

## 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."