

This source is an excerpt from a book called 'Self-Inflicted' by Peter Robinson, a member of the Democratic Unionist Party,

Dear Reader,

One could hardly be unaware of the situation at Her Majesty's Maze Prison in Northern Ireland where 7 sentenced Republican Prisoners are presently on hunger strike and several hundred others are on a campaign called the "Dirty" protest. While the fact that this is happening may be known to you, the circumstances may not be so clear. In this booklet I have attempted to lay before the reader an account of these circumstances in perspective and demonstrate that the conditions under which the protestors exist, are self-imposed and self-inflicted.

I referred to an account "in perspective" because when considering this whole situation it is necessary to do so against the backcloth of over 2,000 people who have been murdered and more than 20,000 who have been maimed and mutilated during this present I.R.A. campaign. Perhaps, to help gain the right priority, the following lines could be read. They were penned by a young mother left a widow by the action of one of the "Dirty" protestors in the H-Blocks. These verses and an accompanying letter were sent anonymously to me by this sorrowing woman who simply signed herself — "One who has suffered".

The shattered body,  
The mutilated head,  
The torn off limbs,  
The dying,  
And the dead.  
You'd think the world would care,  
Would feel the pain.  
It is not so,  
Your agony in vain.  
Revulsion there is,  
An outcry far and wide.  
No — not for those who've suffered,  
Those who've died.  
But for those men,  
Who in their squalor lie  
Those men who set the bomb,  
Caused you to die.  
Like animals they live,  
But that's their way.  
Existing in their filthy degradation day by day.  
And those who protest loudest  
Shout aloud;  
They have not seen your twisted face,  
Nor touched your shroud.  
They've never held a sobbing child  
Who for her Daddy cries,  
Nor seen an old man's vacant stare,  
Or heard his sighs.  
How chilly and how dank the cells  
Of those the world would save.  
How desolate your empty chair —  
How deadly cold your grave.  
You're yesterday's lead story,

They're today's, 'till something new.  
The world can weep for H Block —  
I will weep for you.

I trust that you can take the time to read this booklet and be able to feel an affinity with the Ulster Community who have suffered for over a decade at the hands of terrorists. If you do, then perhaps the fallen have not died in vain and we, though often misunderstood and at times forgotten will not stand alone.

Yours sincerely,

ALDERMAN PETER D. ROBINSON, M.P.

Source taken and adapted from: <https://cain.ulster.ac.uk/events/hstrike/docs/robinson.htm>