

Fragile

Gentle lives live fragile fragments,
Of one big circle of emotional engagements.
We invest in friendships we think will withstand,
But hearts are broken and friendships become demands.
We are delicate as the world breaks us down,
Our loss of cover makes Melody frown.

Her world so lost and terribly cold,
To save Sis's life she was brilliantly bold.
Melody never sees the bruises big Sis hid,
Melody won't understand the sin that's been committed.
Melody gave up blood, trying to save more than one life,
But it wasn't enough as Sis and her unborn died under the knife.
Big Sis lost too much, despite Melody's gift,
And the unborn was strangled, slipping into a dead drift.
Melody six, and big Sis was thirteen,
Melody didn't understand why Sis was "unclean."
Not Sis's original fault, it wasn't her choice,
Melody is left with nobody understanding her small voice.
Lost, with nobody to go to- Melody cries,
Angry at the world, not knowing why her sister dies.

While Melody struggles on her own,
John wishes he could be alone.
Surrounded by unfriendly men,
John has spent eight months of ten.
One detail not yet proved,
Is that John wasn't the attacker- but the abused.
Nobody stands up for John as he's wanted sued,
Doing nothing wrong he's permanently bruised.
John tried to protect her, tried to stop their evil act,
But John did what was wanted, falling into a trap.
As John fought back they placed evidence that said:
John hurt random by-standers unfortunately instead.
False witnesses, in on the scam, had different views,
But all their conclusions said that John is rightfully accused.
John wishes he was at home with his kids,
But still has two more months, for something he never did.
Sorrows in the dark, John lets out his cries,
He prays he will be back before his sick daughter dies.
John wonders why life is cruel,
Why people use others as a tool.
Four weeks later, John's heart is breaking,
For Marie died in labor, along with a life not fair for taking.

John, lost his little girl and feels so helpless,
Wonders how Melody could ever understand this.
John asks why the world could take something so clean,
Because it wasn't Marie's fault she's been raped by a whole team.

Why must we be evil and bring everyone down?
Why did the umbilical cord have to wrap around and around?
Marie gone, the baby dead too,
John in jail leaving Melody confused.

No Mommy around, Melody sits and waits everyday,
As the police come to get her to take her away.
Everything precious to life seems to often be lost, never found,
Seems like as soon as you get something, it leaves with no sound.

We can't handle life going by in fast, harsh flurries,
But, "don't worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will bring its own worries" (Matthew 6:34).