

The Quiet War

There are days the sky forgets to turn,
And light feels like a thing you burn.
When every breath is fought, not found,
And silence has its own kind of sound.

You wake, but not quite into life
Just drift beneath a threadbare strife.
The world moves on, too loud, too fast,
While you are tethered to the past.

The mirror shows a haunted guest,
Wearing your face, needing rest.
You try to speak, but words betray
They taste like iron and drift away.

You cancel plans with phantom pain,
You walk through sunlight, cold as rain.
And still, you smile when they expect
A mask too worn to now protect.

But oh, the strength it takes to stand
To simply breathe, unclench your hand.
To eat. To shower. To try at all
To climb a wall no one can see at all.

There is no medal for this fight,
No cheering crowd, no finish light.
But you are here. You're still alive.
You've made it through another night.

And though you feel your soul is ash,
There's still a spark beneath the crash.
A whisper, faint, but fierce and true:
The dark is real, but so are you.