

A Letter Between Men

I write to you as one man to another,
Because there are truths we cannot smother.
Some things must be said with clarity,
No hiding behind ambiguity.

Respect.

A word that carries the weight of stone,
Not given freely—it is earned, it is grown.
Through actions, choices, steady intent,
Right now, I tell you: mine's been spent.

How you've treated my daughter, my kin,
Shows cracks where trust should have been.
Your choices have sown doubt and pain,
A shadow cast where love should reign.

Respect is the heart where trust takes root,
Without it, no tree can bear good fruit.
And without trust, what stands instead?
A crumbled foundation, a house of dread.

This is your moment—reflect, decide:
What kind of man will you be inside?
The man who lifts her, earns her grace,
Or the one who lets her slip from your embrace?

Hear me well: if she is unsafe,
Diminished, dishonored, in any space,
I'll act, as any father would—
To guard her life, her name, her good.

She deserves a partner with a steady hand,
Who values her heart, who takes a stand.
Who builds her up, who walks with pride,
Not one who tears her down, or hides.

Respect is earned. Trust is built.
Both demand effort, free of guilt.
It's not too late—your path's still yours,
But the work ahead is no easy course.

So, choose wisely. The time is now.
Will you lift her, or let her down?
The man you are, the man you'll be,
Lies in your hands, not hers or me.




Thom Barrett