

## PEACE

By Harvest Bowman

I am lying on a table, all stretched out,  
Within my heart flutters every doubt.  
My ego is fragile, but my hope is not,  
One will soar above, let the other rot.  
The white cloth resting underneath me,  
A thin protectant, known for being crinkly.  
My body is stretched out for all to see,  
This is the frail, broken me.  
They pull out their sharp instruments,  
With willingness, I submit.  
I submit to their poking and prodding,  
But with my head I'm simply nodding.  
I remind them my hair is red,  
And the thought of a mistake denotes dread.  
They sometimes listen, sometimes not,  
That's alright, my foot is hot.  
The rest of my body is painfully cold,  
My joints ache like one grown old.  
And yet I'm as young as the snow,  
I still have that childlike glow.  
The light will soon be gone if my body,  
Is not spared from more misery.  
My heart will be worn down,

From years of watching me drown.  
They touch me everywhere,  
Deep down, I still care.  
Somewhere inside of me,  
Is a person who sees clearly.  
The noise of their instruments,  
Makes my strength go all spent,  
Yet I pull out a little more;  
I hear them closing the door.  
I feel the rolling of the table,  
Doctors do all they are able.  
They zero in on one deformity,  
While ignoring the rest of me.  
I have a dream of seeing the outdoors,  
Of running beside untrodden shores.  
I have a dream of being strong and wise,  
And no longer heeding mistakes and lies.  
I have a dream of soaring above the earth,  
I have a dream of giving birth.  
I have a dream of falling in love,  
I have a dream of finally being enough.  
I have a dream of making my parents proud,  
I have a dream of flying above the clouds.  
I have a dream of pleasing God at last,  
I have a dream of jumping fast.

As they patiently stare at me,  
I am brought back with anxiety.  
The present is much different from,  
The tune inside my head I hum.  
The needle stabs into my arm,  
The test will save from greater harm.  
Four heated blankets fall on me,  
I get cold because I'm skinny.  
The rush of tears floods from my eyes,  
Around me are mirrored thousands of lies.  
Masks-- so many-- stretching on and on,  
Like an unending, unsuppressed yawn.  
Thousands of eyes rest on me,  
Grown dull in this quiet misery.  
Compassion remains in those faces,  
Traces of God's infinite graces.  
When you think of it, it's kind of funny,  
How a single person can be so lonely.  
Starved of human touch, but caressed by needles,  
Sores cover my body like red beetles.  
Eyes unfocused, the setting sun bright red,  
And somehow, I've run out of dread.  
This is my battle, haven't you heard?  
And I wouldn't trade it for the world.  
I take every feeling in, then release,

It's the only way to find peace.