

In memory of Heidi Luise Koseda  
1980 - 1984

### Birthday

behind a locked door  
a little girl is lying on the floor  
crying in a corner softly  
more like a whisper  
who's going to kiss her  
tell her a story make it alright  
she can't get across to her bed  
a dirty brown stain where she bled  
she's just a baby  
her arm is broken  
a week ago  
one leg bent and twisted  
on her birthday

time stands still no memory of good days  
just another kind of in and out of dreaming  
no running free  
through fields of home  
daddy's cigarette burns her  
to the bone  
in the middle of her pain  
she wonders  
what she might have done to be so hurt  
love mommy - love daddy  
she would never let them down

be on your guard day and night  
we have to stop another grown up  
hurting a little child

she eats a magazine  
mommy puts it there  
when she wets on the floor  
please don't hurt me  
who's going to love me  
if nobody want's me  
nobody miss me  
nobody care  
she turns her little face to the wall  
nobody hears when she calls into the light  
her little life is over  
a radio is playing in the room next door  
they are eating their dinner

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