

The One Who Knows Me Best

In all
That I have lived,
Writing compels me so
Of color
And of brightness.

In all
That I have seen,
Writing lifts our
Eyes from murky water
And lets our hands
Touch the sun's rays.

In all that I have felt,
Writing refuses
To leave me behind
And sit and wonder why
I ever started in the first place

Writing knows that
I am strong
Vivid
Resilient
And human,
That in all that i will be,
Writing focuses life
And living
Into anything
I can create
And anything
I can become.