

# Broken Butterflies

Lucinda Williams

You wear your anger well and stand  
For all the world to see  
A heavy cloak and one gloved hand  
And no humility

You stand inside the garden  
And feast on black cherries  
And swallow the manna from Heaven  
And spit out the seeds

You spread your anger on sharp-edged knives  
Cut my skin and make it bleed  
Like Pilate in his self righteousness  
You're a traitor and a thief

And choking on your unplanned words  
Coughing up your lies  
Tumbling from your mouth  
A flurry of broken butterflies

Broken butterflies  
They rest their wings snapped in two  
On their way to certain death  
Their colors gold an' blue

But the blood that flows I cannot hide  
The blood that covers me  
Nourishes the butterflies  
And they are healed and are set free

I wish you had what Ruth possessed  
But then I don't expect that of you  
Grace and honor and faithfulness  
And the love that you refuse

Will you ever learn to just forgive?  
Will you open your beautiful eyes?  
And bleed the way Christ did  
And fix the broken butterflies