As She Loves

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Like ragged cuts are my scars
moth eaten wounds that won’t heal
They lay there. Open. Bleeding.
No bandage can wrap them in fabric, mine is an internal wound.
A wound that goes soul deep
To think that the most trusted can now make you feel disgusted
The one meant to protect, well, all he did was destroy and wreck
the heart of a little girl, so young, yet so old
so frail, yet so strong, so small and so so broken.
If only you knew how she is still hurting
As she grows
Her wounds will remain open still
As she learns
Her wounds will remain open still
As she loves
Her wounds will remain open still
As. She. Loves.

As she loves
How can she love? Is she still capable of that?
What with her smile and maybe her laughs, is she happy?
Her wounds have remained open.
Will she Ever bleed out?
Will the scars that trace her heart Ever be seen as beautiful?
Will people turn away in horror?
Ten years
Ten years and yet still open wounds!
Ten years and still a malfunctioned heart.
Not sure which way is up /down
Not sure whether it has the strength to go on
Ten years
Not sure of its purpose, not sure of even its very Existence.
Ten years
Her heart has seemed to struggle with this for far longer, struggled for generations, maybe even lifetimes. Much longer than her heart could have even bared on its own. The mind it too stubborn to give up but its resolve is slowly weakening. Its clarity slowly becoming muddy. Its hold on the heart dwindling beside the constant flow of blood. The will to live only a shadow of what it once was. Ten years without light. But then the Sun rose

Scabs began to appear, brown shells that stop the red flow. Itchy shells that encase the pain yet discomfort the heart. The heart not used to feeling whole, not accustomed to being anything but bleeding. Uneasy at being able to function. Blood flowing, in and out In and out. Slowly. Painfully. Learning how it’s supposed to work again. Gradually finding its true capacity again. Finally seeing a glimmer of what it once was Finally knowing that it’s there Knowing that it Feels. Knowing what Peace is. Feeling what peace is. Enveloped in warmth like the sun itself, the heart has found that it can become so full so utterly complete and overflowing. Her heavenly father holding her so tight He says “I will never let you go” She looks into his eyes, tears of joy trailing down And Because as HE Loves Her Her wounds have been healed.