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 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 leeks out of long weary bones 
and I sigh the sigh 
of the fully contented.

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