

Broken Wings

Needing soul food
Longing for shelter
Shivering night and day
Broken wings

Needing protection
Longing for a voice
Shivering night and day
Broken Wings

Needing a strong woman
Longing for mothers cloak
Shivering night and day
Broken Wings

Wondering about others
Longing for connections
Shivering night and day
Broken wings

My soul is screaming
No one hears
My voice is deaf
My ears hear the muffled torture
Shivering night and day
Broken wings

My mother turns away
No nectar of life flows
My anguish turns to despair
My childhood is gone in a day
Shivering night and day
Broken wings

Needing angels
Longing for grace
Wondering where is my God's place
My world crumbles no one notices
My childhood's gone nothing to take its' place.
Shivering night and day
Broken wings

By: Theresa Altorelli © 2011