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Poem # 48

Re: Quilt #2

The Path Through Memory...

becomes an endless scream  
a frayed patchwork  
holding terrors of the night  
or afternoon carnage  
of all those unrealized lives  
    deconstructed  
on the barrel of a gun

are we not sickened  
are we not tired enough  
from deaths 'burdens  
and blood-streaked garments  
    so small  
they could clothe a child's doll

who suffers these little children  
to come unto a place of shelter  
    riddled with bullets  
who decries their bewilderment

who ends this slaughter  
    if not you and I