

## **The Broken Father**

How perfect the sight  
Of tender leaf and wind  
Sound but delicate and warm  
Before us.

Let him shout and choke dead  
The world  
For we have no choice  
He is mad and broken  
The father of this world  
Is a shuddering froth of pain and ugliness  
He is mad.

Let us pray  
that he may die.

Shouting of revenge and hate  
He looks and insists  
Shouting and ugly  
Wrong and stupid is he.

The father of this world  
Is bloody  
Stinking  
...And wrong.

A clenched fist stuffed with greed  
Soaked in blood  
Do you hate him?

"They have raised their fist to us!"  
So does the broken thing rage  
And expect you  
To honor him  
You are a sacrifice  
To honor his blood wish.

Will you?

Are you broken and ill  
Ugly and sick  
As he?

Planes shit hate into the sky,  
Falling  
To burn and shatter  
Lives.

The father of this world  
Is broken.

"It is just, what I do!"

So is the idiot shout  
Of the lowest.

This is the sound of what is worthless...and vile.

Let us pray  
That he dies.

The father of this world  
Is mad.

We can not pray unto god  
So let us pray unto life  
That he is gone.

When he is dead  
We may again find  
Tender and sweet  
The delicate simple warmth  
Of sun and heart  
Spilling and easy is this world  
Never shouting is the spirit of life  
For the father  
...is mad.

Do you follow him?

Why?

Let him die.

He is mad, and stupid  
Let him die.

He is worth  
...nothing.

"Now they will see who can be pushed!"

So does the idiot shout.

Is he not funny  
So red faced and filled with hate?

He is very weak  
Let us laugh at him!

Let us disgrace, the broken father of hate  
With laughter.

Let us point and laugh, at the leaders of this world.

For they are worthless and sick  
Vile.

To them I say:  
You raise your fist?  
I will cut away the hand  
You raise your voice  
I will slit your soft neck  
Myself.

So are you before me:  
Nothing.

Let us pray  
A bullet of silence  
May shatter you.

The father of this world  
Is a death wish.

The screeching scraping ruin  
Of power and illness  
Greed and hunger for money  
I have taken my knife  
Pressed it into rotten flesh  
And cut.

The father of this shouting vile world  
...is dead.

There is hope.

I have killed that which is worthless.

Here:

The world, may breathe  
And inhale  
The pulse of time restored  
In silence.

There is hope.

Feel my hand in yours  
Gentle and warm  
The sun spilling over the lip of dawn  
In golden arms of warmth  
The brook's silver voice  
...tender breath and bubble  
washing over smooth stone  
So is life  
Afterward, and before him.

Only the sound of his hate, has ruined  
Time.

There is hope.

The father of this world:

...is dead.

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