

Time

By Nisha Pearson

I don't know where to start,
My head's a mess, a broken heart.
I look at myself, and where to go—
My mind's a fresh with tales of repress.

All I wanted was a fresh new start,
A clean new life, a different part.
But when I look, I stop... I start,
Like something's pulling me apart.

My face is full of fresh new tears,
A map of all the wasted years.
I can't get back to what once was—
It's gone now... a lost cause.

My face is red, blistered through,
Hair is sprouting where it shouldn't do.
I try to laugh, when it cuts inside,
But sometimes I just want to scream and cry.

Reminiscent of what was once,
A child laughing, taking chances,
Completely carefree, wild and bright...
God that was me... full of energy... right?

I can almost taste my hopes, my dreams,
A life beyond what breaking means.
But maybe fate drove away what's mine—

Or perhaps I lost it somewhere in time.

I would love to be the woman before,
Just starting out, hungry for more.
Ready and willing to explore—
To feel like I did at my core.

If I could rewind time... I would—
Put the sunbeam in my pocket, if I could...
Go back, go back, I swear I'd stay—
Not let it all just drift away...