

the church is imprinted on her mind

*she has tried to run from it*

but it grew great oak roots in her life  
from her earliest childhood memories

*she is engulfed by it*

the teachings are gone like the dead  
in the graveyard  
but the emotional damage lives on

*she is ensnared and entangled*

by the bows of the oak tree  
her mind says do not believe

*she cannot escape its power*

the effects of male dominance are real  
the singing and the security

*she does remember*

now there is no comfort  
only isolation

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