

Abused Child

An abused child can not cry

In the middle of night.

What he can do is to lie

On the bed day and night.

A vegetable in a hospital

Instead of a child on the playground

Still wonder why

Parents want him to die.

An abused child dare not cry

In the middle of night.

What she can do is to hide

Under the shadow of moonlight.

A wound of mind

Much more painful than a heart attack

Will never recover

Until the day she dies.

Abused children no more need to cry

In the middle of night.

Young lives pass by.