

DECONSTRUCTION -a poem-

DEBBIE HUGHES

Deconstruction,

it's like a tornado destroying the family home
that's been there for generations.

The porch swing
your mom and dad courted on.

The door your parents carried you through
when you came home from the hospital
as a newborn.

The place you rocked your own babies
and maybe mourned lost loved ones.

The place you have lived, worked and bled,
pouring everything you have into the soil,
actively participating in every detail.

Now it's wiped away.

Gone.

You can't go rebuild somewhere else.

NO, it has to be rebuilt right here.

From the ground up, where your roots are.

Before you load up all the waste,
you reevaluate
and pull from the rubble an old teddy bear,
christening gown, wedding album,
Bible and works of art.

The stuff of home.

There is something so remarkably beautiful
in all of this.

As you sit covered in dirt, sweat and tears,
holding these soiled treasures you've
recovered, you are so grateful for something
to remain familiar.

When all else feels lost.

Start reconstruction right there.

Build something new and yet familiar.

Lay those stones on your deep foundations
that have lasted through the ages.

Build new walls reinforced with steel.

Walls with new materials you have not used

before, materials you did not have access to
previously.

Adorn your new walls with beautiful new
accents and conversation pieces.

Paint with colors
you may have never used before.

Mix in the old with the new.

ANCHORED on the bedrock of your roots.
Never tearing up your foundation but
rebuilding something utterly beautiful.
A beacon for the world and safety for many.

Above all else make the roof strong!
Strong enough to keep out the elements.
Strong enough to protect the house
and all in it.

Strong enough to withstand
the fiercest of storms.

Though the storms may rage outside,
you are safe in your home.

You will do all you can
to protect those inside.

A haven in the midst of chaos.

Throw open your gates
while remaining on watch
against the wolves.

Welcome the wounded and cast-offs
as you remain ever watchful for the thief
or anyone who comes to do harm.

Not in my house and not on this watch! □

Debbie Hughes is a Christ-follower and a poet. She and her husband live in Sunset, TX.

For more on "Deconstruction," see Brad Jersak's cover article in the February 2019 issue of CWRm. Find it at: www.ptm.org/magazine/february-2019.