

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 digression from 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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