

## **Beaten Heart**

It starts with flip flops.  
Plastic things, cheap and worn.  
Broken remnants of a lesson he taught.

Shining sun and glossy grey  
fill my vision.  
I wake up to pray.

Faith is starved to the bone.  
Strangled by a child of ten years old,  
Faith is lost with a pair of flip flops.

Gulping down crisp autumn air,  
I trace scars in the patio French doors.  
Another blink and nothing is there.

Endless bloody thumps  
only a torn heart can hear,  
reek of a man's hands and his awful plan.

It starts with flip flops.  
Plastic thing bruised and beaten.  
When will this heart stop?