

Dear Diary,

Being a woman is so complex  
While my husband is at war, and I have no clue where he is or if my children's father is dead  
I am expected to sit here like a duck  
With three children  
Two boys and one girl  
I pity the fact sweet my girl will eventually end up in the same position as I am  
Cleaning, cooking, and have to teach her own daughter to be a lady

When I go to the market for our food I am constantly tormented by men  
It makes me extremely uncomfortable  
I am called horrible things then expect to act like I'm supposed to like it  
I wish I could get away from my life  
Just for one day  
Or have the privilege to be a man

I wish I could have the freedom to own my own things.  
Everything I have is owned by my husband  
My kids, the land, the land, the animals  
Even *my* money is all owned by him  
If I were to leave my family even the clothes on my back are owned by my husband  
I don't understand this concept  
But I live with it

With the lack of money coming in I may have to get a job  
The idea is odd, but I'm not appalled by the idea  
It may give me a chance to be my own individual  
As well as give me something new to do

I pray to god that no one ever find these poems  
No one would even take them seriously  
I could be severely punished  
All because of my views as a women

**Dear Diary,**

Time has past since my first entry  
Daniel, My husband still isn't back  
We have no idea if or when he will come back

I have made the decision that I'm going to work as a nurse  
I may have not going to school for it but  
I have experience from taking care of my mother when she was sick.

In a week's time I will be leaving my children to fend for themselves  
At least my boys are old enough to do so  
I've only started packing

I'll be living with all the other nurses  
I do not know where they will be placing me  
I could be helping with amputees, patient care, or I could be in the field where I drag wounded soldier away from the chaos  
Truthfully I had no idea what this will entail

I'm only getting a little money a week and it will be sent back to the house  
I thought the boys how to be responsible with money from the start  
Hopefully this will help them ration and budget

Anyway, I'm going to go to make dinner for the children for one of the last time before I leave  
I can not comprehend that I won't get to see my children everyday but  
It's for the better  
That is what I keep telling myself at least  
I am going back and forth about whether or not I'm going to bring this  
I like writing my poem but It could potentially be dangerous

## **Dear Diary,**

I strongly regret this

I did not think it was going to be this intense  
They put me in the field  
Sometimes the men I am carrying out of the field are already dead'  
It is a lot of pressure to handle

I could even die myself  
There are constant bombs going off  
It is so loud all the time  
At night my ears ring  
I have an extremely hard time falling asleep  
I fear that something is going to happen to me  
That my children will get a letter saying that I have died

Having to see  
Men die every day  
That I couldn't save  
To think that Daniel could be one of these men frightens me

I wish I had never let him go  
I could've prevented this from happening.  
I just hope that he's okay somewhere in a trench  
Safe and alive