POWER

It is not a person,
nor is It a name.
Power feeds on feelings –
Those of weakness, fright and shame.

It has no waking hour,
follows no curfew, and still,
It lurks in each lived moment
without hesitation, or lack of will.

It approached my teenage years,
a stranger to my skin,
but once I’d found the entrance
It made Its own way in.

A parasite, unseen,
With close friends in tow -
Heartache, headaches, pain and woe.

Yet – To my surprise,
some eight years passed
and the foundation on which Its life was built
was worn and could no longer last.
It could not see, nor could It hear
my thudding heart, still strangled by fear.

But – silence.
At last – silence.

Waking now, each morning,
I hear it stir outside,
though the entrance it so soon found before,
no longer, in me, did it reside.

Instead, my skin fell silent,
and my heart regained her youth.
I could once again sit beside myself
and, once again, tell her the truth.

The truth is, truly,
a feeling too,
similar to Power (but kinder than you)
You – Power – threw me down at your feet,
chained me up, kept me there and left me to weep.
I wept for my freedom,
though no longer I will.
My spirit, my soul, can you no longer kill.

So -
Let me speak once again, directly to you,
through my very own voice and you’ll see
that you’ll find, nowadays,
that girl you once knew
has since beaten you,
and there’s no one she’ll bow to but me.