



Offended

By Marcus Lander (October 2021)

*I see so much resentment
Upon your adolescent face,
Where once was pure contentment.
Oh, what caused this fall from grace?!*

*As your Mum and Dad, we loved you
From the moment you were born,
And we knew that you were special
As your young life began to dawn.*

*Your intelligence was dazzling
And we were fiercely proud,
You were one among ten-thousand
You stood apart from any crowd.*

*You had so much potential,
We just wanted you to shine.
T'was clearly providential,
Who'd have thought that you were mine!*

*A precious gift were you from God,
And he had richly gifted you.
T'would be a sin to waste it
We thought we knew what we must do.*

*We poured our time and energy
Into our sacred task,
And the greater your achievements,
The more that we would ask.*

*You were our chief investment,
And so we laboured hard and long.
Through continuous assessment
We taught you right from wrong.*

*As much as your capacity,
So much did we require.
Success requires tenacity,
And so we forged you in the fire.*

*Our hectic lives we had to juggle
But we were sure that we meant well.
Oblivious to your struggle,
We didn't see your private hell.*



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*As motivation dwindled
Frustration soon set in;
Resentment thus was kindled,
Soon rebellion would begin.*

*You lost the will to study,
You just wanted to give in,
You shrank inside your hoodie
To escape our discipline.*

*You took refuge in computers,
You hid behind your mask,
Your hair, you hung like curtains
For fear what we might ask.*

*You set down your heavy burden,
You just wouldn't pull your weight,
- Wouldn't let us get a word in
Which made your mum irate*

*We were fighting for your future,
As your mum would often tell.
We were doing both our utmost.
Why couldn't you as well?!*

*Frazzled from our labours,
We soon looked for one to blame:
We quarreled with each other,
And so you did the same.*

*But with grim determination
We dashed back into the fray,
And yet our hopes were crumbling,
Our faith was starting to decay.*

*So tired and disillusioned,
And worn out from the fight;
Our lives consumed by worry,
We tossed and turned each night.*

*Yet as a bird by wandering,
Or as a swallow in its flight,
So judgement falls not causeless,
Nor will some random curse alight.*



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*Now when I reappraise my actions,
I see I pushed too hard and long
To make you run 'ere you could walk.
I tried to force you to be strong.*

*The Saviour warned us sinners
That would a child of his offend,
Should one drown beneath a millstone
Then t'would be a happier end.*

*Now at night upon my pillows
All drenched with salty brine:
I am tossing on the billows
Of a troubled sea of mine.*

*And I cry out to the Saviour
To still this raging storm.
I repent of my behaviour
And I promise to reform.*

*Your innocence was stolen
- In that crime I played my part;
Now I feel that nether millstone
As a weight inside my heart.*