

GOODNESS KNOWS

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The day that I turned twenty-one
I hated nearly everyone
Except that foamy friend in my hand
I could knock 'em back with the best of them
But just like all the rest of them
I couldn't see beyond the end of my nose
Goodness knows how I'm still here

The old man had just turned fifty-one
When the cancer's evil work was done
And left Mom and me with no place to stand
And from the booze I was set free
But she chose not to follow me
My love and her fear came to blows
Goodness knows how I'm still here

Some call it luck
Some call it grace
I think I'm just more stubborn than most
But like momma used to say
I come by it honestly

The year that I turned thirty-one
My mother finished up her run
Her hourglass had run out of sand
It'd been years since we had spoken
Both our weary hearts were broken
I'm alone now on the road I chose
Goodness knows how I'm still here

Some call it luck
Some call it grace
I think I'm just more stubborn than most
But like momma used to say
I come by it honestly

And now that I've seen forty-one
My fightin' years are far from done
And the earth is truly the promise land
But still those shadows speak to me
Each day less convincingly
To reach for the thorn and not the rose
Goodness knows I'm so glad I'm still here