

Our Vision

Last month, I was a vast bottomless cesspit of misery and despair,
Waves drifting motionlessly and vacantly,
As I sit.
Helpless of all the changes that surround me,
And the thoughts bubbling in my head,
Brimming,
Wanting to explode!
A dark abyss,
Of pain, suffering and anxiety.

Now,
I am an overflowing glass of water,
Soothing, refreshing and comforting
Brimming with ideas,
A wild imagination,
New and endless possibilities!
Hope and happiness have greeted me like old friends.
As the current pulls me further,
I lay content,
Motionless,
Still.
And happy.

In a month,
Life may change once again,
The surge of an unfamiliar current,
A pull of a treacherous wave.
The unknown waits for me.
All I can do is hope,
Hope for the calm,
Hope for the stillness,
Hope for unity.

I hope to be flowing freely,
Calm,
And letting go of fury and frustration.
The sun will glimmer over me,
Gaze at me with a gleeful smile,
And tell me,
"You made it."
You survived.

By Fitzgerald Class