



## No Empathy

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## No Empathy

Nobody's hearing my cry as I sit down on the streets begging,  
Some passing, some looking, some judging,  
While others thinking that I am a waste of time,  
But nobody feels a beggar's pain.

When you look on the streets so many men dying  
By the hands of other men,  
Mouths shot and fingers clasp,  
Nobody cooperating with state police while  
The jail keeps filling...mass overcrowding.  
Heterosexuals searching for ah 'good man'  
But men dying or in the jail rotting,  
While society renaming with derogatory labels,  
But nobody understands what's happening.  
No one feels men's pain.

A woman raped, hurt and abused as a child and  
Ends up married to a coward 'Woman beater',  
A defaulted creature, who thinks women are drums  
So that he could beat and parade the streets  
Boasting of his "skills" while  
She is in pain crying but people saying that  
"That is husband and wife business,"  
She is bleeding and people laughing  
Now her own flesh and blood she's abusing  
And villagers casting blame on her,  
But nobody cares,  
Nobody feels a woman's pain

A young boy with dreams of being a doctor,  
But ends up a murderer,  
While people saying "Hang him!"  
But nobody knows his pain.  
His mother a sphincter, his father a magician, like Mumford  
From Sesame Street, a puff of smoke and he vanished forever,  
Now the 'youth man' turned to the gang leader,  
To get a dollar, because there was no other to mentor him.  
When he tried to get out of crime he was faced with a gun  
So he turn the gun around so that the gang leader  
Who was standing threatening,  
Is now lying so peacefully sleeping.  
The boy was seeking liberation  
But is now imprisoned for life  
And no body feeling his pain  
They shouting, "Hang Him!"

## Rise Up Men!

A woman seems to have limited choices,  
So confused when it's time to choose,  
A man in today's society;  
So brittle is our masculinity,  
That there is no steady picture of manhood,  
Since it changes every day like linens.  
What we expect women to say?  
When we leave her impaired and stuffed in confusion,  
"Where are the good men?"

But we, men too,  
Are too confused and lock ourselves into pigeon holes,  
That we emasculate ourselves into shelves,  
A victim of masculinism,  
Blaming everyone except MAN,  
Becoming a victim of male hegemony,  
An outcast of male hierarchy,  
Saying, "At least I'm more man than him."

Then we run,  
Run away abandoning her,  
Leaving her injured,  
And a victim of our masculine identity crisis.  
She can only say it as she sees it!

Stand up men!  
And re-write the script,  
For the gendered stage,  
You perform your masculinity on,  
By throwing away the armour of male-insecurity,  
So that women would see that manhood is  
Built on pilasters of love, respect and responsibility

Then, maybe then,  
She would smile and say,  
Alas! Good men.

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# Father

F or all the times you were there for me,  
A nd mummy and my brothers and sisters too.  
T he sacrifices you made were gifts from your  
H eart as you left yourself undone to  
E nsure that all our needs were met.  
R esponsibility not mere biology is how you defined fatherhood.

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# ABC

A ll the time I answered you  
B ut you ignored me and  
C ontinuously complained to your girlfriends  
D estroying my manhood leaving me  
E masculated but I still begged for your  
F orgiveness to no avail I became frustrated asking  
G od to give the strength to love you  
H ow he loves me...unconditionally...  
I talked...you nagged but still your  
K inship through marriage was all I  
L onged for and wanted you to be  
M ines and for your ears to connect to my  
N etwork so you will be connected  
O nly to me Like TSTT hearing clearly and forgetting what distorted  
P eople say or people think since you are my  
Q ueen...oh I wish you would be...  
R emember the day we met...  
S tare only at the positives and listen to  
T he sweet tunes of our friendship so you will  
U ncover deeply in your heart that you  
V ehemently love me...obey your  
W ishes to come back to me...  
'X' we shall no longer be but  
Y ou will be mines and I yours for a  
Z illion years.

## The voice

I am the voice of the my community, my people,  
the voice of the world  
crying out for social justice,  
crying out for the voiceless,  
the poor, weak, and fearful and stressed.  
But each time you hear me, you  
personalize me, without even taking time to know me,  
I am the small man who sits in pain  
ignorant that he has a voice  
to cry out against poverty

so like a bad dream he sits with all his strength  
and shouts but no sound  
just mere whispers.  
No one takes whispers seriously  
since the city is filled with traffic,  
of shoppers spending all they got;  
who have time to listen to a penniless  
who whispers.

I am the voice crying in the cities  
Hear the whispers of the poor...hear it now!

I am the women beaten, battered and abused  
thinking that he beats her because he loves her  
and she needs to submit to his rage,  
be the humble vent valve so that he  
does not wage on society but only her....thinking,  
She's the social control on violence and crime  
Better he projects on her his stresses  
And neglects her humanity.

I am the voice crying in the cities  
Hear the whispers of abused women...hear it now!

I am the man mistreated since a child  
now by his wife but filled with fear of  
being labelled a "girl" so he takes the cruelty,  
physical and psychological, silently  
with the neighbours hearing derogating verbalism  
and laughing...like it is comedy fest

I am the voice crying in the cities  
Hear the whispers of abused men...hear it now

I am the little girl raped but interrogated  
so much that she becomes intimidated,  
Moving her status from victim to perpetrator;

"She look for that!"

"Why she pants was so tight?"

"Why she was out so late at night?"

I am the voice crying in the cities  
Hear the whispers of raped women...hear it now!

I am...who I am...

And if I remain bridled then

I would cease to be who I am;

So to all those who brand me

Like rejected goods to be dumped,

Personalizing my tongue...my pen.

You are driven by your ignorant fears,

But I will make you ride your fears like a surfer

Rides waves, so you would listen to my voice.

I am the voice crying in the cities  
I turn your whispers into shouts  
I am the loud speaker of the weak...hear them now!