

# 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.*