

Is There Nothing More? By S.D. Kilmer

Dinner is on the wall  
Children crying, infant screaming  
Fear freezes her when he calls  
Between them there is silence peeling  
Its the way they only know  
Its how love they struggle to show  
He knows nothing more  
She can't bear the blood and sores  
She understands she must flea  
But how else can she Be?  
Is there nothing more?