



Wilting into spring

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Trigger warning: The poem tries to bring into light the hidden struggles of persons with mental illness and it includes reference to self harm.

A velvety bud, poised, ready to bloom:
Exuberant, Vivid, Effervescent.
A trigger in the brain makes everything change,
metamorphosing the little one.

Thoughts so intrusive, fear-stricken,
the balcony tempts her, but it also terrifies.
The cycle of dread, so tenaciously woven,
each day a strife with her inner self - a challenge.

To do no harm is endlessly exhausting;
the mind aches beneath the heightened burden of responsibility,
A blot upon one's escutcheon is too heavy to bear;
the floret trembles, too timid to pluck up and share.

While the bees and flowers twitter along,
she mutes herself to silence, barely holding on,
until a voice so tender, a touch so warm,
begins to clear the shadows, bursts open the dawn.

The little bud quivers, yet opens to the sun;
the scarred shield, battle proud, once again shines.
Within the weight, a quiet strength is building:
the therapist's voice, a small yellow pill, a hope kindling.

Maybe this time the little one will bloom into Spring?

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