

## the sad child inside

jesse lassandro

*Idaho Youth Ranch*

*victim collection*

*copyright 1988*

I cry for you,  
my brother,  
one who knew no play,  
for I, as you,  
still feel the pain.

I share the nights,  
my brother,  
behind the thin wall,  
oh please, go away!  
fear coming down the hall.

I know the pain,  
my brother,  
no one else can know,  
who wants to tell?  
it still won't go.

I feel their eyes,  
my brother,  
all seem to look right through,  
the sad child inside,  
hiding behind you.

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*National Poetry Anthology, 1988*