The dust poem

If Only

If only I wasn’t so trapped.

Trapped inside my own mind

Inside my own thoughts that pull me, tug me

Deeper into the path of worthlessness,

Of not feeling good enough.

It’s like a dark cloud is constantly hanging over me, only me,

And I can’t shake it free.

If only we could fight back,

Be powerful and strong enough to tackle this

Creature that’s taken hold.

We wouldn’t be sharing stories in a cramped corner

While wishing sleep would come and relieve us.

We wouldn’t be waiting, waiting for our fate

To be decided for us.

No, we wouldn’t just be surviving but living too.

If only there was a light at the end of the tunnel,

Some sort of visible way out.

That things will become normal again,

That this nightmare won’t be a constant reality

For me, for us.

But there’s a spark inside of me,

That’s ignited and won’t go out

It flickers but it’s there,

Telling me, forcing me to be strong

To battle through and be a story of strength,

And that spark, is hope.