the nightmare

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The soul battles, longing for freedom from the horrors that bound it. Yet, the nightmare lingers; even as joy seems just within reach.

Haunted by memories no child should know; scarred by hate and ugliness, held paralyzed by emotions, lost in the weight of the rain. No rainbow in sight. A once and future prisoner, captive to the promises made in love and duty. The nightmare scoffs at the loyalty, given freely to those which give not.

Moments stolen by someone else’s power. A legacy persists that isn’t deserved; but hate remains not. For even just a glimmer of hate locks chains around the soul, hindering movement and purpose and denies the future its rightful place.

A destiny of revelation shines the path with lightening ever bright. A journey of healing traverses, step by step, choice by choice. Only the thunderstorms of life offer comfort, serving as a reminder that good remains.

Choice the weapon of need And words the tells of stories. Forgiveness is the key! Released into hope, an unknown freedom awaits. Shedding the nightmare of its power And the memory of its pain.

Bonniejean Alford

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