Do You Know Why?
By David M. Lucas

Barefoot and brown She’s a Dominican beauty.
No one can argue That she’s a real cutie.
Holding some fruit At the tip of her tongue
Makes us all wonder Does that keep her young?
Smiling so sweetly Voice soft and low
She peers up so meekly Asking, “Do you know?”
I ask for her photo She finally agrees
Her father stands proudly Her mother acts pleased.
So, I take the picture Of the joy and the woe.
And just at my leaving She asks, “Do you know?”
“Do you know how I suffer? Do you know why I cry?
Do you feel my hunger? If not, tell me why!”