

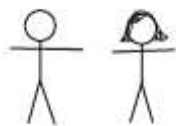
I AM NOT A POET

A BOOK OF POETRY

POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

A Poem: Home for Unfortunate Girls

HOME FOR UNFORTUNATE GIRLS (MLOSP)



The decision is mine to make.

Silence.

Shame. Family. Community. Religion.

If only God had Twitter → his message would remain pure.

Daughter. Daughter. Fucking Daughter.

I'm a man.

Stop it. Look what you have done to the girls.

I'm a man. I provide.

I gave you three boys.

Our name has been dragged through the mud.

What does it matter what others think?

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It's your fault. The baby is a curse. We must get rid of it.

Cry.

Silence.

What is this place?

A place to fix girls. Religion. Religion. Religion.

Judged.

What about the child?

A toxic reminder → to be discarded and never spoken of again.

Religion will fix us. Broken homes. Shattered families. Darkness.

We will never be the same. Okay.

Mothers + Babies die. A blessing?

An easy way out?

If only God had Twitter → his message wouldn't have been skewed.

The wayward girls are white. The body count is hidden. A fire burns the records.

What about the babies?

Who cares?

Religion can't take another hit. Power will protect.

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To qualify for an adoption prospective parents needed only to hold some sort of a paying job.

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