

Survivor

I am a survivor.
Although at times it may seem
That to be alive is not my dream,
I am a survivor.
This hurt inside
It brings me down
Feelings so deep
That I could drown,
But I've found a way
To stay afloat
Hurting myself
Is a little row boat.
A way to bring me
to the shore
On seas of turmoil
I row my oar.
I direct my pain
Towards myself
Even though sometimes
It damages my health,
But it soothes the rocky sea
That crashes
and splashes
Inside of me.
The thing is you see
When you are alone
Rowing in circles
Won't get you home,
One oar and one man
Can only do so much
But this oar has become
Somewhat of a crutch.
Like the house on the cliff
It's a beacon of light,
A way to guide me
Though the night.
Where the sky is dark
And the stars are shining
Lighting up the clouds
With their silver linings,
Marshmallows of hope
that drift through the sky.
Please, if you see me

Don't pass me by
Throw out a rope
Hand me a line
Please, don't let this
Be the last time.
Help keep me safe
From the rocks by the shore.
Quick climb aboard,
Here, take an oar!
Paddle my boat with me
Through stormy seas
Under blankets of black skies
Journey with me, please.
For with you by my side
To help keep me safe
I can heal and get better
At my own pace.
I can find support
In ways that don't hurt
A new course of direction,
Let's call it a divert.
And softly, slowly
We'll row to shore,
You and me
And my self-harm oar.
And perhaps when we're there
I'll throw it away
Because, hopefully I won't need it another day
For I am a survivor
And although at times it may seem
That to be alive is not my dream
I am a survivor.