

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...