

## Recover the Wreckage

A suicidal shipwreck drowns in self insecurity  
The downpour from their eyes  
Compressed into their urge to say goodbye  
For she, invalidates their identity

Unconditional love twisted with heartbreak  
Lies and fakes a smile  
Alone, but only for awhile  
Recovery, at stake

Unwillingly shy  
The darkness is comforting  
The silence is haunting  
Merely mumbling “hi”

Scars ascending from wrist to shoulder  
Time, healing the self inflicted wounds  
Oh how the darkness protrudes  
Their vessel, a wreckage collector

Limbs trembling as they bared the weight  
Hold on tighter  
They will become a fighter  
No more, struggling like a derailed freight

Strength started as a seed  
Hidden beneath the soil  
Surfacing past the weed  
Igniting like flame over oil

Their existence will not be another statistic  
Opportunities lie across the floor  
Their body is not carved from plastic  
They have found themselves; they are not lost anymore

Her voice still echoes through the walls  
Faint but still whispering in their ears  
An eerie lullaby they do not wish to hear  
Happiness may be at fall

Has it been a year?  
I am not in fear  
She brings such an unsettling atmosphere  
She never owned me

Wind rushing through their hair  
Heart pounding faster  
Vision becoming clearer  
As their lungs refill with air

The ground beneath them shakes  
Past nightmares fade  
New dreams expand  
It is time to awake

Her words shiver down their spine  
With too much to say  
All bottled up within a day  
It's time to leave her behind

No longer plastered in labels  
I am meant to be free  
This is who I will be  
No longer unstable  
I cannot set my own expiration date  
The battles will be overcome  
Acceptance will be welcome  
I cannot predict my own fate

One day I will create a masterpiece  
I am now just setting sail  
My wings will not fail  
Release.

— *Kai Van Dyke*