

PIGS CRY

A poem by Shelley Williams, inspired by Lucy

I give birth to five bouncing babies,
then watch as their teeth are cut from their mouths,
I lay and scream,
Because I cannot stand and run.
I have never walked on grass,
I have never felt the sunshine,
I lay trapped in a massive stinky warehouse,
soaking in faeces and urine.

I look into a puddle of water,
At the front corner of my cage,
It's moving. Overcome with thirst,
I drink down the wriggling maggots
that do not die in my gullet.
They are living within me now,
Eating away at my flesh,
As this cage eats at my soul.

I cry.
I cry and bite the metal bars in front of my face.
I cry as the legs from the cages around me,
prod and kick me with aimless rage.

We cry.
We cry as a little girl picks up a Christmas Ham,
And takes an innocent bite.
We cry as each untold truth turns to a lie
The lie that seals our fate.

Some one tell this little girl,
Tell her of my pain.
Help her understand my world,
So she can make a choice.
And help her understand that,
The consumer has a voice.