

Tobacco Victims Lament

By David "Mac" Macmaster

Where are their tormented voices?
Where are their anguished cries?
From those grieving family victims
Whose loved ones from tobacco died?

Their loved ones precious lives were taken
But in their misery families don't complain
They know what slowly killed them
So why don't they cry out their pain?

Where are their tormented voices?
Where are their anguished cries?

In the near certain death the illness often brings
They know not where to turn for justice or a cure
Or how to fix the failure of a nation's willingness
To accept a genocidal killer in our midst without the courage to resist

Their complaints are never heard
Because they never make them
They suffer one family at a time
Not knowing who to blame
Or where to take their sorrow and their shame

Where are their tormented voices?
Where are their anguished cries?

Their family's tears need to become torrential rain
Leading to changes that saves the lives
Of others trapped in the tobacco pipe of death
They do nothing because they don't know what to do

Unlike other victims whose loved ones die together
In a plane crash, a tornado or a 9/11 terrorist attack
With tragedies like these, the innocent family victims
All grieve together as the whole community mourns.

These grieving families grieve their loss together
They offer comfort; they support each other as they share
Together their common grief, loss and pain
They gain the strength to re-build and go on as best they can again
No, these tobacco family victims suffer and mourn alone
They have no other families to share the grief they have in common
Or support each other's loss
They have no other families that recognize something can

And should be done regardless of the cost

United they can prevent other suffering families
From suffering the lonely tobacco death has brought to them
Isolated they can do nothing if they don't even know other family names
So isolated and disconnected from other families suffering tobacco disease and death
They are powerless to lead the fight for change.
Their voices are unheard whispers when they should be loud as trumpets
That drowns out the lie that tobacco death may not one day touch your family too

Where are their tormented voices?

Where are their anguished cries?