Only
By Arwen Maier

There was a time
    when I wished…
to be important
to be valued
to be unique
and daring
and unforgettable…
The dreams and desires of a child…
    looking for confirmation
    wishing for adoration
The words flowed in
a kind of desperate torrent,
pushing
    pulling
tugging
    swirling
And i...
lost in the current, tossed around unable to make top or bottom
    coming up only for air, long enough to be sucked under again.
Then it stopped…
    Silent.
The silence of mediocrity
    deafening.
Without the current
Without the desperation
Without the uncertainty
Without the why
    or the yearning
    or the search
    or the tempest…
there is only i.
There is only I.
There. Is. Only. I.
Bruised,
Battered,
Weathered,
Wiser,
At both times less...
    and decidedly more.
More caring,
    more forgiving,
    more loving
    more...
Stripped down...
    and drifting, but...
    still...
    quiet...
And more.
And important.
And valued.
And unique.
And daring.
And unforgettable...