

## The Madman

By Tim Lawrence

Just wait 'til your father gets home  
With those seven words  
My blood would turn to ice  
The lunch just eaten  
Became a 10 pound stone in my stomach  
There was never a lecture  
No advice on the perils of dishonesty  
He never sat me down for a talk  
He had no words of wisdom for a young boy

He had a belt  
He always had a belt

It mattered not if the crime was small or large  
The punishment never fit  
It was always the same  
Once angered he truly was a madman  
Eyes as big as saucers and full of rage  
He could not hear my screaming  
She might finally stop him  
But the rage lived on  
It was like a fire inside him

Do you know what happens when you pour alcohol on a fire?  
A childhood dies  
A home comes an inferno  
Rage fills every corner  
There is no place to hide  
Insanity reigns

I'm grown now  
He and the devil  
Have been dancing for years  
There are times even now  
I find myself back there  
Waiting for someone to say  
Just wait 'til your father gets home

## Mom

By Tim Lawrence

Where were you  
Mothers are supposed to nurture and protect  
There is even a special day just for you  
I hear about all the wonderful things mothers do  
Where were you

You didn't protect me  
You fed me to the wolf  
You blamed me for the beatings I was given  
Belts and broomsticks and fireplace pokers  
These were never meant for discipline  
Where were you

You were so afraid of him  
You couldn't stand up for me  
You let him beat you too  
Yet you would not leave him  
You blamed me  
If I had been a good boy  
If I hadn't been so bad  
Where was the woman I needed  
Where were you

I was just a little boy  
I tried to protect you  
I tried to make you feel safe  
I thought the fault all his  
I believed you to be a victim too  
Unlike you I had no choice

Even in death I protected your memory  
Facing the truth was so hard to do  
Easier to think it was all me  
I needed to believe in you

# Writing Raw

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No more

The truth is what I seek now  
The lies no longer needed  
The blinders are gone now  
Where were you

## The Guardians

By Tim Lawrence

Where are the guardians  
The gatekeepers must be sleeping  
They will awaken at some point  
And I will be caught

So far it seems nobody knows  
But that can't last forever  
They will find out  
They will realize I stole someone else's life

For surely this can't be my life  
This can't be the life I was meant for  
This is far too grand for the likes of me  
I am a peasant  
And this is the life of a king

For a man with my beginnings  
There is too much love here  
The friends in this man's life are just too grand  
A drunkard and a buffoon  
Is not allowed to marry a queen

I did nothing to earn this life  
So there must be some great cosmic mistake  
I must find the potion  
To keep the gatekeepers sleeping  
Perhaps the love in my heart  
Stirred with the gratitude I feel  
Will keep me invisible to the guardians  
How can one man be so blessed

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**Tim Lawrence bio:** I was born on May 19, 1949 and began writing poetry at age 64. I live in Kenmore, WA with my wife Mary. I have a web site with most of my work posted: [timpoeury.com](http://timpoeury.com) and one book published: "Amazement". My wife created and published the book as a gift for my 65th birthday. I grew up in an abusive, alcoholic home. Some of my poems reflect my recovery from that abuse and the hope I have gained in the process.