

5-1-2016

Then and Now

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Recommended Citation

Holland, Elise (2016) "Then and Now," *Forces*: Vol. 2016 , Article 16.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2016/iss1/16>

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THEN AND NOW

Elise Holland

The world,
7 billion people,
Some wealthy, some poor,
Some smart, some not,
Then there is me.
Separated yet connected,
There may be others similar,
But they are not me.

Belonging but isolated,
Bonds shattering then rejoining,
Becoming stronger,
While also weaker.

Haunted by ghosts,
Shadows, illusions,
Growing as it drags behind me,
Becoming one with me.

Hollow, a crystalline shell,
Tossed and battered by the waves,
Broken, shattered, crumpled,
That *was* me.

Blinded by light,
Pulling me out of the darkness,
Waking me from my Nightmare.

Given home, shelter,
Providing warmth and comfort,
Accepting my weaknesses,
Nourishing my strengths.

Vanquishing demons,
Dwelling only on misery,
Shrinking into a speck of dust,
Finally separated.

Life filling in the hole,
Shaped smoothly by the waves,
Restored, fixed, secure
This is me.