

Birth

Birth was a linear line she stepped onto without her knowing it was hers to walk.

At the age she first stood on her two unsteady feet,
the world's emotions stood with her, anger, fear and despair.

At the age she first tied her shoes,
she understood that moving forward sometimes meant moving through sorrow.

At the age when she could carry her own bag,
she felt the weight of things she never chose to hold.

At the age she learned to speak her own thoughts,
she discovered how silence can bruise deeply like words.

And she still walked that line, because life never stops, even when the heart does.