

Progression

- 1. Clarity**
- 2. Advice**
- 3. Choices**
- 4. Reflection**
- 5. Moving Forward**

Clarity

He just left me standing there
on the curb
in a disturbing silence of vulnerability & disrespect
I watched him walk
unburdened
into the restaurant
while a vision of this possible future snapped
like an electric shock through my soul;
I knew exactly where I didn't want to be.
I left then, though he remained
willfully unaware.

Advice

You were right,
as Mothers often are
in spewing wise advice –
“watch your words.” you warned
in the midst of calling me names.

Later, a forced apology
and a superficial declaration of love
reassure me.

You were right –
I will love you always,
but I will never forget
your words.

Choices

*She is dead; you killed her
Suffocated in your superficial love;
drowned in your neediness.*

That's ok.

*I chose to let her die
as the fear and apathy enabling your narcissistic cycle
was exhausting.*

*The funeral appeared unremarkable; even defiant in your eyes,
as I chose to die in the face of your desperate tantrums;
angered by my unresponsiveness to your attempts to violently
breathe back your life
into me.*

*Realizing that your obligations;
your scripted acts of superficial love -
your emotional state -
never was my responsibility.*

*A reborn woman lives here now
maybe you'd like to know her
– but beware --*

*The girl that once jumped at your whim
will not be revived.*

Reflections

This reflection can be ugly,
but it's also beautiful in its truth.

I look into your eye,
and my silent promise is to do my best for you
in providing care and training and understanding;
and I stumble and struggle and fall at times,
but I am always learning, loving, trying ...

I look into your eye
finding overwhelming understanding and tolerance
for my ignorance as I work to improve.
I am so appreciative of your patience and forgiveness
and clear communication when I remember to listen;
because I have learned that when I listen to you
our progress is undeniable.

Moving Forward

The snow is cold and deep -- I wonder if my feet will freeze?

I think these uncooperative legs, this conflicted body, are my prison

but they're really not.

My mind is what limits me

as I struggle to keep my focus,

as I continue to lose ground,

as I become discouraged by my overwhelm. .

Maybe these legs with yours will carry me toward my dreams

one step at a time.