Distance

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The future means many different things to me, but at its core, it represents a distance so infinitely removed from my past that sometimes it seems more like an impossible fantasy than it does reality. Yet, there are glimpses of the future manifesting itself around me, I experience more and more these days. My vision of the future holds the good and bad I know I will find in it as one. I know it will involve a continuation down paths that will lead to me healing wounds incurred in childhood that left me crippled at an edge. It will find me still living with Ehlers Danlos Syndrome, POTS, PTSD, and other chronic physical and mental illnesses—so I know the future promises pain and illness and flashbacks. I know it will present obstacles and I know there is a good chance I will come to another point where I find myself next to hopelessness. But I also know that the future will promise a home that will hold roses and the family I am now creating. I know the future will be defined by its pain as much as it will be defined by its blooming and healing. There's always hope, a guarantee that what pain you feel today will lessen, will change, and if only for a moment stormy skies will clear. And even when the skies seem endlessly filled with storms a very particular beauty can still be found within them—you just have to remain uncompromising in your desire to find it.

Keywords

mental illness, hope,
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from my bed in 2020 you can see dark clouds drag
themselves
across the surface of the mute-grey Toronto sky.
outside, deer park quiets; streets empty, as
an August storm blots out the summer sky.
dense air chokes the city
oppresses tiny buildings. weighs on empty people.
while a humid-anxiety's lodged itself in minds
that are too afraid to ask the thunder why.
calamity was once a daughter, reduced to flesh.
a girl desperate to remain hidden from the
monster
in her father. she'd hide at the back of a cold cellar
nightmare; in her family's basement.
with an act of contortion her body
became a box. arms wrapped
around square knees. she'd become
a girl-shape safe hiding from he who stole key.
wind mingles with rain; gives it wings before
obliterating it against the rafters. a scared hid
in the middle of a storm, but now lies on a bed.
listening to rattling cacophony that screams from
the past
that din that breaks bones. shut in the pitch-black
basement alone.
she became obscurity that echoed in its silent
screaming. but she

survived. beneath a broken lightbulb that hung;
never to be fixed
because light was danger, illuminating the safe
that hid in the dark
from invading fingers. there are some kinds of
monsters
even shadows are scared of. body parts, in a
moment, memories remain
under a haze. a static imprint of metallic terror.
that tried to consume this absent girl.
but, she's grown now, this little girl.
and memory is only an image in her mind.
when a long time ago, a girl faced a monster and
survived.
rain storms outside today. Deer park is so blissfully
quiet.
there are no muffled sobs in the storm today.
there is only
grateful tears as dark clouds drag themselves
across the sky in 2020.
the storm outside begins to slow as a little girl who
is a woman
curls safely into her bed, where her Kitty sleeps.