

Soiling Innocence
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Cowardice.
Hiding behind manufactured bravery and strength
Flashing moral compasses
Smothered by
An insatiable hunger for
Regulation and control.

Abject failure to stand
The most difficult and the truest tests of humanity
Of flesh and blood.
A tyranny grips me
With its vices
Cloaked in fragile virtue.

Medals for detainment.
Elevating cruelty.
Insulting reason.
Hoorah!
The callousness of hearts dwarfs that of
Hardworking unblemished hands.
What a woeful state.
Soiling innocence.
Congratulations?

I may appear to acquiesce
To weaken and to crumble
At the foot of
Silent gloating glory.
This is an illusion.
I will not be defeated
By shining examples of how not to be
In a world that is
In such desperate need
Of rescue.

Abhorrence is reserved
For those who remain effortless
In their complacency
And arrogance.
Thanks is given
To those who wished to do better
But were faced with
Insurmountable limits
Self-imposed or otherwise.

It is my hope
That when there is a next time
To be, and to do
Better
(and I do hope
that for some of what we have been through
there is no next time),
We will traverse
The confines
Of familiar, intractable routines.

I am not one for
Pomp and Circumstance.
If you see me
And my head is hung low
It is not because
I cannot bear to meet your eyes.
It is not because
I am containing an incandescent rage that is seething within me.
No.
It is because
I am in deep mourning, and
I do not
Wish
To be
Disturbed