

A sad story (told by an elderly lawyer about a client) prompts a prayer

by [Charles Hughes](#) in the [February 4, 2015](#) issue

He saw his parents killed. Their car.
A 7-Up truck full of glass
Bottles. An icy underpass.
A scene everyone knew would scar—

Something the jury had to count
In calculating damages—
Bloody, in technicolor, his—
Part of the verdict's big amount.

Not big enough, apparently.
Ten, when the accident took place,
The boy grew up but couldn't face
What more the world might make him see.

Here, shrugging feelings out of reach,
His lawyer paused, about to end:
The client—twenty now, a friend—
Blinded himself with household bleach.

*Author of Beauty, help us all.
We have such open eyes and ears.
Violence seen and heard appears
Again, a vicious animal,*

*Jaws clenched on our deep-seated hearts.
No wonder human sight can fade,
Darkness take on the look of shade.
Lord, heal our vision where it starts.*