

One Wing *for Etheridge*

*They took you
From me*

*Like Vultures
Laying claim
To the strength of your bones*

*Scavenger's scent
they wait
To pounce on
Old Dead Meat*

*There is no solace
For those with Demon Eyes
Who claim
strength from bones*

*With out your strength
They have
only One Wing*

And cannot fly

Until Tomorrow

_____ © Eunice Knight-Bowens

*Published in EyeBall Magazine
© (Anthology) In Defense of Mumia*

