

The Gate

By Shayla Collins

I'm confused and sick, sick of my condition.
I'm alone and scared and don't have a place to go.
I can trust no one.
I am a slave to myself.
I have no control.
Where is my life?
Why am I alone?
I need a prince, I need a hero.
A broken voice I've heard in the distance.
This language is foreign to me.
It's peaceful and humble.
Quiet and quaint.
So far from me, so faint.

Was it meant for me to hear?
For my soul to rest upon?
There's something about its whisper.
Something about its tone.
It is wonder and compassion, laughter and devotion.
I approach its gate, weary and in pain.
I've been so shattered and beaten,
Dragged behind like a worthless slave.
I fall to my knees in exhaustion,
I try to collect myself.
There's something more out there.
Is it waiting for me?
A broken voice I've heard in the distance.
This language is foreign to me.
It's peaceful and humble.
Quiet and quaint.
So far from me, so faint.

The gate before me, opens.
A presence lifts me to my feet.
The voice is closer.
It feels so real.
I walk this road so broken and bare.

Barely breathing.
So confused.
So empty.
But I feel that I 'm chasing something real.
A hidden emotion overtakes my soul.
My heart beats faster, as do my feet.
Pure light surrounds me, and regains my spirit.
Am I alive? Is this for real?
That broken voice I've heard in the distance is reaching out to me.
I took the outreached hand that led my steps.
It brightened my path.
I am no longer a slave.
I am alive and this voice is my goal.
I will yearn to reach it, and take its hand even when the silence is deafening.
It is my refuge.
It is my hope.
My reason to survive.
My prince, my hero, the reason I'm alive.