

Look Again

I was driving down a street in my town that is notorious for its bars, poor people and adult movie houses. At first, I was bothered by what I saw, and then I realized that the `drifters' that I was so quick to criticize in my mind, once innocent children themselves, and therefore shared a common bond with the physically and sexually abused children that I work with every day.

Jesse Lassandro

The Victim Collection Look Again

in the shadow of the street,
under cover of the night,
like rats, feeding on their own,
and scurry at the hint of light.

dark faces, evil minds,
unaware of all but they,
consumed with the moment of desire,
thirsty for the blood of prey.

come here little one . . .
is there a weakness i can see?
don't worry, i won't hurt, i swear,
just give yourself to me.

let me slip the knife in slow,
or my member to your secret place,
i'll leave my terror in your heart,
and grief forever in your face.

years before, a little boy,
full of love and fresh with life,
eyes of trust beheld the world,
then, father visited in the night.

come here little son...
you have a weakness i can see,
don't worry, i won't hurt, i swear,
just give yourself to me.

now, in the shadow of the street,
under cover of the night,
the little boy inside the man,
scurries at the hint of light.