

Brittany Kusserow, Never Know

I used to have a dream
to unite poor and rich.
This was not a part of it,
this muggy bayou that bleeds.
It's hard to tell your friends
from your enemies
when all are shouting out for peace
but only some really mean it.
So tell me this:
what has been saved?
And what has died along the way?
We may never know.
I used to have a love.
All her kisses burned.
Never thought I'd yearn
when I left them behind.
So now I'm moving slow
when I want to rush.
I know that isn't best for us
so I'll keep steady stride.
But tell me this:
does fate exist?
Or have I already missed?
We may never know.
I used to have a God
who was tall and male,
stolen from a Bible tale
when my heart was still strong.
But this God evolved,
and now She wonders when
I'll pass her way for help again.
It won't be very long.
Just tell me this:
who is to blame
for all the hate preached in that name?
We may never know.
I used to have a goal
to help where I could.
Man, I used to be so good
at being selfless now and then.
But cynicism breeds
and this bayou gasps.
Sucks the life right from my grasp.
Over and over again
Oh tell me this:
can I rise anew?
To be the girl I was at youth?
That I think I know.