

July peer poem

By Meghan Hickerson

I hear a world whimpering and do not want to be one who's simpering.
I have lived with a bitter taste knowing with faith that better awaits.
To all, a trick of light - is this salvation or my darkest night?
Before, it wasn't a choice; not until I learned I have a voice.
Confronting unspeakable things, patching up wounds, learning my wings.
Swells of rage, dissonance, and grief and then I receive today's grace with its leaves, golden and green.
We are each invited, anointed. Many called, few chosen to heal what's been broken, thaw what's been frozen.
I slide toward a certainty, gripped by doubt, I kick my legs up and about –
sometimes angry, sometimes dancing toward a new way to live, a new way of glancing.
What resonates and keeps me intact is not constant or certain or "right" or exact.
I need my feelings to let me know whether something helps me to shrink or to grow.
Firelight, lantern light, woods - world expanded - community and selfhood are what I've commanded.
My heart is large and undivided, but it has its habit of streaming different ways.
And now it rushes out from me, catching up to exalted days.
How burrowing and diving it goes, not knowing what to admit or how to love.
Once underneath but now it's above - excavating the debris of my tunnels and caves –
letting in light, learning to be brave.
I no longer deny my pain. I release the bitter with joy and let surrender reign.

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