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Struggling

She wants to write of her emotions.
You know, the ones she has stuffed down inside her soul
For weeks, months, even years.
The ones she wants to leave behind, but cannot escape.

These are emotions that are buried so deep,
She is not sure how to dredge them up.
She sifts through possibilities,
But cannot find a detector.

All she is left with is remnants.
Thin, fragile strings that she must tie together
Over her heart
To hold it in place.

But just as she moves her fingers to tie the final bow,
Her fingers slip,
And the knots become undone.
Leaving the shredded ends of the ribbon to hang limply.
In the way, clouding truth.

And she is at the point where she is ready to give up.
She doesn't *want* to feel this way anymore.
She is tired of the hurt, and the depression, and the loneliness
That is hidden behind her euphoria.

She wants to cast these aside,
Focus on the happiness.
But her attempts...
They fail her.

As she begins once again to smooth the way,
The demon emotions take control.
Securing themselves to her with handcuffs.
Insisting that for today, she must look back
At all the tragedy she has caused,
All the pain she has suffered.

They pull her head back under the surface

Before her lungs have even filled with enough air to endure this once more.
And as she sinks,
Staring bleakly at the dim light that shines down from above the surface,
She closes her eyes,
Not sure if she is yet ready to brace herself.
For each time she resurfaces is harder.
The distance is farther.
Her exhausted limbs no longer scream in denial and agony.
They numbly struggle towards vain hope,
Almost routinely, as if of something of instinct, expected,
Not something done voluntarily.

So she tiptoes on eggshells,
Knowing that the slightest catastrophe has the power to send her into a tailspin.
Unexpectedly going out of control.
Which way is up?
Does that direction even exist anymore?

She did not used to be this weak,
This vulnerable and afraid.
She used to be strong, almost unbreakable,
But acid that continuously corrodes at the heart eventually does some damage.
Sometimes unable to be repaired.

She hates feeling weak.
She hates knowing that she can't do it on her own.
She has always felt the need to be independent, self-sufficient.
And this fear? This vulnerability?
Has got her running for the hills.

If so much has changed that she cannot even stand on her own two feet
Without leaning on a cane for support,
What can she ever again be capable of?
What has she let these emotions do to her?
What exorcist can she find to banish them from her soul?

She tries to write.
She tries to write of these emotions,
These anchors that keep her chained to her past.

Words fail her.