

### *One Peel At A Time*

I got the ball of onion  
Took the knife  
Peeled it and cut it into two equal halves  
I stared  
I kept staring, like I was seeing this for the first time.

I stared  
I kept staring, like I was noticing this for the first time  
I picked the knife again  
Sliced one half from top to bottom and began to peel  
I peeled the outer layer.

I peeled the outer layer  
Then the new outer layer  
I took off layer after layer  
Till I had nothing but one ring  
One small ring in my hand and one tear down my face.

One small ring in my hand and one tear down my face  
Tears, not for the onion  
But for me  
Because I know, how many layers I would have to peel to find my small ring.

Do I?  
Am I sure I do?  
Because I cannot remember the last time I saw my small ring  
Because I cannot remember the last time I connected with the little girl inside  
The layers go way farther and much thicker than clothes and makeup  
The layers go way farther and much thicker than pain or heartbreaks  
My ring isn't lost and it isn't found.