

The
Healing

The Healing

People say wounds take time to heal.
It's easy to think they're gone
Since it's hard to see their effect sometimes,
But no matter what you do to dress the wounds,
You need time to mend.
I've started to recognize that also applies to life.
We are told we can just fix our problems
And we want to believe that.
There is control in this way of thinking.
Versus recognizing that despite what can be said and done,
Wounds still take time to heal.
But since time is now a commodity,
We worry we won't have enough to fix what is broken
So we don't.
We don't stop.
We keep moving,
Keep injuring ourselves
Until we are falling apart before our very eyes.
We give ourselves enough respite
To put bandages on what needs stitches.
Then, we continue.
With our head held high
We live,
Racing forwards to the future.

And we wonder why
Blood continues to trail behind us
Wherever we go.

Sometimes losing yourself really means letting go
Of who you used to be.

You are not lost.
You are simply stumbling upon a version of you
You could only see in dreams
And more than anything you are mourning—
Mourning the girl you used to know.
For better or worse,
She's never coming back.
Let yourself grieve the innocence lost
And celebrate the wisdom found.

It is time to become the you that is now.

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The thing about healing is
What you are healing from is damage.
You have to claim it.

I say I am damaged.

But that word haunts me in all my moments of intimacy.
It leaks into my instances of anger
And drains my sadness away
Until only despair remains.

I say I am healing.

But it is slow
And I am alone
And nothing makes sense
Yet everything matters
And I'm trying to find identity
But I lose it with every decision I stand for.

So,

I sit,
Letting my senses dull
And sink into hibernation.

Sometimes I wonder if I'm running away...
That once I'm gone
I'll realize
A piece of me missed
What left me broken.
But I think that is just the doubt,
The part of myself I manipulated
Into seeing myself as only flaws

The Healing

I'm sad to leave it all behind.

Not because it was a life worth living
But because I grew comfortable.
Part of me still fears I won't make it on my own.
What if when push comes to shove
I'm not enough for the life I dreamed of?
Insecurities are fun like that.
They like keeping you trapped in your cycle
But I'm good at surviving the highs and lows that I know
Add in unknowns
And maybe I can't make it anymore,
Maybe I'm not as durable as I like to believe
I concede
I'm scared of pain
I'm afraid that it will lead to the same.
So, which is it?
Do I relish in my rollercoaster of ups and downs?
Or do I fear being stuck on the same ride my entire life?

Every second
Every minute
I am trapped in it
Time
The thing that needs me
The thing that leaves me
You always sound so far away
I live in dreams until the day
Then you go
To be forgotten
Time likes to forget
But never gets lost
I cross my fingers
Praying there won't be a cost
To wasted days
Words I never say
I don't live with regrets
But the shame they never left

A Woman's Bones are of the Earth

A woman's bones are of the earth.
Formed from the forgotten
Lived stories decomposed
Fertilizing a much larger narrative
—a wound.

And our hearts will forever beat in time
With the blood that pours out of it,
It is why we have always been known as healers.
If we did not learn how to tend wounds
We would never have been able to survive
The world we were born into.
But survive we do,
Often even thrive.
Despite the open wound that lives with us
Day to day,

We prosper through the pain.

Empathy lies patiently in the quiet.
It will not push through crowds
Nor demand attention.
It needs the form of a soft caress
From a vulnerable soul
To be accepted into the light of day,
But once accepted
It will plant seeds of hope
Produce plentiful harvests of love and trust,
Even when it wilts,
It only falls to the ground to rebuild.

And maybe empathy doesn't reach light often,
But once it feels its first glimmer of sun
It can never go back.