

SURVIVING

I am a fairy with beautiful wings!
But I cannot fly.
What has happened to me?

My once beautiful wings are now
tattered
and torn,
tired and out-worn.

I want to move
but the wings
are too heavy for me
to even
walk.

I've been scratched and beaten.
I can't do anything, much less talk.

I'm angry,
so angry that I feel
a swarm of wasps and
stampedes of elephants
within me.

I feel like I'm in a throbbing mosh pit.
What now can I be?

Months go by and I stay
the same.
I don't know what to do --
I'm going insane!

Then I have a dream that
enlightens me.
It's like I was blind and
now I can
see.

My wings
I hold
with gentle
care.
I stitch
and I fix
every single hole
and tear.

My once beautiful wings
are now beautiful again.
I have changed within –
I am a new me.

I spread my wings
and cross my fingers.

The rage once within me
is now a tingly sensation.

I fly up into the sky,
looking back at what I
shed behind.

Then I gently
wave
good-bye.

– *Tempest S.*