

***Our Hope* by Owam Heyana**

The drain has burst, the water has flooded our roads and
the municipality hasn't come to fix it.

Our cars have found way into potholes so deep they could bury us.
We watch cars getting hijacked and clutch our purses to our chests.

We don't fight, scream, we just watch.

We have cast our hope to the school children crossing
the road without a crossing patroller.

We are giving them a country where no home can stand,
as though we believe the best we can do is 'lay on [our] backs.'