

For Elizabeth a Palato & E

I am the voice of the voiceless,
Through me the dumb shall speak,
Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear
The wrongs of the wordless weak

From street, from cage, from kennel,
From stable and zoo, the wail
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin
Of the mighty against the frail.

Oh, shame on the mothers of mortals
Who have not stooped to teach
Of the sorrow that lies in dear, dumb eyes,
The sorrow that has no speech.

And I am my brother's keeper,
And I shall fight his fight;
And speak the word for beast and bird
Till the world shall set things right.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 1850-1919
