

pebbles

today, pebbles

tiny jagged pebbles
with the texture of the inexplicable

these are the pangs of my heart
sharp and undefined
gravelly and gray-black
wild and deep

pebbles a little larger
smooth and jumbled
rounded and disorganized

these are the weariness in my bones
the misery in my body
trying to hold itself together
knitted together but falling apart
a heavy mass longing to sink below my bed
below the earth

and

these are the fog in my mind
jangling
grasping for clarity and brightness

the whole world is pebbles
jostling against each other
providing no foundation of certainty
no place to walk with purpose and meaning

I sit
having fallen on the descending pebbled path
but not all the way into the ocean
home
free
here
taking in the beauty
grounded in groundlessness
pondering the riddle of my heart and body and life and future

Gwenda Snoek
My experience with severe MEcfs
April 16, 2019