



To Just Be by Jodi Girouard

The snow buried my motivation to ponder more of nature's assured success to bloom once again. So, then I slowed my feet, retreated inside, and tried to escape, but not to essentially hide. Pride burrowed beneath the sheets as I slept in the sweet hollow hills, with doubts swelled in rhythmic breathing. Actually, to let you know, I was seething, believing that there would be no more spring, no more magic, no more anything that resembled hope.

Slippery-sloped decisions, the commiseration of desperation, the fact that I fell yesterday, away, away on my knees, tears and pleas for help to stand, understanding the understatement that meant I just wanted someone to hold me like a child while I outgrew this new season of winter's wildness.

The inner child protested my remaining on the ground, and a man found me and helped me to rise. Surprise, I could walk with crimson stains on my knees, a hobble to my step, the perception that thank goodness I was alive and had actually survived.

So, this moment I bend with pain, but I remain faithfully awaiting the non-deflating desire for the sun's shine. I find my fingers are no longer numb as I summon the courage to urge myself on. Dawn is a long way off, but it is enough that it will soon come. I write in a united finite settling upon the page, the age of growth, an oath to keep on moving forward, even if it is towards a stumbling routine, a mean morning scraped against the icy remnants of last night.

I will accept that there is nothing but to fight, set my sights on that romantic notion, that idea of Florida left behind in my mind's eye. I will try to empower, to shower myself with words that could be heard to trace the lines of fine times, the grace of living.

So, giving myself a chance, I raise my voice, a choice to sing, to choose to not lose my momentum. Oh, the humming of a song, belonging to the fields of greenery, the scenery that I left but could be detected still within.

Fingers tap out the rhythmic bounty of a splendid season. One moment spent dreaming without covers to reason nor huddle beneath, to seek the beauty that could reside deeply inside despite the pain, the strain in my voice, the hoarse nature of a cold wind hurting my spirit.

I visit brightness with my SAD lamp, un-dampen the misty misery, to rely on self-will and not the chilling recall of a bad afternoon. Soon the grass will wake, shake the dewy stains from their soil, their toil over when the snow recedes, and the need for warmth, for sun's light is not a memory but a sprouting ideal.

For I feel the silhouette of the setting sun, done up in the last evening rays that came my way. I open the blinds just the same, even though it is night black at six and I still feel a little sick. The minutes tick away, and I am once more exploring the chances that come with hope.

I float on the waves of longing, belonging to the ends of a bitter frost, the cost of a day that I hid and did not bid myself not to mourn. Forlorn was not to be in the morning. I tossed and turned but learned to be beside the side of sweet inspiration. Fascination in finding I could lift up my own liberation, the deliberation of delving into a new day instead of shelving myself beneath the sheets.

Icy folds wrinkle upon my windshield, but I am protected, connected to that last glimpse I miss of Florida sunshine. And I find that the clouds are giving way to a blueness, a newness allowed that casts a reflection of hope to my eyes. And so, with a profound stare, aware that it is still February, but I can be everywhere in the delighted deep hillside splashed with lightness and the brightness of becoming me in this day I see, I go to simply just be.