A Fallen Superman

You said you were my Superman and I believed you. Who else could rescue a little girl from time-out, Sweeping me into your arms, Protecting me from the dangers of the world? Who would have thought that those protecting arms would hurt me the most? How could a father leave his little girl, who looked up to him with awe in her eyes, His little girl who now can’t dam up the streaming tears? Who can wipe away the tears a father causes? I remember the night you had it out with Mom, When Superman was dealt his kryptonite, And I wanted to be his hero. I walked down that dark stairway alone to the couch Where you lay defeated and alone. And I was the one that stayed with you through the night Trying to get Superman on his feet again. So when you were dealt that same card, I don’t understand why you chose to turn your back on me. How could a father forget his little girl who watched him say goodbye, The same little girl that plead and plead, But Superman would never again rescue from a time-out. Yet she waited. Then one day a red cape of hope appeared. Superman had come to save the day, Sweeping his little girl off her feet with promises, Assuring she’d be safe in his arms once again. The little girl’s tears stopped, Superman was back, and he wasn’t going to leave… you promised. My heart was light again, Daddy,
Light from the hope that filled it like a balloon,
But you took that all away,
Leaving my heart empty along with your promises.
You didn't even think twice.
Now I don’t think I can even try to ask, “How could you lie to me, Daddy?”
That little girl's daddy died a long time ago.
Now I ask, “Who are you?”
Now the man wearing the red cape is a stranger to me.
You missed your little girl with the big dimples and sparkling eyes grow up. Like you, she’s buried deep-down hanging on barely by the little piece of hope that remains. It’s with this hope that she prays that one day you’ll come back to save her from the hate that consumes her. It won't be much longer. Come soon, Daddy. Please, before it's too late. Rescue me, Superman.

Drowning on the Inside

Dark thoughts invade her mind.
A flood of depression and guilt wash over her.
The monsters in her closet come out,
Haunted images creep out of her dream,
It’s now her reality.
Drowning.
She can’t fight her way to the surface.
She’s losing the fight.
She opens her mouth to scream only letting more water fill her.
Not only is she surrounded by it,
But it’s in her.
Her eyes wide open,
She watches as the flood drains the life out of her,
Until there is nothing more.
She’s gone.