

The Girl and the Willow

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It's the wrath of the storm I grieve
The going in, chained, and coming out free
The enduring and prevailing....the longing, the leave
Not because I can't withstand it
But because it seems senseless to
What have I truly gained?
The weathering of a soul is worth its weight in spiritual gold
But only if what is weathered is darkness and never light
My light is dim and yours is ever somber
And in this we drown each other
Over and over, until we can no longer bear it
We are weak, so we give in to this game
Until our stomachs knot like the branches of a willow
She bows and hails to the storm, she endures
Because she knows the wind has come to shed her of dead wood and
tattered leaves
She withstands the darkness, knowing she will once again see the light
And the heavens will open to grace her with the rainbow
Illuminating her newfound healthy skin
And she thrives in the colors she finds there
I've mastered this storm
I've withstood and prevailed, shed my unwanted branches, my tattered
leaves
So why is it that, in the end, all I see is black and white and the dead in
me?