

He was born and alone he'll die,
As alone he'll live,
"Born to die" would have been his creed,
Had he one,
As "Death our Savior" must be his hope,
If he knows hope.

Once, long ago when his world was new,
He had a place and people, a name.
No more, that world is dead,
For this State School boy.
He is only "he" or "him," or "it,"
He, child of the Commonwealth.

Once, long ago when his world had hope,
He was a son and his mother had her child.
No longer, not until eternity
Will he have a place-a speck,
This orphan, this homeless burden,
This unwanted Property of the Commonwealth.

And why is he here?
Why did he come?
How did he love? and why,
Why does he remain?

He came, he's here, he'll stay,
First, because he has no other place,
and no one else has him.
And last, because he is the victim,
He has been sought, & hunted, and searched.
As the victimizer remains his protection.

He is ward of those who hurt him,
AS they shelter him,
Of those who are charged to nurture him,
Because they have designated him "victim,"
Of those for whom he is their sacred trust,
While they are his mortal enemy.

He is victim of the law,
Which mandates the victimizer as
ombudsman,
Which legalizes the conspiracy,
Which concludes, "Thou shalt suffer,"
Because "Thou has suffered,"
And, therefore and forever more, "Thou
must suffer."

He is the victim of a cult
Which encourages the schools to label him
stupid,
This places him in their special hells,
As Mental Health places him in theirs,
As each agency is accountable only to itself,
As each serves him as victimizer and sponsor.

He is victim because he does not hope,
For hoping & dreaming are wrong,
For the law of the cult is to accept fate,
Accept limitations and build on them,
Accept tormentors & love each one,
Reject good fortune for it will never
appear.

He is victim because he dare not make
errors,
For errors & ambition are wrong,
For the pride of the cult is function,
Function & order, not growth or fulfillment,
Predictability, the God head of culture,
Where few make more than but one - the
essential - error.

His posture perpetuates his victimization,
As he lies & sits more than he stands
or moves,
Horizontal he's alone, while vertical part
of the world.
"In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
And, born in bed, in bed we die."
Yet, hardly ever will he see your eyes!

He is victim because he is forsaken
Because the universe declines
responsibility,
Because he isn't this loved one's loved one,
Because the behavior or speech
of his keepers is not accountable,
Because any similarity between his life and
the lives of those on the outside is
very purely coincidental,
Because "victim" is his legal & sanctioned
role.

Once, long ago when the earth smelled new,
When each day was a beginning, not nearer
to the end,
When man had hope for joy on the earth,
A boy was conceived, in love & warmth,
And he was born, in pain but in triumph,
But he will die, defiled & unremembered.

Both scum & cream rise to the top,
And men contend with ecstasy & filth,
As each man must learn to deal with
obcenity,
And from the total drama, again & again
he remakes his life,
And continues with what remains,
While mankind perseveres.