

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