

My journal binding broke  
I guess the weight of the secrets  
The emotions, the loss, the love  
Was too much

The stitches snapped  
And the pages spilled free  
Releasing the thoughts  
I'd entrusted there long ago

Those were dark times  
Blacker than the ink on the page  
The paper is blotched  
With tears, sweat, blood

I haven't looked at them since  
The records of that place  
My handwriting has changed  
That's the first thing I see

And then I notice the words  
Sad,

    Angry,

        Hurt,

            Scared,

Repeated over and over  
Like a mantra

As if their repetition would dull  
Their meaning, their ache  
I guess it worked  
I haven't used them in a while

I haven't needed to  
That makes me smile  
I look at the newer pages  
The words I chose to put there

Written in strong hand are;

Hope,

Faith,

Tomorrow,

Yet,

I gather the pages

Put them in order again

I bind them tightly

With a lime green ribbon

So that forever after

I can look back

And see how far

I've come since then

How my words change

And my handwriting too

So I can know that

It gets better

If only you give yourself

Time,

Love,

Kindness,

Trust