



Someone by Jodi Girouard

My rage howled like the windstorm outside as I tried to contain hope. The slope I stood upon left my footing uncertain then, and I slid. I no longer hid from the anger that burned within, the inner damage belting out in a passionate cry. Oh, how I tried to rein in courage as the urge to fall threatened my existence. The insistence to breathe overtook the possibility of life without sense. So, I constructed a haphazard fence around to hold me until I no longer needed to heed the destructive voice that wanted me away.

I shielded myself that day from the pain that reigned heavily over my shoulders. Boulders rolled by me, broke my fence, but I had enough sense to stay off the crushing path. The wrath within me steered me to a safer space in an attempt at a graceful chance to live. Oh, how I'd give more up for the quiet stream of thoughts, the un-brought upon demons that steamed through my mind. I wanted a kindness for me.

I believed to see the pool so far from my disturbance. I chanced the idea that perhaps I could envision myself in the position on the bank there, aware that the noise in my head only wanted me dead.

Instead, I chose to sit beside the cool refreshment sent to me in a vision of serenity, a city of peace. I released my hold on the anger, the danger lessening.

Bringing my hands into the water, I was a daughter who deserved the cleansing of her past. The lasting refreshment sent from above. Ah, the water seeped into my soul's dryness. The husk of myself replenished, and I truly wished to keep going on.

When dawn came, the silence was remarkable. I was able to follow my heart instead of the madness. Happiness was still so close beyond the emptiness, the loudness, the insistence that I could not survive.

For now, I am alive with the rage escaping, and I am traipsing through a lovely meadow even though I am still so low. I know it is there because I have caught the scent of flowers meant for me to inhale. The pale shadowed fear does not need to be so near. There are moments I can be clear.

I go to rest upon the bank by the pool's edge, talking myself down from that uphill ledge. My will gives me strength. The length of hope has no end. I can learn to be a friend to myself in the natural landscape that no more escapes my dreams. It seems I have found that hope-filled momentum that I am really someone done up in disarray, but oh, I carry the blossoms, the impossible bounty that I see in that scope of possibilities.