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Belynda's Pantoum

The girl, Belynda, wanted a new home
Where she could live without constraint.
She packed her bags and began to roam.
The weather was nice, she had no complaint.

Where could she live without constraint?
She began to ponder places.
The weather was nice, she had no complaint.
Would she miss her father's embraces?

She began to ponder places.
She'd never left before and she was lost.
She would miss her father's embraces
But she would, to be free, if that were the cost.

She'd never left before and now she was lost.
A driver offered her a ride for sex.
She would, to be free, if that were the cost.
Her life was suddenly more complex.

A driver offered her a ride for sex,
She had no money, what could she do?
Her life was suddenly more complex:
What other debts would she accrue?

She had no money, what could she do?
She used her soul as collateral.
What other debts would she accrue?
Her fall was unilateral.

She used her soul as collateral
To buy herself another life.
Her fall was unilateral,
Now all was filled with strife.

To buy herself another life
She gave away her treasures.
Now all was filled with strife.
She wanted home by any measures.

She gave away her treasures,
Could her father give them back?
She wanted home by any measures;
She waited 'till the sky was black

Her father could give them back.
She took a pen and mapped the route.
She waited 'till the sky was black
She left her things and headed out.

She took a pen and mapped the route
To where she thought her home might be.
She left her things and headed out;
There was no guarantee.

To where? she thought. Her home might be
Just up ahead; her father was there.
There was no guarantee.
She closed her eyes in silent prayer.

Just up ahead – her father was there.
She saw his back but not his face.
She closed her eyes in silent prayer,
As she began to race.

She saw his back but not his face,
And called for him to turn around
As she began to race.
She thought he heard the sound

And called for him to turn around.
And so he did, it took awhile –
She *thought* he heard the sound.
On his face he wore a smile.

And so he did. It took awhile
For her to believe him glad.
On his face he wore a smile.
She hung her head, it made her sad

For her to believe him glad
To see her after all she'd done.
She hung her head, it made her sad.
“Come here, my child, I knew you'd run.”

To see her after all she'd done
He was happy she'd returned.
"Come here, my child, I knew you'd run.
Tell me what you have discerned."

He was happy she'd returned.
"Forgive me, Father, I have wronged."
"Tell me what you have discerned."
"This is where I have belonged."

"Forgive me, Father, I have wronged."
"All is well, have peace, have peace."
"This is where I have belonged."
"Give me your sins, I will release."

All is well, have peace, have peace."
She had packed her bags and began to roam.
"Give me your sins, I will release –
My girl, Belynda, you are home."