

# Healed

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I thought I was  
healed  
till the next trial  
came  
it rocked and shook 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