

Poetry by Eleanor Buckham 11MS

The Voice Within

The morning air is cold and tight on my chest,
but my veins are full
with motivation and passion
and so the hard knot of fear,
resting deep beneath my soul
begins to break away.
My legs are heavy,
like lead logs locked into place,
but my head is light
it is filled with the dreams of my future,
and so each step slowly becomes more fluid
as i slip into the dance of the living,
the graceful glide of those who won't give up.
And my voice is quiet and my eyes are tired
and i almost feel like this could be it,
but the light inside me has not yet dimmed
and so i speak out against the sounds of disbelief,
one gesture,
one word,
one sentence at a time.
And the girl within me is rising to the surface,
taking back what is rightfully hers,
she is strong, and resilient, and she is brave,
she knows what is right
she knows that this too will pass
and she knows that someday she will become what the stars have already put in motion,
the trajectory of her future
the life she wants to live
and the girl she is destined to be.