

Uneven Odds

Sleeping at Last

I once knew your father well.
He fought tears as he spoke
of your mother's health.

I guess a part of him just couldn't return.
Forgiveness is the lesson
he cursed you to learn.

As your guardian, I was instructed well
to make sense of God's love in these fires of hell.

Now i don't expect you to understand,
just to live what little life
your broken heart can.

Maybe your light is a seed,
and the darkness, the dirt.
In spite of the uneven odds
beauty lifts from the earth.

As the years move on
these questions take shape.
Are you getting stronger
or is time shifting weight?

No one expects you to understand,
just to live what little life
your mended heart can.

You'll always remember
the moment God took her away,
for the weight of the world
was placed on your shoulders that day.

Maybe your light is a seed,
and the darkness, the dirt.
In spite of the uneven odds
beauty lifts from the earth.

You're much too young now
so i'll write these words down:
"Darkness exists
to make light truly count."