

Poetry Porch: Poetry

But No One Comes

By Kevin Shyne

Stop America!
Do not avert your eyes
From children at Uvalde
Sons and daughters seized
As if by Abraham, his hand raised
Except today no angel's hand
Is poised to stay the blade

America, don't look away
Don't mute the sound
Don't dim the lights

When the gunman entered
When he fired his guns
When teachers shielded innocents
When children grasped their phones
When victim after victim fell
When families came to identify the dead
When they found the bloodied clothing
When they saw the crayon drawings on the walls

Where are the lights, the lost lights of the children?
Do they ripple, swirl in eddies, or disappear around a bend?

How could the day have gone so wrong?

America, remember children gone
Listen to their song

A child dials 911
Whispers *Please send police*
But no one comes