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Estefania Gonzalez
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As She Loves
Estefania Gonzalez

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 weak-
ening.

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.