight,
The door swings wide open and sparks fly.

Thirteen years old, the girl is now.
Six little brothers, hungry but not starving,
And ready for anything that comes her way.
The little darling girl who took down six soldiers.
The only house the soldiers won't touch.

The Parents

Mother and father of seven, prisoners in false peace.
Watching their kids go hungry, tortured by their sunken faces,
Unable to bear the torment any longer.

Mother and father of seven, scavenge with the homeless.
Desperate to care for their children, to do what parents do.
They didn't even notice the stray officer follow them to town.

Mother and father of seven, screaming and begging for mercy,
Drug into the middle of the road, the man thrashes for his life.
But he still sneaks a smile in through the pain when he sees his wife slip off.

Mother of seven, running for her life,
Only flinching at the distant gunshot ringing through the night.
Tears stream her face as she ducks into the shack, and she falls to the floor.

Mother of seven, makes it back home,
Not daring to let them know:
The soldiers know where to find them.

Mother of seven, wouldn't ever forget them.
Waiting around the corner,
Strikes down one before they bring her down.

Mother of seven, being laid to rest
In that house that the soldiers leave alone.
Protected her kids in her final moments, now they return the favor in kind.