

Testimony

Killing The Dream

She was born in December
A day that was cold
That's all they would recall

Little girl lost her mother
Stare in the mirror
And searches for a woman she'll never know
Inside the child staring back
Left to fill the spaces of holes
Feeble answers to questions she'll never know

So she makes up a story
About the woman in the photograph that she stole
And imagines a life
Where they share more than just their smiles
And blonde hair

Some trees are planted
Others have to grow on their own

She thinks about it less now
She's older
"It's just easier to left yourself forget"
Memories are bestowed on the fortunate
The forsaken have to learn to just throw them away

Now her son ventures out
Unsure of what he'll find
Or what he's even looking for
He can't find his way despite his maps
He throws them down
(He understands)

Lost, the son bows his pathetic head
And falls to his unscarred knees
To thank God
For giving such a little girl such strength

He lifts himself back up
A little lighter now
To see flowers blooming underneath him
In the safety of these trees
We're staring over now

We live our lucky, privileged lives
Held together
Forever by that girl who knew
There must be something better

We grow together now
We're staring over now