

Let it Rage Until

by Emily Sparkles

Version One:

The ache resonates deep, deep down,
an echoing wail in a cave within.
Snapshots of smiles, sunshine, and silliness that never solidify.
Mirages.

The truth burns me from the inside out.
The wail becomes a hum becomes a howl.
Memories of fear, fighting, and forgiving in a cycle that never
stopped.

Until I stopped.

Stopped making excuses.
Stopped making your appointments.
Stopped believing your words when actions did not align.

You would show the world your tear-stained face yet
hide my blood, which covered us all.

Do you not remember?
I traced my fingers over my own skin and found
well-worn scars, bearing your name.
My fingertips took hold, sinking in until rupture.
The same blood that coated our son as he left my body
spouted from the wounds you caused, mixed with the water
of MY tears,
which you could never bear to witness.
Mixed with the sobs of YOUR SON,
that only ever pushed you to rage.

Let it rage.

I shall not suppress you.
Let your rage speak to you of the sorrow it hides,
until your sadness swallows you whole.
May you be baptized by this pain to a place beyond self-pity.
Washed upon a shore, where healing
for the sake of healing
occurs.

Version Two (a longer intro):

I have to put up walls around your sadness.
I need to hold a mirrored shield.
Why should your pain,
now,
matter more than mine,
then?
Matter more than our son's,
ever?

I still have sadness, too
A deep mourning that this man couldn't be
healthy,
couldn't care enough about our son, about me, about himself.

There's an ache inside
because of the good times we did have.
The laughter we did share.
The promises of adventure.
The moments of feeling seen.

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