

## **The Ugliness We Reap**

**Helen Daly**

A child hunches hungrily in a corner  
Awaiting his moment to grab some bread  
A baby pup cowers from his master  
With the scars he bears upon his head  
A young girl walks the streets at night  
To make the money for her pimp to keep  
For this is the ugliness that we reap – as society sleeps.

A homeless, hungry young man robs a grocery store to eat

Armed with a gun, he shoots the store-keep.

He runs away but is cornered by police.

And dies in a bloodied heap on the street – as society sleeps.

An old woman has used the last of her SS check;

Finds change in the room as she hunts and pecks.

Goes to grocery and what she can afford is but a speck,

So she buys a can of pet food to sustain her from death –

As society sleeps.

A young, tired mom and her babies are on the street

They go to the shelter but there is no place for them to sleep

So they find a dark lot and sleep on the concrete

And the woman she cries, their futures are bleak... as society sleeps.

Little girl lost, her heartbeat nearly gone

Confined to a bed, respirator turned on  
Waiting for a transplant that never will come  
Her mother sits by helpless, no insurance for one...as  
society sleeps.  
200 school girls kidnapped by Boko Haram  
Terrorized and survive horrors as best they can  
While a White House hash tag is the US's stand  
No hope on the horizon for youth in this land – as  
society sleeps  
It is the price we pay of a world so cold and unkempt  
The price of a society whose morals are bent  
And the payment must be made for an unknown debt  
All to be collected by an unknown lot, before they draw  
their last breath, at death  
And its death, they do pray for, the ones who pay  
With each societal slap, they feel anger and dismay,  
A looming downward spiral of "area gray"  
With no glimmer of light to lead the way.  
So open your eyes, people, awaken to the light  
It will not be long before you see their plight  
Of brothers and sisters living through the incessant night  
Who are waiting for a sign that there is meaning to their  
life  
By opening your eyes it is not to take the blame  
But to act upon what you can to make positive change  
Take the slowest steps, to make modest gains  
It is this way it grows, the moral brain.  
And yes, the brain, you see is connected to the heart  
Maybe if you can think it, you will feel it smart

And take a collective ahhh, we have done our part...  
But you see, my friends, there is no stopping once you  
start  
The collective conscience when awoken must see  
That the blindness we battle is within thee  
While it's easier to turn our heads and say, "not me"  
There will be a day of judgment, just wait and see  
For while you buy your cars and vote your pocketbook's  
ideal,  
Tread the path of the greedy thinking you've got a great  
deal,  
And keep your mouth shut and think that the atrocities  
aren't real,  
You have given up your humanity for a price – and your  
soul for a steal  
So open your mouths and hearts while there's time; don't  
fall into the societal line.  
But rather, stand tall in a line all of your own, defend the  
downtrodden with the new conscience you've grown.  
And dream, sweet one, dream, of the new day coming,  
when people follow you,  
And the minority voice is loudly humming.  
Make change when you can and never forget  
That baby steps often are a giant's first steps.  
You see, like a cancer, the blindness does creep  
Spreads from parent to child, with generational leaps  
Only a good dose of reality's touch, awakens them from  
sleep  
For this is the ugliness that we reap – as society sleeps.