

We consult.

Then halt.

No way to stall it?

Can we call it all out?

Wanna deny truths and get about.

But that's just a bit of nostalgia talk,

Life has its own beat and that's the real walk.

Now this the emergence of clarity,

For so long that's where we wanted to be.

But we don't always like the answers we find,

The answers we find and feelings that grind,

Just holding on tight to ties that bind.

Warm hands held, we hide hot tears,

Dried eyes no disguise for those held dear.

Bathroom mirror, all steamed up, smeared.

Bare-faced heart's trace, thinned veneer.

'cause at that mirror, you take a lean,

White knuckled sink edges try to glean

A sense of meaning to pull it together.

And gratitude amidst fears that never

Will you ever be the same again.

Do you remember a time when

That hit you like a thunderclap?

Few times in life hit no going back,

When maybe that's the case all along.

The seasons, lives, struggles, loves, songs.

But what if change we resist makes us better in some ways?

All actions have reactions, both predicted and segues.

I never knew,

And always knew.

And finally, here's something new.

But daunting shoes to walk in too.

We all step up, heart race with new

Why? We have to.

'cause no one gets promises or certainties,

We're all tripping with life and what's meant to be,

The rest can be bluster and bluff.

But then, isn't that all gift enough?

We consult.

Then halt.

“You know what this will mean” he says

Can't look around to nod restless head.

But I guess I nodded along for too long,

When your gut says it wrong, just speak out or move on.

But when there's no answers you can rely on,

It's counter to stories we base safety on.

When so much of that is sweet illusion,

But inner spark sees hollow confusion.

Let its questions burn up into a bright blaze,

Emboldened from blurred and frayed out haze.

And get yourself ready for what you might find,

All roads led you here, but some things left behind

Could shed light on the road up ahead,

And it isn't found living in our heads.

We could all be surprised by what we might find

When we follow the spark that glows up our insides.

'cause nothing's as it seems and little is defined,

Shed silhouettes, in our infinite limits shine.

**Love,**

Kirstin @ chronic\_33