

Erin Harnum
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Movements of Life

Always feeling but never fighting, like a
Boat crashing into the four walls that captured its spirit.
Certainly a possibility to move
Daunting in nature,
Even that is pins and needles into my subconscious.
Flailing at the sight of fire and
Grabbing onto importance like a child's grip on innocence.
Hear my struggle, for
I cannot escape life's trembles
Just like I cannot summit the mountain of fear.
Knives and kisses have their place in my back,
Lies fill my ears as though submerged in transparency.
My life has built up to this.
Not only to live but to learn from the
Open wounds of living, of breathing, of caring and loving.
Perhaps none of it really matters, and that's what makes everything matter.
Quietly moving through doesn't work you must
Roar to be heard, like your life depends on how far your voice travels.
Sing and dance and get into
Trouble, make a mess of things, because only you will
Understand the substance of creating disorder. You are the
Vehicle that is the driving force of your life, your soul.
Watch everything crumble once you let go, life becomes
Xylophonic, a symphony of sounds to drown out the despair.
Yearn for new beginnings, and live with
Zeal until you can't see straight.