

A Poem to Infant John Doe

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No one has claimed
the dead infant found
in the trash bin

It will likely
be laid to rest
within two weeks,
unless they locate
the infant's next of kin.

Why has no one
claimed this child?

Oh, perhaps,
it is because
no one sensed
the odor of death
coming from the trash bin
as the garbage and slime
mixed
with the blood
from the umbilical cord
while flies
and their maggots
crawled over
the baby's rotting body.

Or, perhaps,
no one claimed the infant
because no one sensed the
fear and anguish
the mother experienced
over those last 6 months,
the nervous lies
she had to tell,
the times she cried
alone
at 3 in the morning
with ab-so-lute-ly
no one to talk to.

Perhaps, no one heard
the car door slam
as the baby's father
drove from the dumpster.
His heart racing
as fast as his car,
he tried to quiet himself
at home
beneath the covers
in his bedroom.
And it was quiet...

Except for the recurring
Nightmare
where little plastic baby dolls
of all colors and
and nationalities...
some without a leg

or an arm or head,
bloody,
crawling all over him,
reaching out crying
Daddy, Daddy,
Why? Daddy Why?
Why,
Daddy, Daddy...?

Oh, I know,
Perhaps someone just forgot
that the United States
leads the industrialized
world in the killing of kids.

--U.S. children are 12
times more likely to
die of gunfire than in
any nation.

--U.S. youngsters are twice
as likely to commit suicide.

--In 2010 77 Hoosier children died
from abuse or neglect

--the guns,
the murder,
the drugs,

--computer/T.V./movie violence,
child/spousal abuse,

and divorce and crime and...

Perhaps no one has claimed
this human being
because
no one cares,
so desensitized,
so numb to violence,
(where death is the new
pornography)

so detached and indifferent,
so callous,
that no one is shocked
anymore:
not outraged,
not clamoring
and screaming
for the world
to stop

Everyone just STOP!
and feel...

Oh, God Almighty,
what's wrong with us,
what's wrong with this world
when our children become
nothing but trash?