

VICTIM

I'm a victim of an injustice

Be wary of me

I'm damaged inside and can't let it be

I'm a casualty and have suffered more than you

My life destroyed, completely askew

Provide the attention I crave

Or I will deliver upon you, a creature, equal a slave

I find comfort in the misery of others

I search not for light; darkness is my druthers

Feed my insatiable thirst

To discover that niche, where you are at your worst

I will work those emotions, until there is lather

This is who I am; this is what I'd rather

There is no need to look further than myself

For I am the victim

ARE YOU READY

Are you ready to come home?

There is no need for you to be alone.

I wait here with open arms, for your arrival.

I'm concerned, for your very survival.

*For whatever reason the cross you carry,
has weight, I'm obliged to bury.*

*I call you back from the cold,
if for no other reason, I've become old.*

*And with time, where little is left,
my words will be softer, perhaps more deft.*

It is my desire for us to reconcile.

*Let it not be too late,
for me to replenish your empty plate.*

*I request of you, just a bit of your time
for you to discover, what was once mine.*

Please reconsider, the distance we've encouraged.

Start the conversation, once discouraged.

We should be one and whole again.

Release the damage. Break the chain.

I'm here for you.

And here, I will remain.

A PRIVATE MOURNING

(1 of 2)

Please forgive me family and friends, I have need for a private mourning

A eulogy this is not

Once said I will give it no more thought

My brother has fallen and heartbroken I remain

I look not for words of comfort, to wipe away this stain

A brother, my brother; a youthful companion to be compared

Leave me to work through memories shared

Deprived of family early on, tools not provided, to cope with such loss

My brother found family where he was needed, while carrying his own cross

A life - one of turmoil, a forewarning depends

Tortured lessons learned, yet mistakes with judgment complete

Truths clouded, keeping other lives neat

I had knowledge of his discomfort, yet unable to ease his pain

It was not I that was needed, but others desired

Those who held back - those who never called

Loving thoughts of those, he never tired

To find him toward the end, one might be appalled

(2 of 2)

A seemingly broken man, yet proud enough of recent deeds

Final, though truly inspired, seeds

It is this family of the tattered, for which he provided and protected

For this and more, in God's eyes, he will be respected

While embracing him, I will think of you and your place in his heart

After which, I expect to withdraw and perhaps a new start

The few encircle; protecting my brother at life's end, must certainly feel his presence lost

You see, I require myself to experience this distain and rebuff

A eulogy does not come to mind, but sadness, for a brother loved not nearly enough

All that was him; human in nature, shall remain gravity bound - yet tossed to the fires

While his kind heart and loving soul, shall rise to whisper the truth

To become the very breath, our God requires.

THE STONE

I witnessed a star fall from the sky
A simple thing, should you keep a sharp eye
Later, the next day, I walked my usual path
I always travel the same way
I came across that very thing that fell the night previous
In my path, it did lay
I looked closer – a bit rough should it appear
So, I picked it up, to dust it off – to see it more clear
Suddenly, I thought I might have heard
A sound - I listened again, but not a word
I placed the stone in my pocket and went about my way
I will hold it awhile longer – look at it closer, another day
Night again fell and time, I had on my hands
I will often sit by my window and dream, of faraway lands
I removed the stone from my pocket – to examine once again
It didn't appear to have value, as it wasn't a diamond
As likely to be Tin
Something strange happened, just about then
The stone began to glimmer and quietly asked
Are you foe or friend...you, who populate this land?"

"I have knowledge, wisdom – as if carried by God's hand"

"Neither" said I, "As I am human and you, just a stone"

"You are but a rock and I, flesh and bone"

But I have traveled from heaven, indeed – so far

Just last evening, I might have been taken, a star

My journey to this place and time, is at my Gods' request

I am to visit each place – discover, which turned out best

It seemed unlikely and frankly amazing, to unearth something of your kind

But here you are, just as my God promised; this creation – a vision of His mind

Perfection, is what was expected

But here, it seems, my God has been neglected

You must understand, that my God – is your God; yes, one and the same

He is the one and only, so we give him no name

You treat each other, as if they were but a stone

Unless you find value, you leave them alone

But I find in you, there is promise still...you took the time – held onto me

You kept me closer; eventually, you did see

There is value, in every Gods' thing

Whether it's just a human – like you

Or something as unlikely and amazing – as me