

## **Sonnet for the Unheard Cries**

**When Mother's little more than fertile woman,  
Grass worth is no more than livestock feed;  
And children but the choice of fickle human  
Passions, not Almighty's planted seed.**

**Do Momma's cries go into the Spring  
When voice is still'd and calves are wean'd and gone?  
As small bones grow, fresh heartbeat starts to sing;  
While we parade cow's sorrow one by one.**

**Yet, though they cannot play with spared classmates,  
In silent roll calls, children report in;  
Their screams left in the dumpsters, their plea waits.  
Are babies' sobs unheard from collagen?**

**In Court, True Love and Justice makes demands  
When sanctity is lost 'neath shifting sands.**