SURVIVING THE TIDES  
By: April Oleson

What wonders await us as we embark on our voyage?  
What enchantments are lurking around the corner,  
in another memory?  
Little do we know the storm that awaits us.  
It is the beginning of a tragedy,   
the end of a family.  
And the start of a dark   
and horrible lie.   
A life of false happiness,  
and false hope.   
  
The storm approaches  
faster than we can prepare.  
It drags us out to sea  
teaching us to fend for ourselves.  
Our hope seems to fade like the rushing tides  
going in and out,   
in and out.  
As I try to grasp this sacred place,  
I begin to lose it as it slips through my fingers.  
  
I feel the last bit of hope drown in my sorrows.   
the air slipping through my lungs,  
my heart taking its last beat,  
slowly pounding to a halt.

The happiness that is now buried   
in the memories of my past,  
the memories that have haunted me since then.  
They hold the happiness of my life,  
clinging to my very being.

As I slowly swim ashore to life.  
I hear the old, calling my name,  
begging for my return.  
I cannot move,  
cannot feel,  
cannot dream.

You pick me up, and carry me in Your arms.  
You tell me it will be ok,  
and You will never let me go.

I long to have the joy I once felt in that place,  
long for it to be a part of me again,   
but childhood was the place of death,  
and adulthood is now the place of rebirth.