

By Charles Williams
October, 2007

Quiet nights and quiet stars,
Peaceful views of the planet Mars.
Red, the color of passion on earth
Such passion, the cause of too many children's birth.
Lost in the moment of anticipation.
The possibility of lasting love, the exhilaration
Of fertile novices casting caution to the winds.
Is this the man who will father my twins?
No. Quiet nights and quiet stars,
Hunger strikes but there are empty pickle jars.
Midnight cravings come and go,
Babies inside womb steadily grow.
The possibility of lasting marriage fades.
Prince Charming is still in his adolescent days
And thinks only of avoiding responsibility.
Is this the loving environment within which to raise a family?
No.

Quiet nights and quiet stars,
The frustration of single motherhood soars.
Two more children loose in this world.
A mother's disillusionment upon her children unfurls,
Tainting her charges' development with discontent.
No food, and no money to pay rent.
Poor surroundings add to the torment
Of this young family.
"Mommy, where is my Daddy?"
"I don't know."□

Quiet Nights and Quiet Stars - MabuhayRadio

Written by Charles Williams

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Quiet nights and quiet stars,
Peaceful views of the planet Mars.
Red, the color of anger here on earth.
Youthful Juliet's passion wasted on a gigolo.
Twins, the issue of an unloving Romeo.
Two children now cast onto the streets of the inner city,
And abandoned into an ocean of pity.
Is this the way for young lives to begin?
No.

So, what about these quiet nights and the quiet stars?
The fertile passions and naked cravings of love unwedded?
What is it about the color "red" which chases the chaste into unthinking bed?
Momentary exhilaration creates birth and a dearth of humiliation,
Which corrupts mother and child with mother's failures.
We live in a society which points fingers and casts blame.
With the notorious, the media resonates with one's name.
Is it totally her fault?
No.

Were her parents a well-spring of devotion,
A guiding example of loving acceptance?
A reassurance ensconced in unselfish emotion?
A tender force through adolescent years
With patient teaching of values, dispelling childish fears?
Leading by example and holding family dear?
Teaching reason in expectations, living within what they could afford
Giving service to others without the need for reward?
No.

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So quiet nights and quiet stars,
Peaceful views of the planet Mars.
Red, the color of passion on earth,
Such passion, the cause of too many children's birth.
Lost in a moment of anticipation,
The possibility of lasting love, the exhilaration
Of fertile novices casting caution to the winds,
The vicious scenario repeats itself
Again, again, and again.

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