

Blessed Burden

Defeater

March. 1945

unwanted from his first breath.
a mother's blessing born,
a father's burden worn.
the bright shine of the sunrise
along the tile floor to the open door.

with blood on the sheets she lay on the mattress.
staring aimlessly.
numb, dark and decayed
on the bathroom floor
of their rundown apartment.
scraping fingers on tile
just to feel something.
unwanted by a bastard father.
unwanted,
but through the hazel eyes of his mother.
she's praying for god to save her.
"please save me.
please save me"
but when she needs him most,
he doesn't answer.
another rosary,
another unanswered plea.
"please take us away, please let us be safe.
let everyone that sees me forget my face."
but all she gets is the drunk
with his fists and that old devil look in his eye.
him and jack,
that gambling debt,
that old devil look in his eye.
and without warning
he raises his hand to her
and without warning
he raises his hand to her and says,
"your god can't hear you,
not down here."
Please save me
please save me
"no one will save you because no one cares."
another rosary,
another unanswered plea.
"please take us away, please let us be safe.
let everyone that sees me forget my face."
and with her newborn boy,
they would cry until the early morning light.
it was the first of many, many sleepless nights.