

I walked through life with the lights of those who I loved showing me a way forward...but these lights were fragile. Easily hidden from the eyes at the first sign of trouble, leaving the heart in darkness and chill. The chill of solitude is the coldest imaginable to the heart as no flame seems capable of reigniting whatever inferno once blazed for a star long since snuffed out.

So what fires are there to warm the soul when the wood is ashen and soaked with the tears of a heart that screamed into the nothingness to be heard? The abyss doesn't not scream back, nor whisper, nor comfort. It simply stares as the darkness of it that you quickly realize is of your own creation wraps its vines around your heart. It cannot deny the march of time and thus the vines of shadow force your splintered vessel to rise and find new progress. Progress fueled by the ever renewable resource that is hatred.

Hatred of the ones who denied you, who shunned you, who slammed the door in your face as feeble reconciliations fell into a dull meaningless murmur from your mouth as you were forcibly plunged into the blizzard again.

There is only one sure fire way of surviving the blizzards. To reignite the spark of self sufficiency. What people forget is that the kindling for an inner flame can always be brought by others but the maintenance for the blaze must come from within. Bring the fire hot enough and youll burn through the doors that you need open and others will connect with you to feel the warmth.