**Return**

Function's returned

The pain remains

But it matters not to me

He's my brother, companion

Tireless foe Through him

Comes strength, a unique perspective

My burden to carry, I protect him with zeal

He and I, we've risen. With controlled

Anger I've riven scores from tests

Admittance from darkness; from denial acceptance

Without him I know not where'd I be

From ashes I run

Through a beautiful drizzle

Rain dripping from firs

A feat newly attained

I bound through the lane; sky for the boards

Race o'er the field

I lie in my bed with tears quickly coming

How far I've come It seems surreal

I smile at sorrow; he's a bittersweet teacher

From the simplest step, every stroke of the raquet,

Every bounce of a ball, my body grows stronger

Thank you sorrow, you've taught me joy

A floor covered by needles

Not of silver but of green, they carpet the earth

They rush to greet me as I scramble through old forest

I laugh for happiness though pain shadows me

Pain, you devious kinsman, I fear you no more

I rejoice in my body despite a fragility

That may dog me to days' end

It matters not; I found what I lost

My identity restored An athlete again

My rival I thank you; you've made me a man

Water beads on my forehead

The majesty of nature felt most closely

Through wet clothes and muddy shoes

A smile on my lips; cold air through my mouth

Everyone's born to do something

I was born to run