

WHO IS LISTENING?

Author unknown; edited and refined by Robert Fitt.

Appropriately, the manuscript of the original poem was found at dusk, crumpled and water stained, in a moody rain soaked alley.

Tears fall soundlessly upon a feather pillow.
Who hears their quiet sigh?
A heart breaks, leaving silent, bloodless wounds.
Who hears its cry?
Whose fine-tuned ear can hear the gnawing of the conscience,
Or the mute, dark silence where the hopeless lie?

Who hears the voiceless onslaught of infirmity?

Who can hear the hushed cry of the homeless waif
Whose meals, if meals there are, are incomplete?
Or the yearning, lonely cry of one who lies
Elegant—but helpless—in silken sheets?

Who comprehends the vestige of a broken home, or
The heartbreak of a broken child?

Death stalks the earth; seeking out unmindful prey.
Who hears their hushed release?
Who, through raucous, rampant sounds of war,
Can hear the dove of peace?

Listen Listen!