

I do hope anger will lose its way

By Sarah Hodgetts

I do hope anger will lose its way
Leaving peace upon your face,
But rage appears permanently fixed
In bitter lips and crested brow
I see, from safe distance, the misery arise and
Blistering burden weighs heavy now
Upon shoulders crushed by fate.
I see cruel cards that have been dealt
In the lines that chart your face.
Colour fades in eyes bitter with sorrow
A fragile spirit choked and withdrawn
That bites before it's bitten.
No one can ease this pain that burns
I watch stunned, unable to calm rising heat
From safe distance I remain
But know not why I wait.
And so am caught in wretched wrath
Abused belittled by bitter tongue
Lips grow thin and control is lost
The rage unleashed within
Damaging his fragile cage
And those that stand by him.
There exists no safe place that I can find
To shield me from your blaze.
I wonder was it years ago
In those dark and desolate days
When innocence was mislaid
And dreams are shattered
Unable to be regained.

I fear your burden too heavy
For shoulders such as mine to bear
Even a fragment of corrosive pain
That churns and chokes felicity
Is beyond the strength within me.
I leave you alone with defences raised
To bite before you, are bitten.