

BE SAFE MY CHILD

Call it strength, call it creative, or call it power,

It was her only defence, to protect the flower.

She stayed a bud,

A flower that did not bloom.

Isabel had no more room

To do what she should.

That is to tell, if she could.

The price is high and separates Isabel from others.

Like a sister from a brother.

Isabel does not know what she feels or what is to care,

She is numb with pain and terror.

Isabel did not see a way to escape

The great tragedy called child-rape.

For Isabel it was a one-way street out there.

She is a little girl whose life I wish to share.

Share her with people from near and far.

Look upwards and see her star.

Isabel is finally safe.

She found her hiding place.

By: Judy M.

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