
Trouble is not my middle name

Trouble is not my middle name.
It is not what I am.
I was not born for this.
Trouble is not a place
Though I am in it deeper than the deepest wood
And I'd get out of it (who wouldn't?) if I could
Hope is what I do not have in hell –
Not without good help, now. Could you
Listen, listen hard and well
To what I cannot say except by what I do?
And when you say I do it for badness
This much is true:
I do it for badness done to me before
Any badness that I do to you
Hard to unfangle this.
But you can help me.
Maybe
Loosen
All these knots and really listen.
I cannot plainly tell you this, but if you care,
Then – beyond all harm and hurt –
Real hope is there.

