

Reflection

Staring back at me are blue eyes of shame
Half-crescent black rings highlight losing fight
Ashy grey gaunt cheeks speak of many more

Twenty-two years filled with hurt, pain, and more
Thirty-nine summers loaded with countless fights
Suppressing seventeen candles of shame

Depression wins if not willing to fight
In knocking down self-conceived walls of shame
I'm opening the view to so much more

It would be a shame not to fight for
Uncaged words and more positive change.