



# Trepidation

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Published on Stories Space on 15 Feb 2016

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I'm not what I've done, I am what I have overcome.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/trepidation.aspx>

When one stands in the sunshine, the world around is always bright. It is easy to see creatures at play, enjoying beauty in nature's light. Things are visible and unwrapped, though some can hide in the shadows. Unseen things that can only be felt, when spirits and souls rub elbows. In darkness, one's mind can be deceived, as panic awakes to sounds being heard. Rustling leaves upon a gentle breeze, frightful things when one's vision is blurred. Becoming accustomed to a darkened space, allows one to see and feel from within. Attuned to surroundings knowing no fear, comfortable and ignoring all din. There is nothing in the dark to dread, zilch that there isn't in the light. Fear deserves

no notice, in the pitch-black space of night. Angels surround us night and day, watching over us with gentleness. Appearing in incredibly subtle ways, wanting only to bring us happiness. Undisturbed solace be ours to have, surrounded by universal love. Nature's beauty is alive and well, in the blissful darkness above. Thoughts filled with memories past, in truth we are never truly alone. Soft breezes carrying leaves and kisses, maybe ancestors waiting our return home.