

Begin Again

I pace the 110 square foot room.
A room I never wanted
my fortress of confused darkness.
Demonic reminders
of my nightmare
scattered
mocking me, with cruel accuracy.
Daring me to try.
Forcing me to care.

And so I breathe slow
and shaky.
And I pick through
my warzone.
First picking through papers
crumpled and torn.
Then clothes
wrinkled and dirty.
Then bottles
potent and comforting.

Slowly, I crawl from darkness
Purging the life I knew
one by one tossing the ghosts
and finally the nightmare.
A beckoning from the light
I'd ignored for too long
pulling me in like a fitful child
promising comfort, safety,
faith and a future.

The Garden

The leaves look a tangles mess
Twisting, contorting, overflowing.
But through the green disaster
is yellow and red and orange
little jewels announcing their chaos.
Their beautiful, necessary, longed-for chaos.

As I reach for that bright fruit,
my hand gets lost
but I know that fruit is there.
A sweet completion when it
pops perfectly from the vine.

Each pop reminds me of fights
of bruises, of fear.
Of sugar-coated excuses.
Of lies. To me. To everyone.
The greens, yellows and reds
had offered quiet calm
in my tangled chaos.

Each pop become a release
a future, a plan.
A happy little home
with tangles. Warm, beautiful tangles.
Wild and free little jewels
celebrating all our chaos.

Taken

You took my soul and tore it
you ripped through me like
an ancient secret written in mud.

You beat my mind and broke it
you abused me like
a painted mural on a cracked wall.

You crushed my body and sold it
you sold me to your demons.

Yet you transformed me
you strengthened me like
clay molded and burned.

You twisted me into submission
until I bent myself back like
glass melted and colored.

I bet my life and won it
I freed me from your hell.