

### ***A Brief Introduction for the Readers***

For the past several years, poetry has been something I have always leaned on to help me through my mental health struggles. It's an escape from reality, if you will. Getting my thoughts down onto paper in some form helped alleviate the angst of depression and anxiety. I want to share some of the poetry I have written and share my analysis of what the poems mean to me. All of these poems come from a place of vulnerability. I will do my best to relay my thoughts and provide insight into the way I express my many feelings.

#### ***hope in the midwinter***

*weeks since the equinox  
nothing but the cruel gray heavens  
why, everything seems quite bleak  
no hope in the midwinter*

*radiating outward was one being  
a deity of the warmth  
for He knows not of sorrow, nor cold  
only of open arms*

*fret not if you are lost, searching the frozen terrain  
stop your quest, go find Him  
He is different to me than to you, yet the same  
open your arms to Him, to find hope in the midwinter*

This was one of the first poems I wrote, written in early 2021 in the midst of the pandemic. I have never been a super religious individual, however I have always believed that there is some sort of deity that is watching over us all, whether that be a God or something/someone else. This thought was something that helped me break free of my shell of depression, knowing that there is some sort of entity that I can pray to and share my thoughts with. I wanted to express to a reader that it is important to find something that drives you and lifts you up, whether or not that be God, some other sort of being, or anything else. Knowing that something is out there looking over me brought me comfort in times of great angst.

#### ***reflection***

*reflection is a glass, but dwelling is a hellish wall  
reflection can be broken, dwelling can not  
the longer we dwell, the deeper we fall  
in love, in pain, in happiness*

*birds rarely sing when indigo clouds loom  
counterintuitive, sweet song could dazzle through haze  
shatter the cycle of strangling obsession  
accept, embrace, and let go*

*nobody grasps the true meaning  
who's to speak the truth  
simply put we are all wildly guessing  
day by day moving through*

I have always had a tendency to spend too much time dwelling on things in the past. The point I am making in this poem is that there is a fine line between reflection and dwelling. Once you have crossed that line, it is extraordinarily difficult to drag yourself out of the rabbit hole that you have fallen down. It is important to reflect on the past, but don't dwell on it. Remember how things once were, but don't sit around wishing to return to those days. I have found myself doing these things often. This poem is a reminder to me to keep myself from going down that rabbit hole.

***forever***

*is forever even real  
whose sights have set upon it  
you nor I know of such a thing  
nothing seems to last forever*

*are we truly here, or not  
the sickening thoughts invade  
knowing so little of what or where  
sanity starts to crumble, and existence starts to fade*

*good Lord, are us mortals as feeble as it seems  
or is there a glowing orb in the distance  
has anyone ever figured out the story of existence  
unawareness is the greatest fear of all*

When I was growing up, I was never one to feel sorry for myself for having cystic fibrosis. My Dad has always told me: Everybody's got something. I still occasionally find myself wondering, why me? This poem I am exploring that thought, along with trying to wrap my head around the concept of forever, and the greater meaning of being alive. Why are we here? Why are we who we are? What does forever really mean? Unfortunately, I don't think I will ever have an answer to these questions, but putting my thoughts into this poem at least helped me visualize them and rationalize my fears a little bit.

***Conclusion***

I have written a multitude of poems over the last several years, these are just a few that I wrote during critical points during my life. I hope that my comments provide a little bit of insight into my swirling mind, and I hope that maybe you have connected with my poetry on some level.