

Thirteen Under the Tree

Sour bitter crab apple day
Taste the pain dripping between the leaves
I don't understand what mum did to me
Broken brush; three years missing
There's no "I got it wrong"
No hugs, no kisses, no forgiveness
Just rage dragging me by the hair
I'm a male and I must pay
And she's always right
The astral plane confirms her actions
Driving me out of the house
Company with the rain
I know she's too far gone
I cup my hands
Plead my innocence
The door slams in my face
Anger of a child, "You psycho bitch"
Blinds drawn down
Not anyone's problem
So short I'm freezing
"Thank you"
"I hate your guts"
I'll pray to anyone who'll listen
No help inside or out
Thirteen years old in the dark
Rubbing out my tears
One day I think
'I'll have the power'
'Hope I don't treat you as you're treating me'
Sour bitter crab apples I eat
Underneath the tree.

Robert James Conlon