

A Reflection on [Mental] Health: January Poetry

A fragile soul so young,

A pleasure center numbed,

How quick I was to hide inside my fears.

The fear of age, rage, and misplaced trust,

The fear of reopening wounds from familial — “musts”.

Through a reflection of self,

I greeted my demon with a smirk,

For I knew the time had come to embrace self-care.

Though I've worn down my heart strings and bent their frequency,

Into meandering melodies craving consistency,

I've found my soul,

I've found my song,

I've found my health,

And my healing.