

“The Quiet War”

They’ve never known the weight of silence,
how it bends th spine beneath the load,
How word---small, sharp as shattered glass---
can cut along the edges of the soul.

Their laughter leaves invisible scars,
painted on the shades no one can see.
I wear them like a second skin,
stitched together by my whispered pleas.

I carry battles no one speaks of,
a quiet war that rages deep within.
Each glance, each smirk--a loaded weapon,
each insult buried like a pin.

But what they don’t know is this:
there’s power in enduring pain--
a kind of grace that grows in shadows,
a strength that cannot understand or claim.

They think I’ve broken, but i bend,
like branches bent beneath the storm,
and in the breaking, I become
someone they can no longer harm.

For all their taunts, their careless blows,
their cruelty like fire through my veins---
I rise, not from the absence of their hate,
but beacuse, in spite of it, I remain.

I’ve learned to hold the world more gently,
to see in others what they cannot see--
for all their strength, they lack the courage
to be someone who is truly free.

