



# Belief

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Sometimes it's hard to be yourself...

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I dreamed that all my wounds had healed, which freed me to move on. My confidence was coming back, I'd thought it all but gone. A smile, a laugh, an opening up, a glimmer of some hope, But my epistemic self still said I was a dope. Not sure if I was worthy, was sadly my belief And a brave face was the one I wore, despite the mental grief. Suppressing it, I steeled myself and closed my inner ears. Struggling with the demons who had magnified my fears. A light shone through the darkness then, a ray of golden sun, I tried too hard to capture it and made its light turn wan. You simply cannot understand what goes on in my mind And I could never show you it, for fear of what you'd find. Why can't I have the happiness that others seem to seek? Because those wounds keep festering and rendering me weak. I'm sure I'm better every day, although sometimes I slip. But finding you has made me smile and makes my stomach flip. "You idiot!" that inner voice, she taunts me once again, "You misread the signals all along. Oh, will you ever learn?" She laughed at me, admonishing, for thinking I was free, Please do not judge for who I am, let me just be me. I thought that I was ready, I was even almost sure But poor judgement, on my part, has left me insecure. I wish that I was ready, I try so hard each day. Perhaps the trying is too much and frightens them away? Disappointment racked my soul, I felt my spirit crack But safer to retreat for now than let the pain come back. So, taking a deep breath, I simply sit here and I scrawl Realising what I thought was good, was nothing after all. "Be quiet! Don't you put me down," I told my inner voice But she merely laughed at me, "My dear, you have no choice." Initially, I thought her cruel, an evil, heartless bitch And that my time of solitude must surely be a glitch? "Oh, love will come, you mark my words," I heard her say to me, "For now you must step back and heal, just simply let things be." I understood the wisdom of the words that she had said And tried to calm the constant fight between my heart and head. Resigned again to being alone, I took her words to heart Just letting time begin to mend, what once was torn apart. I know that I'm not perfect, I can but only strive, But hope is strong and I BELIEVE. It keeps my dreams alive.