

## Poverty is My Foe

By Rochelle Plummer 7/8/2010

I had a close friend and no matter what I did  
He was always by my side  
I grew up with him; we even lived together  
He was a long-time pal of my  
Parents

I shopped with him and took great care of him  
He accompanied me to my wedding  
When my children were born, they knew him well  
It was always he, spouse, kids and then  
I

One day, I was in need of something  
I wanted to cling to someone  
I felt so lost and confused  
Naturally, there he was just like  
Family

So I asked for clothes and food, a place to live with cozy beds  
But he turned his head away  
The Bills were due and the car needed fixing  
So I asked again – please friend  
Poverty

However, he replied, he could not help me  
Because his job wasn't to sustain thee  
Or to keep someone living long  
Now Poverty is my foe  
*But he will not let me go*