

Justice wears pigtails

By R. Sarahí García de Alba González

Kids are not a trade —wake from your indifference.

Their greatest curse, their only sin: their littleness.

What a shame it is to keep innocence so far away from home—
A newborn soul, caged alone.

It is not the same to fear creaking under the bed
And the monster that lies beneath,
As it is to fear the caressing touch
Of a stranger with cigarette-stained teeth.

Now the dusk isn't so dreadful—
Not compared to the dangers that wait at dawn.

Despiteful are the eyes that scan from head to toe,
Seeking the vulnerable, corrupting the sacred.

Kids are not a trade —wake from your indifference.
See! A baby has been sold for silver to the highest bidder.

One second here, and the next moment gone.
May our God deliver all the cherubim they stole.

Blessed be the moms with empty arms,
Who wonder where their child has been.

Mourning is my heart,
And sleepless is their sleep,
As they toss and turn, longing for a little one's return.

Wicked are the hands that dare to touch soft,
young skin,
And rotten are the rulers who wipe their crime clean.

They will be met with teeth and claws—
To halt the lustful demise that tears away a virgin veil.

Infants are not to be treated like braille.
I pray for kids to be kids again,
And not objects up for sale.

I wish for the sun to shine again
On the face of a found child.

And so I break the silence, though my voice is frail:
As surely as I know the moon will rise,
I know justice shall prevail.

