



Stoning the Heart

After "*The Hidden Children*,"
by Martin Spett

**The children of stone do not breathe.
They stand still as statues and stare.**

**The children of bone do not grieve.
They wait at the window for air.**

**The children of stone do not wonder
why the streets are empty and cold.**

**The children of bone know hunger
of body, of mind, and of soul.**

**The children of stone cannot weep.
Their hearts must grow hard as their hands.**

**The children of bone cannot speak.
Their lips must be still as their friends**

**out there, in the square, beneath the trees,
(not) feeling the sun, (not) feeling the breeze.**