

## **“Different, Broken, Beautiful, Better”**

By Holly Blakley

One blindly sails into the veiled storm.  
The radiance and serenity that once illuminated  
your darkness-  
Now has you thrashing  
through violent waves.  
Wearing out your body until you are drained, empty, lifeless.

You fight for that humanly desire, for the hope that you will be loved back.  
Built up so high on a vision created by your own hope and naivety;  
Brutally thrown on the cold hard ground by a love not meant to be.  
What do you do when your entire world has shattered?  
When a beaten and battered life is not worth living?  
They say the best way out is always through.  
Thus: fight back.

Be the hero of your own life.  
You work your body to stay afloat in a sea of hurt and confusion  
You rise to the surface even when the pain is drowning you-  
engulfing you in its dark womb.  
You find yourself within the pulsating, tender hurt;  
You heal the wounds of your own soul.

Crawl until you can stumble,  
stumble until you can rise-  
with your head held high,  
with your eyes to the sky.  
Walk right out of the rain.

No, you are not the same person who began this journey-  
Bruised and forever scarred, your pain has made you  
who you are today:  
different, broken, beautiful, better.