

From Trauma to Triumph

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Presented by

My poetic Side



Dedication

To my husband for staying up late with me while I cried. To my son for being the sweetest reminder that there is something to recover for. To my father and grandmother for never forgetting about your daughter. And my close friends that have spent years listening to me while I spun myself senseless.

You know who you are.

Acknowledgement

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About the author

I'm a soulful being full of light and purpose. After 44 years I have that much figured out. The rest is still unfinished.

summary

The stonecutter/ part 2

My Smile

My Scream

A Suicide

Fears

You are the poetry

The Stonecutter

The stonecutter/ part 2

Feeling warmth
She looks where here
Heart is
A light is blooming
Finding a lantern
She lights it from
Her own fire within
Solemnly
Walks over the her old spot
In the stone
Where she places the lantern
There are many trapped
In the stone
With the mother
The mother herself is trapped by the
Stone of secrets and lies
Maybe her light will encourage
Will strengthen another
Her family

My Smile

I'd love to smile
Like when I was
Young and beautiful
When I was
Free and bold
Before the truth
Was innocent
Before the lies
Surfaced
Haven't smiled
Without
Hesitation
Reservations
Soft lights
Hypnotic music
Swaying freely
Smiling sweetly
Whole hearted
To smile with joy
In my arms
My new boy
Full of fear
Nightmare
Self doubt
Begins
Will I be like her
Do I have the rage
Do I have
Deep inside
That coldness
It's beginning to
Fill me
A sleeping demon

Must not
Can't wake it
Protect him
A beautiful light
Life force
Not mine
To keep
He belongs
To someone
Special
Searching
His face
Our eyes
Meet
Knowing this
Wasn't meant
To be forever
Tightness grips
My heart
Tearing a cavernous
Hole in it
Tears falling
Yearning to be
A good mother
Not what he
Needs
I ever so gently yet lovingly
Place him
In their arms
His true family
Will I
Ever
Smile again

My Scream

This scream
Held in so long
It scares me
The strength it has
Built up
has been Growing
A lifetime
from being hidden

Strong enough to
Travel across oceans
Causing storms to rage
Upsetting the balance
That the seas depend on
Even the most ferocious
are terrified

This scream of pure fury
Created by the humiliation
Of atrocities inflicted upon it
The keeper of betrayals
And shame
fear resides here

The scream can only escape
In my dreams
Where it can safely tear
Through my being
Pulverizing everything in its path
Turning into itself
Shredding every remnant
Of my soul
The tears it causes

The walls it create
Echo through eternity

A Suicide

The stillness is hard
The emptiness is vast
Nothing is familiar
Anymore
Nothing brings joy
Any longer
Everything is muffled noise
Garbled, unable
To decipher
Looking for an identity
Trying to gasp for air
Unable to stop moving
Unable to get going
Stuck in neutral
What now?
I can't go back
I don't have the energy to go
Forward
Where are the feelings
This void is full of
Ramblings
Nothingness
I long for it
To end.
Is there no hope
No joy?
My dreams
Won't materialize
I'm nothing
I've been nothing
I'll always be nothing.
Nothing
Nothing

Nothing ...
Worth is not
Attainable
It never was
Where is God?
Inside me?
Not good
Because I'm empty
A shell
The chaos is gone
But there is no
Relief
And there never will be.

Fears

It's raining inside
Everywhere I go
Searching for the sun
Finding none

Mad laughter
Who is it
The voice sounds familiar
Is it mine
Unrecognizable to myself

My dearest friend
Come to comfort is it possible
The smallest doubt
Crawl inside my head if you dare
If you care
Shed your fear
No room for both
Join my nightmare
Careful not to slip
On the fears
Be sure to dodge
The fires of rage
Bringing with you
Smiles to brighten
The hells of doubt
Let your laughter ring
Through the library of tears

Generate peace and light
To my neglected soul
As I show you my bewilderment

Share with me your clarity

Take my hand

Friend walk with me

As you always do as you've always done

You are the poetry

You are the poetry
That fuels inspiration
That makes hearts sing
That makes tears fall

The way you think
Smoking in silence
Pondering death
The way you smile
Lighting a million years away
To start a new day
The way you dream
Hoping to help others
With your love
I think I see you
Then you are gone
What happened
You are the poetry
That fuels inspiration
That makes hearts sing
That makes tears fall

The Stonecutter

I cut at this stone
some relief
its trapped
the figure tight
needs to be released
as I gouge
moves its hands
opens its eyes
stretches the mouth
bares its teeth
deeper I gash
into the stone
it can scream in agony
the more relief is shown
it is still trapped
can't stretch its arms
can't break the tether
to free its legs
and run
face contorted in pain
held in place
demanding to be free
begging me to let it go
so much work to do
I dig further into the stone
straining, sweating, crying
so much work to do
deeper, yet deeper still
the further I go
the harder the stone
it won't let go
looking for the heart

exhausted
I finally find it
her head is free
her arms
her legs
they struggle, pushing
against the strong hold of the stone
thrashing, screaming for freedom
I make the last cuts
finally free
the figure looks at me
no longer a relief
what to do
standing on her own
where to go
stumbles
falls
returns to the stone
for relief
the stone is cold
it rejects her
doesn't belong anymore
did she ever
slowly
reluctantly
she backs away
from the mother
unfamiliar now
wasn't it always
suddenly
looking at her home
the heart
doesn't fit anymore
did it ever
knows too much
can't return

slowly
unsteady
turns her back
new beginnings
new life
searching for
the stonecutter
who set her
free
to thank
no one
there
only her
bringing her hands up
shuttering
she is
gripping a chisel