

Plant from concrete

Inside 4 walls which tell me the worst has come before, and will return with biblical strength. Government names which bounce of walls like choral singing.
Soft harmonies, echoing, ringing through the church.
Press it into my hand and tell me that you've been here before.
Look at me with familiarity, see yourself in me. Sit with me.
It's so great when that weird laugh cracks through the depression, like it's not supposed to be there, because we're being serious right now.
Deadly serious.
And then that wet chortle, leaping, skipping, up and into the room.
I'll wonder if I remember what happiness is.
It's probable I won't.
That weight, my brain turns to stone. And I sit in my concrete thoughts.
First I has to pour in all that dust and sand, all the rocks from my pockets went to the basket in my head.
The sand from a broken hour glass is not good soil.
When I pour the water in my basket, it mixes, and the basket in my head sits full of concrete.
And then that laugh is like the plant, that stubborn flower that pokes out of the concrete, knowing that it has it's own right to grow.
I stare at the flower when I get the chance, but usually I glance at it in passing. I'm always impressed.
Always so impressed that we all made it this far, how far we came without worrying about where we were. We just kept moving forward, one step ahead of the other.
That's it.