

Fairy Tale - The Pit

There once was The Pit so wide and so deep,
And Little Girl who went there each night in her sleep.
To cry where her tears would stay safe and hidden,
For crying was dangerous and strictly forbidden.

It was that in day there could be no emotion,
Since the King was kidnapped and replaced by The Notion.
Everything had to be done to The Notion's perfect and now,
Without instruction, Little Girl knew nothing of when, where or how.

You see, The Queen at that time had also gone missing,
Every day Little Girl's needs completely dismissing.
Gone not in body, but mind, heart and soul,
Because of The Notion and the dreams that he stole.

The Queen's faultless fairy tale, in her youth, began,
When she was a teen and The King took her hand.
Perhaps it remained her ideal with one child,
But a second, more daunting, would be ignored and reviled.

Careful was Little Girl, now invisible between two,
The first Golden Boy and the last Princess New.
She suffered The Notion and The Queen's full dispassion,
While working toward perfection in the most approved fashion.

Daytime she tried to be good, earn love and her keep,
And then late at night visit The Pit where she'd weep.
No one ever stopped her as she crept on her way,
Why would they? When rarely they'd see her in day.

The light ended her safety, she faced each morning with dread,
Though sometimes before that she was ripped from her bed.
To clean something missed or unorganized,
While being beaten soundly as she ran to revise.

Grounding, kneeling and injury weren't the only payment,
As she danced in pajamas to keep warm on frozen pavement.
Little Girl's heart, kept under layers of thick shell,
Questioned why God let her suffer through ongoing hell.

Red marks and bruises displayed to The Queen,
Didn't find surprise or earn the tenderness in need.
The Queen just responded, "Well, I told you he'd do it."
That night at The Pit she pulled her heart out and threw it.

More earning of pay, her last physical assault,
The Notion swept on her painfully-it was always her fault.
His yelling and cursing magnified the gruesome production,
As hard, and with judgment, swung The Belt of Destruction.

She could earn no love at home, and school was the same,
It seemed everyone she met called her ruinous names.
All criticized her performance, appearance and style,
Little Girl stayed Little Girl, though alone, all the while.

Ugly, distasteful and vile whether little, big or medium,
She preferred strange affection from boys to the tedium.
If she showed them under her shell and her layers,
Would a Prince step forward to silence naysayers?

Night comes, she escapes wondering "Where is God?"
That day her tears nearly spilled from behind the façade.
Though she prayed, He would not help her, perhaps He could see,
All of the sins and deep blackness residing in she.

When would this stop? Why continue to live?
The things she had done, would God really forgive?
The last night in the castle, asleep, and back at The Pit,
Becoming Young Lady, she cast Little Girl in it.

Young Lady moved to university and had a new life,
Dyed her hair, bought new clothes and thought that she might,
Get her degree, meet good friends and find
That she could leave her royal torture behind.

Work was where she excelled, her saving grace,
So her days and her nights were filled with much haste.
Get the job done work harder than the rest,
Worthless coworkers meant she must be the best!

Always responsible and wondering, What's wrong
With all of the people who've been here so long?
They need to put some hours in so they can get paid,
Not help the company, 5 o'clock they left, and she stayed.

Many Young Men later, without satisfaction,
Her prince was found, though an abstraction.
His family was perfect, a true King, Queen and Princess,
But he wouldn't love her, though they would, with all they possessed.

Two families down, now how many to go
Before she'd find a Prince that wasn't all show?
Along with a family Young Lady could trust and love,
She dared God to send her some sign from up above.

Few months after that huge relationship faux pas,
Young Lady found a Prince that put her in awe.
He loved her through fat, thin and many afflictions,
Asking for a future together with loving conviction.

Though a true royal family didn't accompany her prince,
He was good and love was true, of that she was convinced.
Young Lady and Prince after married three years,
Welcomed Baby Boy lovingly with hopeful tears.

Then Prince became The King and Young Lady, The Queen
And they vowed not to repeat the mistakes they had seen.
Their Prince would be cared for with love unbounded,
While patience would ensure a royal family well rounded.

As time went on, The Queen felt an abyss open up,
Impeding her heart, her soul and her love.
Suddenly The Pit had come back for its toll.
It sucked and it siphoned 'til it swallowed her whole.

Now she's inside The Pit - is she enough devout,
To have the faith to find and pull Little Girl out?
To be safe at last she would need the help of the One,
The Holy Spirit, God the Father and his only son.

Little Girl, rescued, now meets her friend and savior,
Jesus tells her there's no girl more beautiful or braver.
With faith she accepts His forgiveness and unconditional love,
And hence God will welcome and crown her in heaven above.