

## Violence

I listen.  
The air has no pulse.  
There is only silence,  
As violence against women continues.  
A burglar on an opened heart  
Ransacks tranquil memories  
And a naive belief in truth and love ever after;  
Throws open the drawers of civility  
And tosses values and virtues  
To the ground,  
But the anguish is not shouted  
Into the night  
To articulate their fear.  
The cries are muffled  
As cotton in the ears,  
By a hand upon the mouth,  
Or threats of retribution.

The airwaves,  
And movie screens are saturated  
With images and lyrics  
That disrespect the queen.  
The artists retort that freedom of speech  
Allows them to express themselves  
In a free country paid for by collective  
Sacrifices of indentured servants  
And those freed by birth or bill of sale.  
Many died for liberty and justice,  
But is this the freedom they had in mind?  
The expression leads to oppression  
And regression of respect.

The streets are watching,  
As witnesses to evaporated  
Safety nets that hang defenseless  
Like a fog over the residences  
That were once a haven of rest  
For millions of women and children;  
Residences that stood as a fortress  
And universities of life  
Where vulgarity was a rarity  
And rough words and misguided hands  
Were infrequent visitors

And forbidden intruders.

The emotional predators

Play the editors  
On self esteem.  
Smooth talking, conniving individuals  
With invisible intentions,  
Stalking and thriving  
On the innocence of their victims.  
They sculpt new features  
And carve courage and hope  
Out of the work and they autograph  
The sculpture to let you know  
They were there,  
Defaming the masterpieces  
Of creation with signatures of deception.

The weak who sometimes succumb  
To abuse over loneliness,  
Intermittent affection  
Over rejection,  
Something predictable,  
Though destructive,  
They often confine themselves  
To hope, which has by definition  
Only a possibility of happiness  
For the believers who ascribe  
To a doctrine of deliverance.

The weak, need voices to sing with them  
And for them.  
They request instruments to play their plight  
Into a sad song that the night  
Will amplify until the bass and treble is heard  
In every measure.  
The weak need the perpetrators silenced  
By the community led chorus of support  
And the orchestra of understanding.  
The weak need composers to translate their pain  
Into songs and many to march against the music of misery  
And stir the heart with it's demand for justice.  
The weak need someone to open the curtains  
On the cruel acts of betrayal,  
So that exposure to the audience will bring change.  
They know the disclosure will incite the critics  
Among us to cry for protection and retribution,

So that discovery leads to corrective actions  
And improvements, solutions,  
Fines and the appropriate sentencing  
To those who violate our women.

I listen.

The air has no pulse.  
There is only silence  
As the emotional violence  
Against women continues.  
But soon the heart  
Will beat boldly in the distance  
In and through different venues  
Until the outrage  
Like a megaton explosion  
Forces us to act  
In the name of peace  
And the God who made us  
As an instrument of His love.

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