

## **The Breaking Point (Awakening and What Followed)**

This section reveals the shock of self-discovery, raw emotions, and internal conflict. The poems are emotionally charged—reflecting the turmoil of finding and confronting the real me. The poems reflect how I felt when I first started writing honestly—how it felt both freeing and terrifying. They explore the emotional chaos of beginning to live truthfully.

When you read these poems, will they reflect your feelings? Are you nearing a breaking point where you're considering the extreme act of walking away from your life as it is? Are you willing to break every bridge and walk into the chaos that comes with such a decision? I was and I did. If you are at such a point, you can do it too.



## AWAKENING

### *Part I – Discovery*

The Inn of my Heart has many rooms;  
I thought I knew them all.  
They were peopled with husband, children,  
family and friends.  
Even God had a room,  
and I visited them all frequently.

I really didn't think  
there were any more rooms;  
Until one day,  
while walking through my Inn,  
I discovered a suite of rooms  
unoccupied.  
"Who is this for?"  
I loudly asked,  
"And why have not these rooms been used?"

No one could tell me who,  
and no one could tell me why.  
So I stumbled around the rooms  
exclaiming over the things  
that I found there.  
But as surely as day must dawn  
the realization slowly came,  
and with such a sense of discovery,  
I stood there in awe  
wondering what I would do.

For I had entered the rooms filled with  
the essence of me.  
There were all the hopes,  
and dreams, and feelings,  
of one human soul.  
And when I looked with understanding,  
I saw that even the ugly things  
had not been forgotten here.

## Part II – Now What?

It was a fearful thing  
to be confronted with myself,  
to see so clearly all the things  
I had long ignored.

You see, the things we ignore,  
hoping they'll go away,  
simply move into our rooms  
and wait for rediscovery.

Your turn will come,  
if it hasn't already,  
to enter your suite of rooms  
and be confronted  
with all the essence of you.

What will you do? And,  
what am I going to do now?  
Escape and close the door?  
Lock it?  
Build a wall in front of it?  
Try to forget the things I found  
in my suite of rooms?  
Put my blinders back on?

Or will I have the courage  
to move into my rooms;  
to become familiar with those intangibles  
that exist in all of us;  
To learn to live with  
the ugly things,  
and not be defeated by them;  
To sort out the useable  
from all the rest,  
and use it with enthusiasm;  
To know that what I found here  
won't always suit those around me,  
But acknowledge it anyway.

I stand now in the doorway,  
    looking out,  
        looking in,  
            wondering . . .

## THE STRINGS

Have you ever stood  
away from yourself  
and looked with an objective eye  
at the pattern of your life?

I have,  
and I've wondered at times  
how I'll ever pull it all together, because -

when I hold the strings controlling this,  
the ones controlling that  
    mysteriously  
    slip away.

## **FOREVER THINKING**

I've never been a groupie, and I never ever shall be.  
They mindlessly follow, no thought of their own.  
They think what they're told, then call it the truth,  
But I can't follow, I must think, no matter the cost.

But when I say what I think, they cry out, they resist.  
If I try to explain, it only gets worse, they can't hear me.  
They're comfortable in that place of absolute knowing.  
While I flounder in the realm of wonder, forever thinking.

## **AS I AM!**

Take me as I am or not at all.

I have wasted too many years  
trying to fit round me  
into that square hole.

I quit!

All of you who sit out there  
and push and prod to squeeze me in,  
give it up!

It's no use, I don't fit.  
I never did, I just kept on  
trying and failing,  
trying and failing.

If I don't meet your expectations,  
consider this.

You may not meet mine either.

## SHADED ROCKS

It's nice to have someone  
you feel you can relax with.

It's a bit like  
finding a shaded rock  
to sit and lean against  
when you've climbed  
a mountainside  
on a rough and dusty path.

We all need shaded rocks  
once in a while - and  
we usually  
know who they are.

## **DROUGHT**

After lifetimes of drought  
and endless thirst  
I found a spring.  
I revel in it,  
and drink with abandon;  
My thirst is quenched  
not yet...  
nor ever.

## **RAINY GRAY FRIDAY**

On a rainy gray Friday I sat and thought of you;  
thought of prices paid just for your company;  
thought of lonely days,  
    silent days,  
        lengthened days,  
with no sight or sound of you.

It's not the past I fear, but the future I dread.

A future with no certainty except of pain and longing,  
never satisfied, eased only for moments,  
    reappearing  
        stronger for the respite.

## **WHO?**

Where did I go  
before I knew you;

Where was my refuge  
when I couldn't face the world,  
    when my mask slipped  
        and I was exposed  
            in all my vulnerability?

Who comforted me?

Who lifted me up  
when I lay on my face  
    defeated?

Who took the tumbled pieces  
of my shattered mind  
    and laid them straight again?

Who cared when I was hurt  
and loosened the bands  
that threatened to  
    crush me?

Who listened to me  
and made allowances  
for the times I said things  
    I later regretted?

Who forgave those things  
before I even asked?  
Who said, "I knew you didn't mean it  
    the way it sounded?"

Who did all those things,  
and when you're gone,  
    where will I go?

## YESTERDAY

Yesterday's gone like a fallen leaf,  
no more to live except in memory.  
The kisses you gave me yesterday  
still live on my face today  
as though you were here  
touching me,  
loving me,  
and I tremble  
remembering you.

## **DEPRESSION**

Depression grabs my mind  
like a toothache and  
I am paralyzed.

My brain is heavy with fear,  
heavy with wondering,  
heavy with dread.

I want to stop time  
and not feel  
until it passes.

## THE TRAIN

Through the windshield are tracks.  
I see the fragile barrier  
in front of my car.

There!  
I hear a whistle.  
The train is coming,  
do I dare?

I consider the thought,  
but the children,  
I can't leave them.

Could I do this and take them with me?

Ah, tears,  
grief,  
sadness.

Desperation rips my mind.  
I'm caught.  
I can't breathe.  
I can't live.

I don't want to live.

## CHOICES

Every day I make them,  
one after another  
all day long.

Choices!

Some are harmless  
and make no difference  
one way or another  
in the course of my life.

But I must be careful  
of the choices I make  
in deciding...  
    how to behave,  
    when to speak,  
    when not to speak,  
    when to act,  
    when to react,  
    when to be angry,  
    when to let it go,  
    when to...

The list is endless  
of the choices I make  
that alter the direction  
    and quality  
of my life.

What will I choose next...

## **MIDDLE GROUND**

There isn't any middle ground.

Everything either  
    slants off toward extremely this  
    or falls off toward extremely that.

The ridge between is razor sharp  
    allowing no one to stay there long.

We fall first one way,  
    then scabble up and  
    slide down the other side.

## **THE UNSAYABLE**

To say the unsayable,  
to speak the unspeakable,  
why is it so hard?

Because as long as it  
remains unsaid, unspoken,  
we can pretend  
it doesn't exist, but  
once it is said,  
it exists.