

Child In The Bramble

By Marla J. Deaton

How come that child is in the bramble,
Living in that bush of thorns?
I watch her, but I can't get her out.
I say to her, "Child, come up out of there,
Out from that thorny bush."
But she can't hear me now.

She grabs a thorn and says "Mommy!"
As the blood stains her little hand.
She has no desire to get out.
Another scratch now across the face,
To leave a lasting scar.
Will you see them for what they are?

The thorns scratch her and seem to laugh,
That is what they do.
Child says, "I don't want to be like you."
The vines are entwined around her,
As she stands, they won't let go.

I am the child in the bramble,
I am the voice telling her to go.