

RESOLUTION

a poem

By

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An uninformed patient is compliant
A narrow view here-say
A negative spin misinformation
A cover-up, a necessary business practice
A profit margin, viability and endurance, a marketplace
This shall be our motto, our logo, our stamp

Guaranteed no questions asked - a yesteryear paradigm
Honesty, integrity, not a part of man's souls anymore
Put that on my charge, you know I will pay you back
Remembering always the customer IS ALWAYS RIGHT
How far have we come, how really far we traversed?

When it came to my autistic children
They were as compliant as lambs to your motto
Their parents uninformed as things should be
Their views were shaped by the doctors seen as God's theorem
Their views were for the better good, and for their children's better health

All smiles were mine, what a compliant mom you are, go ahead, jab him
Somehow I felt deep inside..am I on one of those bandwagon posters?
Good girl, you did your job, you protected your children from horrible disease
Good mom, you did it, what a good girl you are!
Poster child....I was one of them...I was lead, misgiven, uninformed

We as a people have faith that no lies were told us
That their were no underlying dangers in vaccines
That companies thought of the health of nations, not the health of their pocket books
And if there were questions, surely they would be revealed
For who would back their lies?

Oh yes, the government would never suffer for this to be so?
They are the all knowing, the all researched, the honest system
Politicians are the problem said I, not the core beliefs, not control over masses?
Not as a people are we lead, but we are a democracy aren't we?
How democratic and republican and independent am I....I comply alright

And now I find myself looking over my shoulders
Finding deception at every pass
Finding no hope in what I deemed an institution
Finding only that men are driven by alterior motives
Finding that one person made the decision to stamp the approval
Regardless of the damage and lives that would be lost

For their many conferences, for their many vendors
For their contractual agreements and government underpinnings
And finding many underneath them will suffer their control
And they sleep at night with peace and calm and self assurance that they are right?
I am awaken by autistic cries, my sleep abrupted by seizures
I am constantly reminded of the most horrible decision I have ever made!

The religion spreads as wildfire, the mindcontrol, the seering misinformation
As Hallelujah is praised be as dark as insidious as it is
Journals, medical associations, peditricians, let us pray
We call the day night and the night day
In the bible, it is described as "designing men"
Men who do not care, men who knowingly deceive, men who lie
The lexus, the vacation, the halls lined of gold and dreams and smoothness of the way
Are now their religious preferences, human nature designs this to be so
How far we have come, how far indeed

Don't we know for a fact that our figures are correct?...how many times they tort!
We checked them, can't you see the formulation?
But where is the worksheet...where is the study...where is the scientific method?
It is laid aside for an excuse, an executive order, a shredding machine
It is reduced in hidden file cabinets, no longer on computer discs
It is hidden as mercury in my child's brain, destroying like a stealth bomber

How can we reverse the trod we walked?
As a scientist in their inner circle sweats with evidence
"My God, what have we done"?
He complains, he is cut off at the knees, blacklisted, followed
And like a cartoon, a zipper is drawn across his mouth forevermore.

I resolve that I may forever be changed
But more clearly, that my children's lives will be
By an executive in a leather patterned chair
Who looks upon the masses as a necessary audience of slaughters
Who looks upon my children as a genetic flaw
Who looks upon my family as a frustration in a grocery store

Your poisons have become my future
Your profit margin, my loss
Your information, my frustrating research
Your cover-up, my loss of faith in man
Your so called honesty, my point of no return
I resolve, that I have a voice, and I will cry it

Hear me now, Hear me in court, Hear me on every newborn seen at the pediatric office
I shall decry your insidious plans, and I will wring my hands that I frustrated your plans
I shall put on my lips the one voice crying in the wilderness
And put a question in the heart of a new mother and a new father
Stop the madness! See the poisons! See the coverup!

If I am perceived as one off my rocker
If I am perceived as a lamb lost that cannot be found
So be it, So be truth that is set in my heart
The truth that I see firsthand of what continuous denial may bring
Come follow me....a strong leader once said
Someday the audience will wander, there will be no more jabs today!!!

Oh I thought of all the things I can do
Writing up a sheet, copying it for every pediatric office
Making formal complaints, going to the media
Having conferences, going public, warning everyone with a bumper sticker even...
The truth is...
I am just a mom, trying to advocate for my children
Trying to stop one more child in becoming autistic
God willing, I wish that and pray that
Meanwhile, I deal with what I have to
And work on recovering what is left in my children

If it is one more child with autism, it will be one more I cannot see
One more mom picking up a 50 pound child while they are losing it in the store
One more dad trying to deal with a son who cannot play ball
One more grandparent wondering if there is something wrong with their genes?
I will decry, it is not your fault
The fault lies solely on the decision makers
The ones that insist that compliancy is next to godliness....
If that is their commandment, I will be a sinner.....
This is my resolution

Poem by
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(in an up and coming book "The Stony Places")