



Life's Dance by Jodi Girouard

It is a still morning with fragments of the past lasting with each drop of rain. The painful process of getting through I continue to do, as new waves splash against my mind, like kinds of rivers rushing, gushing over the spilled trauma that takes my heart.

I start to panic, as tragic thoughts befall, and I feel small as a lone flower in a field of weeds. I need to pause, ignore the many flaws, and fight to blossom even in the darkness that shields the sunshine. And I find that I am more than the scraggy hills, the will of the secrets that I yet press against my chest. I can rest in the quietness, the emptiness, only a tragic thought undone.

I sum up the courage to track the ascent of the day, the way the breeze lifts my skirt, the hurt parts starting to evolve into a season of renewal. I am not just the hull, the husk, the dusky setting of a soul not whole. I am the stillness, the insistence to resist the longing to curl.

I hurl the bad press, the emptiness, the lacking sensation of a day without sun, won over by the cracks in the clouds that allow the light in.

I am just going to sit, to visit with my lost child styled as a dandelion on the banks of the water, daughter to the delights, the insights, the fight to be me. And oh, how I see the marvelous color

of my insides brighten as my outward design shines, shouts, no longer doubts that this place here, near to the brink of disaster, can still find me dry as I try to continue anew with the breath of living, giving me the chance to savor life's significant dance.