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Baby, This World is Cruel

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Cover Page Footnote

Poe Family

A woman is weeping for her unborn child.
She says, "Do you know what I fear most about this pregnancy?"
"It is the fact that, beyond the womb lies uncertainty.
I can not guarantee my child's safety, I'm trying to figure out ways to say,
baby, this world is cruel.
I do not know if you are safe at school; maybe I should just keep you home.
Because I have formulated reoccurring images in my mind, of the tragedies in Pakistan, Sandy
Hook, and Columbine and I am afraid of losing you."

A woman of the Muslim faith, is weeping for her unborn child.
And when this same question is asked, she says, "I am afraid that my child will be harassed"
"When "random searches", at the airport soon become routine.
Interrogating my child as if they have a means to cause harm, because someone with the same
hue as them decided to make 9/11 a date to remember.
Having to constantly remind my child, it is not your fault that you remind them of September.
And my child will ask, "Imadha 'ana," why me? And I will respond "hatha alalem casi ya
habibi," baby, this world is cruel.
They would have preferred that you remained naked when exiting my womb but I covered your
head.

There is a woman weeping for her unborn child.
She says "They will say that my child doesn't belong. That this land that we immigrated to, is
not their home.
They will respect the ancestry of our food, call it Mexican.
But refuse to call us by our names instead, illegal aliens and my child will ask, "Por qué yo?"
Why me? And I respond, "bebé este mundo es cruel!" Baby, this world is cruel.
We live in a place where they refer to themselves as a melting pot; but your race they try to
exclude."

There is a woman weeping for her unborn child.
She is afraid that a tomb stone will know her child's name well before a diploma.
She says "My child will constantly be looking over their shoulder, no hoodie will see the inside
of their closet, they will be constantly reminded that ghost, are what they make of our people.
The system, is anticipating their arrival and as soon as my umbilical cord is cut, they will have
entered into a war well before they are one and my child will ask
"Why me" and I will say "baby, this world is cruel,
You will have to learn to love your skin while living in a world where they categorize and
marginalize people of your pigment."

What has this world become? When people take vengeance out of the Lord's hands, load their
pain into a gun and aim it at a child's head, or when what is on a child's head is always
associated with suicide bombers, or when a person who is simply looking for a better life is
criticized, or when a person is labeled and killed because of the color of their skin.

One day my child will ask me "momma why me?" and I will say "baby, this world is cruel, but I
will do everything I can to protect you!"