

BROKEN

One of my friends is broken,
I saw it in her eyes
She smiled when I asked
And told me *fine*.
But we both knew it was a lie.

I prayed for her last night,
though it's been a while.
I asked God for help
He told me, *fine*.
But we both knew it was a lie.

She's one of the special ones, my friend,
miraculously kind.
Always finding beauty in some torn soul
and handing it back
mended and alive.

I listened to her story
kept my hand in the flame
of her hurting and burning.
And I spoke to God again.
Said, *What the fuck do you think you're*
doing?

His face lit up at that
You've seen it then! he cried,
you know as much as I.
No! I yelled as I walked away,
but we both knew it was a lie.

Then the heavens opened
and the tears fell from His eyes.
I wrapped my arms around Him,
told Him it would be alright.
But we both knew it was a lie.

One of my friends is broken
He told me so last night.
I held His hand
and we sat together
waiting for the light.

- JOHN BIGLANDS