

# My Work

**Chavelo Borden**

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To explain my task is to know any vision,  
My task has come with much pain &  
    suffering,  
Yet & still I progress onward in my hopes,  
It's hard to explain,  
Knowing that for my work my only reward  
    is pain,  
A steel blade thrust through my heart.  
To quit,  
Is to accept the agony of defeat of the  
    heartless,  
Because of my work,  
My pen consists of a thousand unleashed  
    emotions.  
Mixtures of grief and anger begging to be  
    released,  
Yet I remain curiously calm,  
As if a wilderness undisturbed by man,  
Peace is what I seek in this land of injustice,  
This land for which my pen is my dad,  
While a piece of paper has become my  
    mother,  
Because of my work,  
I starve as I reach for them,

Refusing to partake of the emergency rations,  
Rations prepared by unknown hands,  
No love involved,  
Only evil intent,  
For me....  
To die is to be relieved of a daily life in loneliness,  
So I write in order to look back,  
Even if only to see....  
The state of my life,  
Yet & still I am humbled,  
But how deep is my anguish?  
Seeking friends in the midst of my enemies,  
While snakes declare their love for a brother,  
Only with the plans to consume me & my work,  
Because of my work,  
I have felt true hatred,  
Only to eat the bread of truth,  
That in my work I am lonely,  
Without a companion to turn to,  
Not even you....