

Forgiveness

Father, forgive him
for he knows not what he did
yet his seeking forgiveness
betrays him
his guilt calls him out
of his darkened denial

I am not your savior

bow down and pray
to the god you profess,
the god you proclaim
to be the one and only
and seek from him that which
you crave from me.

I will not be your lantern
I will not take your burden
either drop it down
and walk away or
take it further on with you
away from my feet
for I will not carry it

I am not your conduit to peace
your actions are your own
their responsibility yours
you did not see me then
and in seeing me now
I am not your dawning light

I am not your maid servant
to clean up your mess
I am not your trash heap
I am not your waste to be forgotten
to be unseen
to be unknown

I am the child who mattered

not to you
I did not exist
I was a shadow thing
you dumped your vitriol onto

as I did not matter
so too the things you did to me
did not matter

now you see me and
somehow there is some matter
some consequence to your actions
which come back to you as pain

you call upon me
to relieve your pain
to lift it from you
as if in being the recipient
of your original offense
I have some power to make you whole

the pain of all those years
held as chrysalis in my body
seemingly frozen and immobile
yet always pushing
always knocking
always calling to be heard

swirling in motion
twisting, writhing, transforming
till emerged a luminous being
on green and golden wing

in the glow of my radiance
you desire my transfiguration
you seek again to darken my soul
claim my essence as your own

I say no

I hand you my forgiveness
freely, willingly, unfettered
I fly away from you

for I will not carry your burden
I will not hold your pain
I will not be your Holy Mother
to save you from
your own flames

*By Raine Brown
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