

My Road

The road is long,
That I have walked in darkness
Bone-deep chilled.
Surrounded by the ghosts of memories
That pull and wrench and snag
I stumbled on,
Stubborn pride my only
Motivation.
Once upon a time the world was wonder-full;
Shining
Sparkling
Calling me to see.
All people cared,
Inspired by wonder,
Seeking only happiness;
But of course that was not so.
Instead of common good,
Enforced conformity,
And cruel were the claws
On sensing weakness.
Indifference and apathy
I bought in self-defense,
Anger's shield
To hold off every heartfelt pain,
But now I wish that I had known,
Had understood,
Exactly what the cost
That I would pay.
Brokenness of mind and heart
Exchanged for sharper knives
To sever vulnerability
And end the opportunity
For wounding.
And so in sparkling rage the decades passed,
All deeper touches barred,
All weaknesses of spirit buried deep
And then bricked in,
Until not even I remembered
What it was that lay behind the wall.
Imagine!
Tearing out your heart and then
Forgetting why it felt
Like it was gone,
Looking at the hole as if
The answer would appear.
But that is not the place where my road stops,

No matter my conviction
That some brokenness
Cannot be redeemed.
My road goes on,
As dawn appears around me,
And I think I see a hint
Of destination.
Thank God for mercy,
Leading me from darkness,
Teaching me again that there is strength
In vulnerability.
Thank God that now,
Although a haze obscures the future,
He will guide my steps,
And I remember what it means
To walk with hope.