



The silver thread

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This pain is a ship I inhabit all alone,
It climbs the crest, then plunges into the unknown.
A lonely light flickers through the gloom,
A sick heart that's fighting to get home.
I do my best with my thinning frame,
Facing the fire while you watch the flame;
Don't offer me wonder or pity or shame,
I am an identity labelled in a patients' name.

My tears are true, not anchors of gloom,
Nor a mask for the world to groom.
They are wordless prayers, rising like plumes,
The only honest things left in this hollow room.
Sometimes they flow like earnest streams,
In the desperate current of staying alive;
Don't tell me I'm stuck or lost in my head,
While I await another minute to survive.

My mind is a forest shrouded in haze,
Dulled by the chemicals, dense and deep.
I see you touch sunshine and breeze,
I long for days I cannot yet keep.
I stopped seeking any love to be shown,
For a peace that is strictly my own.
Though, I thank you for concern and care,
For convincing me that I will regrow my hair,
But my soul is carved with buried scars,
An atlas of wounds underneath the stars,

Yet in the vast void, a hidden Grace
Dwells in this profound hollow space;

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An invisible force, a soft yet steady hand,
As if I am guided into a promised land.
And though my clasps fray and slip,
And shadows trace my quivering lip,
The exhausted knees buckle and bow,
He holds the ebb, He holds the flow.

I hold His Thread, its taut though thin,
He keeps me afloat as I learn to swim,
He is not helpless in my pain,
He sends me showers of pristine rain.
Even when the sun seems eclipsed and dim,
My small ship feels anchored deep in Him;
Though the shore seems fading, I can foresee -
The Rescuer's light has built a home in me.
