



ABATTOIR

*Gayle K. Horii*

Naivete uncloaked  
defiling the sanctity  
of traditional woman  
I stand naked  
alone  
cold eyes stare.

Horror lives in  
eyes  
that plead  
through black bars.  
Tormented sister  
I cannot forget you.

Choking terror  
madness lurks  
in the abattoir  
asylum after dispossession  
not a cure  
festering sewer  
contaminates all.