

SURVIVAL II

by Barbara Ariss Stroh-Wasser

Pain from the past,
That threatened to kill
Every fibre of my being,
A volcanic explosion
Awakening from sleep,
Spitting out fire,
Ashes and poisonous fumes.

I circled around it
Like a wild cat
Paralysing its prey
With its focused gaze,
Eyelids squeezed
Determination unleashed
Shaped into two cuts
By the blades of
A sharpened knife,
Filling with tears of
Blood and pain.

The power of my will
Captured the pain,
And made it mine,
A festering tumour,
I turned it benign,
Temporarily,
For now.

My dear friend,
Please, understand,
These steps allow me
To function for now.

Tomorrow,
I will embrace
The unfolding memories,
And their piercing pain
Again, and again.

By Following the route
You did and do
Recommend

It all depends
At whose mercy you are
Whether you die or
Whether you live.