

A Transformation

Poem: First Place 2015

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I sit through my day preoccupied.
Never a thought that isn't filled with ghosts.
When my mind is exorcised, there is a blank slate.
I count the number of nails that hold these four walls together.
Never is the feeling of loneliness so complete.

In my time of need, I only have ghosts for company.
I stand alone and suffer quietly.
The weight of the world is heavy on my shoulders.
There is no tears for the likes of my kind.
I just labor on through my misery and loneliness with a plastered smile.

When the thunderclouds form, my mind goes red.
There is nothing but a fleeting thought that eases the thunder.
It's an embrace that is as strong as it is gentle.
The whisper of words that can mend my shattered heart.
Only a shadow of misery clings to me now.

The walls shatter as the storm clears.
Sunlight shines through and the birds chirp.
The despair is shaken off and a true smile is seen.
A glimmer of hope starts to rise in my once empty heart.
My anguished mind keeps repeating it can only be a dream out of routine.

Though it seems impossible, this is not a dream from a battered mind.
This is something as real as the leaves on the trees and the clouds in the sky.
A chance for the broken soul to rise out of the darkness that it has clung to much too long.
One can hope that it lasts longer than the sadness that fights to reclaim me.
Never a day goes now that beauty isn't seen everywhere.
From the clouds to the grass swaying gently in the breeze, there is no darkness now.
The weight of the world has been tossed off and a sense of adventure now rests upon me.
At last the saving grace has a label to put upon it.
It is simply called love.