

Clara's Song

Children have no voices in custody decisions which ultimately decide their immediate fate. This child sang a song to her father – a poem learned and memorized by the child. She sang the song to her father during their last visit after visits were terminated by the Washington DC Courts. For the immediate future, this father has been deliberately removed from his daughter's life. This father is a patent attorney who has been evaluated by professionals as a most-loving and devoted parent, "who shines in his relationship and devotion to his daughter," according to the Judge presiding over his custody case in her order severing all contact between father and 7-year-old daughter in March of 2014.

This child has suffered extreme physical harm which required extensive hospitalization as well as severe emotional distress after she learned of the news – that she was no longer able to spend time with her father. During her last visit with him, the child clung to her father's head and sobbed inconsolably.

Following are the words to the tender song that Clara sang to her father:

Let it go...

The snow glows white on the mountain tonight, not a footprint to be seen

A kingdom of isolation, and it looks like I'm the Queen

The wind is howling like this swirling storm inside

Couldn't keep it in,

Heaven knows I tried.

Don't let them in.

Don't let them see.

Be the good girl you always have to be.

Conceal, don't peel.

Don't let them know...

Well now they know.

Let it go, let it go.

Can't hold it back anymore.

Let it go, let it go.

Turn away and slam the door.

I don't care what they're going to say.

Let the storm rage on.

The cold never bothered me anyway.

It's funny how some distance makes everything seem small.

And the fears that once controlled me can't get to me at all.

It's time to see what I can do to test the limits and break through.

No right, no wrong, no rules for me.

I'm free.

Let it go. Let it go.

I'm one with the wind and sky.

Let it go. Let it go.

You'll never see me cry here. I stand and there I'll stay.

Let the storm rage on.

My power flurries through the air into the ground.

My soul is spiraling in frozen fractures all around,

And one thought crystallizes like an icy blast...

Let it go. Let it go.

Clara
April 24, 2014