

# POEM

AIDS HAS NO CURE

Aids! aids!

Where do you come from?

You come <sup>bursting</sup> like a monster.

The whole world is saying the killer has come.  
Asia, Africa, America and Australia.

You are not choosing.

The young or the old,

The thin or the fat,

The short or the tall.

You walk majestically

and get them.

Like a python you prepare them,

You slim them before you kill them.

My mother was heavy & more greater.

My father died followed by a new born baby.

My parents died my guardian died.

Am left alone no one to help me

I resemble a ball in the field being kicked  
by the players.

My beloved ones, let us join the army  
and defeat ~~aids~~ aids.

Aids has no cure.