

# BUT THAT HURTS TOO

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A POEM  
FOR THE WEARY HEART



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## A POEM FOR THE WEARY HEART

I am so weary that taking the next breath is painful.  
And exhaling this stale and heavy air somehow hurts even more than taking it in.  
Holding my breath seems like the only option left these days.  
*But that hurts too.*

Worn down has become my new normal.  
Days like this make it hard to move, to rest, even just being wears. me. out.  
I try to find the words to cry out for mercy because I know my soul aches for it.  
*But speaking up? That hurts too.*

The losses have been tremendous and the grief is constantly present.  
They've turned my once vibrant soul to a dingy, threadbare ghost of my past self.  
I used to stand in front of the mirror, staring into my own eyes because I could see You.  
*But now, that hurts too.*

I am not what I once was and I don't know that I want to go back.  
Because there is freedom here, even in the shadow of this trauma.  
I sit with my broken heart because I know she will not lie to me about who I am.  
*But sometimes, that hurts too.*

I hear a whisper from within say "It's OK. Perhaps hurting is enough for right now."  
I nod as the wave of emotion comes again, but I remember I'm not the only one in this.  
She cherishes my tears and breathes life into my soul, even as I question Their existence.  
*But I promise to find my way back, even if that hurts too.*