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Mr. Johnson

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Poem

Backwards

The end of the road
Beautiful, isn't it?
Lined with golden success and shining with love
It gleams and glows
You had not known you'd be here
Basking in such glory
But you get the aching feeling
To turn around... and walk back

The bright and shiny lights fade
As you walk deeper and deeper
Into the familiar void
Back to where you spent your nights
Drinking milk and crying
Playing with your toys and whining
The way your mother smiled so sweetly
Despite the weights she carried
Of her arduous work
And her husband who clung to his bottles.
Her smile shines brighter than any star,
And lit the way throughout your journey.

Then her arms stopped holding you
And you were surrounded by other people
Who looked, sounded, and thought like you
Like mirrors
Reflecting your young, immature image.

Yet several steps in and the glass breaks.
They come out anew,
Evolved and different.
They weren't like you at all.
Your heart of stone against their black souls
Pushing, taunting,

Their hands were like anchors
Pulling you so that you sink into a somber abyss
Into what seemed like inevitable ostracism.

It stretched on for many paces.
Your own fixed aspects...
Burden!
Your appearance...
Burden!
Your personality...
Burden!
Everything...
BURDEN!!

It had been all dark
Nothing like the end of the path
What had you done
To escape such calamity
To bring the luminous glory at the end
To get that happy ending in the story?

Your soul was spotted with wounds
From sticks and stones
From blades and rocks
But, in truth, they were the building blocks
For your rebirth, your victory, your resurgence.
They were the base for the epiphany
That you always had wings
But you just needed to learn to fly

You'll never forget the rain
That caused the rainbow
When you've reached the end
You'll always look back
And smile with intense fervor
"Oh, look how far I've come. I finally made it."

