

MARTHA!

*Wind whistled through dead leaves in cold deserted streets;
Discarded paper scraped across the kerb into a dirty drain;
All men had left the town.*

*He looked up at his hopeless task -
How could he shift that pile of junk?
How could he climb that twenty-metre wall?*

Then Martha came -

*She showed us that the logs were in our minds;
She knelt beside us as we dug into our past:
She opened up her arms and we began to loosen ours as well;
The air grew warm.*

The children came and circled round.

*They found it was not wrong
To laugh, to cry, to shout for joy.
They freely showed their shame, their fears, their joy, their love,
And were alone no more.*

*And Martha went -
The happy crowd of people lingered on
And every time we view the sunny scene
The human warmth*

We know that Martha and her love have passed this way.

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