

Myself who I am not

When I look into your eyes,
I feel a strange sort of homecoming
Like your soul has lived longer than your body,
Like I have previously met you but have never stood before you.

All I want to do is become more like you;
When my insecurities plunder deep into my being, you are golden
You stand in front of it all--and fear nothing.
But I am not willing to give myself up and change into you.
You are a wonder in my eyes, but we are made of the same power
And I will set my mind to be my own kind of glorious.

So I'll persevere.
I will move forward until I find my way.
You never had to try to be safe. You had it easy.
But I have tried so vehemently, and I have lost and won.
You have it made.
But I have made it.

When I look into your eyes, I see nothing.
But you have lived a million years, and me only a hundred;
So maybe it's not something that is not there
But something I cannot see.

Laura Hedderman