

Fully Rested

I've never been all that great at pretending that
brown was red,
forced laughter meant everything was okay, or
that my heart wasn't raw and bleeding.

It's not really in my nature to turn the other cheek.
I have a tendency to face the dragon head-on with
only a puny sword and shield for protection.
Somehow,
I survive it.
Really,
I've got a
body full of burns to prove it.

And, I'm not really successful at shying away.
I am cursed with a curiosity that pulls me deep
Deep into pools of self-reflection,
which, skimming the surface sounds lovely.
But, dive too deep and lungs scream for air
while the body the body scrambles up through
oppressive weight of water
that's shifted from sinewy to sinister.

Even sitting safely on the banks,
gazing upon the smooth reflective surface
can turn hard quite fast,
shift like staring at yourself in the mirror
unblinking unblinking,
until the shape of your own face is unrecognizable,
until it is a stranger who stares back at you.

Too much introspection is like looking at a face up too close
when there is insufficient distance to see clearly,
eyes become strained as the image before you blurs.
Like repeating a word over and over out loud
until meaning is lost
until you hear only sound
and your native tongue is an alien in your own ears.

I have always had to scramble my way back to sanity.
Claw my way out of the dark-soiled canyon
Alone.
I am stronger for it,
I know.
But, being strong is exhausting.

Seeing your face looking over the ledge,
hearing the “you can do it” belief in your tone
grasping the reaching hand
and collapsing into the strong protection of your arms...

It is there that I surrender myself, and
there that I weep out the wounding of aloneness.
It is in the safety of your holding
that exhaustion leaks out of long weary bones
and I sigh the sigh
of the fully contented.

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