

*Paula David*

## FAITH

**(To: Ralph C. Thompson)**

Soft rain that kisses a tall mango tree.

Hard pot holed asphalt that hosts gun man wars.

Why is our love unchanged by what we see?

Windward Road's indelibly pock marked scars.

Parade where heat and poverty combine

To form cesspits that break and spread ill health

Due north to safe havens where we resign

To live behind bars in uneasy wealth.

Dub poets, Paul, Nanny, Edna but still;

Though we don't keep count we can't but keep score

Guns are better prevention than the pill

And Dunn's River is now a used up whore.

Yet... in the Blue Mountains there is no heat

And Bob stands so strong with deep roots for feet.