

GRANT ME THE RIGHT

Sonia Weitz

There was a time, I ran away
To wallow in self-pity
To cry and curse creation day
And all humanity!

My mind and body - injured, frail
Drained of the will to rise ...
My mouth tasted bitter and stale
With vengeful despise.

Yet, I found no sweetness in hate
No comfort, no ease ...
No joy - tormenting a fate
That brought me to my knees.

With arms outstretched, life to embrace
Won't you, please grant me the right
On my very own face
No more nightmares in the night ...