



The Fight to Sing by Jodi Girouard

I can't get out of my way today. Heaviness draped over sad eyes, the lies that the voices choose to echo in my mind, the kind of dread that leads me to covering up in bed.

I choose to project positive instead. I will be fed on the views that sustain my living, giving me an edge away from the despair that looms like a ledge I could fall from.

I will not succumb to the noise, the neighbors, the embers of delusion. The confusion that settles about my shoulders does not mean I am less. I confess that I am more than the sum of my symptoms.

Simple progress, the emptiness filled with thoughts of others. Sisters, brothers that share this type of pain remain in my thoughts. I will lift the burden then, again I will sing like the plump robin nesting in the branches just outside. I have tried pulling the covers over my whole being, but it is not the freeing I wish.

I gift my own self the lift I need. I can just let the feelings pass, sit on my own limb, recall that I am more than the chaos, the loss of feeling, the reeling that hurts. I will not desert the essence of what it is to just be. My wings may not be able to help me fly right now but somehow, I know that spring is coming, and I know that I will sing again then like that Robin out my window.