

TRY AGAIN

A Spoken Word Poem

By Veronica Oliver, Mount Pearl, Junior Poetry

Standing on two feet with blistered hands, grabbing at anything she could that might keep
her standing.

Hair across shaking shoulders tangled with thoughts, impossible to cut through.

Her tear streaked face reflected in cracked, stained glass, drawing scars that had never
been there before.

They sang to her a mourning song, each note wrapping her body in vines, stabbing her
humanity with thorns.

It was on a hospital bed she sat, letting demons tear at her flesh, each ripping out a part of
her.

She was a slave to them, gasping underneath large, clawed hands as she tried to be
courageous but all she was able to do was crumple under the world.

Her vocal chords ached for vibration, that silent scream that grew and grew until no longer
silent.

There was no surrender in her war; any good or bad, because in the end everything was
bad.

In the end, every good was crucified with beating hearts yearning for life; craving a voice,
an emotion.

An emotion to signal to her that in spite of everything, she was capable of feeling.

No matter what insanity whispered to her, if she could feel pain, she knew that she could
feel love.

Fear became her second nature, looking over her shoulder or checking her rapid pulse,
never able to get rid of the paranoia that choked her like a rope around her neck.

Love and fear coming together in opposite strands of DNA, constructing the scattered mind
that she held inside.

When she looked up at the stars at midnight, her thoughts written on her skin like tattoos,
she asked the stars how it felt to be light; weightless.

Stars blinked back, unresponsive.

You see, those who are light and weightless have never fought the struggle of being
dragged down.

They have never seen dirt and blood beneath their finger nails as they writhe their way to
safety, or heard animal-like moans when pain comes out to play, sending even the tiniest
bit of peace into a corner of the universe which God himself doesn't even know exists.

So when hope came at sunrise, sitting on the bed of broken dreams where she lay covered
in her own ashes, it reached a small hand out and spoke in a faint, innocent voice:

“It's okay, we'll try again tomorrow.”