Rising From the Ashes

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When I look up
I see the storm...
Swirling grey;
Releasing its low,
Quiet rumble
Again and again
That forces a cower
From all living things
And from it leaps
Chaotic lines of
Purple, blue, green:
Flashes that seem like
The visual equivalent
Of a gunshot to the head

And yet
I know that,
Beyond the grey
Lies the blue.
And if I could only
Rise from the ashes
That have been burying me
For so long,
I’ll be able to
Live
Again.
And I know that,
If I’m able to
Weather the storm
Then maybe
I’ll be able to
Feel
Again.
And I won’t have to
Spend my life
Preparing to quiver
And I feel the rising
Levitating
Those things that are more powerful
Than gravity
And fear:
The will;
The desire;
The need,
And the power of the mind
To overcome
Even the most horrifying
Of life’s experiences.

And I rise toward the clouds...

April S. Engram