

Be Kind

The scars you bear run deep. Like caverns and canyons. Deep cuts with scar tissue to last a lifetime. And yet you've hardly lived. You've hardly scraped the surface of this here ocean that is life. The child in you is bruised, broken and belittled. Left abandoned at the sideways, to die a quiet and unremarkable death. The child in you, once a bright light, attracted moths and creatures alike. Some to bask in your light, some to leech off your waves and warmth, while others watched from afar. Rarely were there protectors of your light, guardians and soldiers, to keep the consuming darkness at bay. And now you're all grown up. An adult, stunted in growth, but a broken child within exists in shadow, waiting for the shackles of trauma to be broken. The child in you cries out for you to be kind. Kind to all the versions of you in existence, the versions of yourself you tried to kill, the ones even you tried to abandon. The versions you introduced to lions in sheep's clothing, the ones left to the ravaging of beautiful beasts with sweet poison and the ones that survived the storms, only to be swept up by the raging tidal waves of trauma expelled by the souls you've encountered. And with every meeting, the cuts deepen, so much so that some are naught but gaping wounds. Wounds that become cesspools of sorrow, despair, and misery. You ask yourself if such damage, that seems irreparable, can be undone. You ask if such pain can be quelled, quietened, and cured. Can the child within you find peace? Though it may seem impossible, life always finds a way. And so must you, find a way. A way to raise yourself, to repair yourself, to protect yourself and to love yourself. There's hope for you yet, for you were not created by chance alone. There's grace in your light, in your fire, though it may attract moths, it also brings forth with it protectors. Be weary of those that flee from their own darkness, they wish only to bask in your light, but not tend to it. Be weary that they may attempt to leech until there remains nothing but darkness. Keep those close that tend to your light, add fuel to your fire, those that care for the child within you, those that embrace you and all your scars. Forgive those that cut too deep, those that reinjured your wounds. And forgive yourself for not tending to them as you should, lest you forget that you're merely a fledgling flower, waiting to bloom. Time is on your side. Reach in and embrace your inner child and see the wonder in your own eyes, the strength in your vulnerability, the fierceness of your love and the grace with which you tend to those blessed by your presence. In your healing, be kind. God knows your trials and tribulations; thus, one beseeches you to be kind. With careful hands, nurse yourself back to health, back to happiness, back to life. Though you may stumble, 'tis not for naught that your strength remains. Rest when you must, the road is treacherous, but your journey awaits you. And as the hero's journey decrees, friends will make their presence known.