

Healed

by Alonge O. Clarkson

I thought I was
healed
till the next trial
came
it rocked and shaked me
emotionally
my mind blown
confused
triggered by different
words but yet the same
feeling that I'd
be left alone again
left to pick up pieces
I just put together
to make sense of
why I lie on this couch for hours
sometimes days, dazed
skipping meals as if
I'm skipping rocks of worry
on a lovely lake
placid and blue
breeze blowing my
curls and locs
twisted in place
as they drape my back
comforting me
seeing the sun rise and set
smiles of friends
who believe
in me
we explore nature is greatness, wonder reminded of the pain
that is temporary
peace and joy
as a lifestyle
I get to create
mold into dreams
that I cultivate
anything to keep my mind
off the pain
of inadequacy
trauma and inflation
elevating my mind towards outer space and using whatever tool
pops out my toolbox
inhaling, exhaling,
holding my breath
feeling the shower water
jolt my nervous system
back into a thriving machine or being
destined to succeed
opening space to receive
rather than giving too much
meditate
ready to try again
when life feels tough
breathe
when I've got nothing left
hope
for a better tomorrow
I pray