

Evil Is Its Name

It's bound to happen.
No matter how hard
you hide the headlines,
shush up the six o'clock news,
recite the rhyme about sticks and stones,
sooner or later
hatred and prejudice will rear their ignorant heads.
Would that the bad guys
always wore black hats, so,
categorically,
like the shepherd dividing the sheep
and the goats,
you could say, these people are good,
and these people are bad.
But corruption isn't crowned with a Stetson.
And sadly, the vilest epithets they hear
may come from some
they love.
There's Preacher Jones, who talks the talk
but sorts his flock by surname . . .
Great-aunt Gwen, whose gender jokes
are always the highlight of bridge club . . .
Mrs. Moore, who bakes for every family
on the street,
except the one she calls "not our kind."
How in the world do you
ever explain Anne Frank,
pro-lifers who kill,
bad cops,
September 11th,
or the four year old who got shot
through the window
while eating his supper last night?
You don't.
You just keep planting flowers
and hope they choke out
the ugly, despicable weeds.

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