

The Ebb and Flow of Hope and Grief

Sometimes it's easy
To get lost in the lie
That this reality is acceptable
I've numbed myself so adequately
That nothing hurts most of the time
I don't notice the cuts, the incision
The needles, the surgery, the stitches
I don't notice it at all

But then there are times when I run out
Of whatever I use to mask it all
Suddenly, I feel everything, all of it
It's overwhelming, it's too much
Is this really how it is?
Everything is wrong, things aren't right
Nothing is how it should be
How did I not notice
That it was this bad?

And the storm comes
And the waves crash in and sometimes
They take me out, so far
They almost drown me
I can barely breathe
For the grief is heavy on my lungs
I sink, sink, sink...

Until the clouds break
And the waves settle
I reach the surface, just for a second
Long enough to grab ahold of it,
One quick breath
Hope.

It comes down like an angel from heaven
A ray of sunlight in darkness
And it's just enough
To bring me back to that place
Where the pain is gone
I am ignorantly unaware
Everything is ok again, for now
For now

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