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**“A Hole In My Heart”**

**Lewis Wamwanda**

Poet

When I was growing up  
At every dawn I woke up  
There was this woman at our gate  
I used to throw stones at her

Papa never allowed me to stay close  
And each time I could see her  
I could pour insults at her  
She was dirty and stunk

I could offer rotten food at her  
And could laugh at her wrinkled face  
She was black and ugly  
Limped when we threw garbage at her

She never talked,  
And I could be happy to see her rained on  
She stunk, she was ugly, and wore dirty clothes  
I hated her.

She died last year of pneumonia  
And the eulogy named her my mother  
As I write this piece  
She left a hole in my heart