

## Two Poems for a Better World

by Natasha Fransch

we the people

my body my choice my choice my body  
my body my baby my baby my life  
my life my air my land my rights  
my body my baby my baby my life  
my time my plans my laws my rules  
my anger my rage my voice my schools  
my ground my pleasure my cake my toys  
my voice my guns my freedom my choice  
my share my shares my land and sea  
my personal version of history  
my future belongs to only me  
my vision my plans my monadic reality  
If death is the cure then so may it be  
done unto them, only let me live free,  
no one remembers my family tree  
my body my life my baby my me

## Like a Song

You won't regret this  
this life inside you  
waiting to laugh  
unfurl her blossoms on your lap  
the silence breathing peace  
after the midnight wails!  
I know! A little.  
I see your face with tears,  
and so I cannot align myself with powers  
that leverage life like a beer can opener,  
and change the channel when things get hard,  
but listen! there is one thing,  
that heartbeat, the translucent outstretched hand,  
not like a gothic guilt trip grim tale  
but like a song, waiting to be heard.