

Stop hiding the faults

Glen Fisher

Poetry

Why don't they listen?

Can they not hear?

Cries out for Help The Anger, The Fear,

Do not they see me Alone & Afraid?

Fighting for justice

Until all debt is paid

They March before Beaks Contrite, full of remorse,

Their counsel paints them as Angels

They are Demons of course

The Tangible vs the unseen

Pieces slowly reveal

Broken nurse Broken

Some parts we heal

Irreparable damage

Validation a tool to set free

I hear you! I believe you!

That's how it should be

Hearts in right positions

Yet still, nothing is heard

They can't actually hear what we are say

Not one bloody word

I feel like I'm screaming Help,

I feel isolated & alone

I can't sleep without flashbacks & my best friends a phone

Manipulating us to Redress

Which seems unjust & unfair

We need someone with fight

We need someone to care

54 years on this planet

Not found this person yet

As for the flashbacks I can never forget

Court rooms, Police stations

The disappointing results

In a system that's broken

Stop hiding the faults

We learn present from past

From the home & the street

We listen then Amend So history,

Doesn't repeat.