

## Eternal

I often wonder how many invisible scars

Mark the hearts of those I walk right past.

I want to know and I don't want to know at once; I wish I could understand this  
fate of ours

To be running and running, lying in lying, until we realize the years have gone by  
too slow, too fast.

It seems just days ago

I still believed in magic, I skipped and smiled with weightless shoulders.

And yet, I feel that it's been an eternity that I have been putting on this show,

Laughing along to pretend I am not moving boulders.

I want to believe in magic again, but my soul cannot seem to.

I want to look at the sky in wonder and not wonder what other worlds there are.

I want to revel in the sunlight and not feel there is an hourglass counting down to

A future that seems startling and dissonant as an out of tune guitar.

Teach me how to dance freely, again.

Teach me how to embrace the unknown, how to cling to joy, because I have  
forgotten.

Tell me how to recognize my chain as a chain,

Even if I was the one who made it, even if it is like the discarded apple core and rotten.

I do not know when I was chained to the ground and told to fly.

I do not know if it happened sometime during the condolences and meaningless assurance

That didn't do a thing for me, for anyone, but tell me I was allowed to cry but still had to try.

And I did not want to try or cry or wonder why, I did not want emotional endurance.

With every limited step I take, with every hurried intake of air,

I wonder at the way of the world.

I tried to force my wrists from the chains even though it wasn't fair.

I tried to dig my way out, pull my way out, fly away from the world.

And in the end, when I lay down for centuries that passed in weeks,

The chains began to rust.

It seemed an eon passed before they had weakened enough to crack and be washed away by the creeks.

I will not lie like every "I'm okay" and say the world is kind or just.

There are invisible scars where my manacles used to be,  
But I know they were there, I know the wounds inflicted on my heart,  
I know what I have endured, I know it was not and will never only be me  
Who has survived what seemed an unsurvivable imprisonment of pain to set us  
apart.

Perhaps there will come a time when I look at my wrists and do not see the chains  
That used to be there; perhaps there will come a time when I once again believe in  
magic  
And I feel strong enough to rearrange the remains  
Of my soul. But I must remember it all, even the tragic.

Such is the way of the survivors, the trees that refuse to be cut down.

We dance through our childhoods, if we are lucky, and somewhere along the way,  
they end.

Our belief and innocence is lost or stolen, but when the waters come, we do not  
drown.

We endure as we must, we find strength along the way, and some day we'll  
comprehend.

There are invisible scars on my heart and soul, and perhaps yours as well.

Lose hope, scream, doubt, weep for a thousand years.

Do whatever must be done to endure with pieces of sanity, dwell

On the struggles and sufferings of your past, embrace the salty tears.

But no chain is eternal,

And the greatest strength of all is internal.