

Birth

by sweetflag

An event can recreate us.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Birth.

I remember the day of my birth—

Not as you think as a mewling child.

It was years after I'd walked the earth,

Forced to feel nothing that was mild;

Laying cold and still upon the ground.

I wondered if my first birth had been as frantic.

Had the light stung my eyes so cruelly?

Had the drawing of air been quite as hectic?

And had the world weighed so heavily?

I won't let this keep me on the ground.

I knew how I must have lain and yearned to walk.

Had my set of first steps been as tough to take?

I knew how I must have railed. I had no words, couldn't talk

All I had were screams, the only sounds I could make.

I can't let this keep me on the ground.

Had my thoughts been so scattered and shattered?

Had I struggled to think, or had thoughts flashed and flared?

Was I left feeling quite so exhausted and battered?

Had I felt so out of control, so weak, so open and so bared?

I mustn't let this keep me on the ground.

I have crawled after both my births, crawled and cried.

A wordless need to speak, I was a thoughtless dream.

On the ground, I hoped to live, yet wished to have died.

I still crawled away, alone and lonely, the unheard scream.

I lost and let this keep me on the ground.

I burnt in the fire of my own design; fuelled the flame.

Not knowing how to heal, I clung to the memory of my birth.

It was my pain, my memory, my knowledge, his shame.

I cried, screamed, withered and wept as I fell to the earth.

I will not let him keep me on the ground.

Years have passed; the wounds are scars, and the pain has eased,

I have learnt to walk and speak, learnt to burn again with desire.

My mind is clearer, my feelings cleaner: my thoughts less diseased.

I am not what I was, now more than I was, tempered through this fire.

I live; I have not let this put me in the ground.