

Poem

Her tomorrow self will thank him

(for Gayle and Glenn)

At the moment her pain rises in her again and again
And with each rising of the pain,
The wounds appear on her body
And she has no words for love and truth,
But her tomorrow self will see him.

The crime done to her plays over and again,
And all she does is a reflection of when,
Her childhood was ripped and torn from her,
And when that's true she has no room for him,
But her tomorrow self will know him.

There is some pain that knows no end,
And to bear it takes more courage than God will send,
The pain ties knots that take a lifetime to undo,
And would destroy all life, all holiness, all truth,
But her tomorrow self will rejoice with him.

Some are given joy and some are given sorrow,
And some are given a pain so great there is no tomorrow,
And even the efforts to break from the pain,
Are mocked by her torment as useless things,
But her tomorrow self will find that peace.

All her family would give their all that the pain would cease,

And Glenn does all that might bring her peace,
But to the chasm of pain,
This work seems a farce,
But her tomorrow self will give thanks to him.

And Glenn has stood and loved,
And given more than what most would call enough,
Has grown to someone that can take all her pain,
And love, and love, and love again,
And one day her tomorrow self will thank him.

And that tomorrow self will rise as sure as the dawn,
One day on some unknown morn,
When she will look in the mirror,
And see joy placed again in her eyes,
And she will dance for joy that her tomorrow has finally come.