

KEY

Closed door clicks shut –
The turn of the key
resounds in my mind,
imprisoning me.

Tumbler rolls forward –
disturbing my gaze,
reminding me always
of unfettered days.

I wrestle inside
with struggle and strain
attempting to balance
the source of my pain.

When voices cry out
And sometimes invade;
demanding attention –
a warring tirade.

With hope, I battle,
for all is at stake.
I must overcome this
what ere it might take.

I grab for the key –
a desperate assault,
and wrest it from its
precarious vault.

Key thrust into lock –
on precipice hung,
deciding just how
this fight will be won.

Mettle forcing turn –
prys open the door;
lighting the darkness
to settle this war.

Door opening wide –
with heavy paid toll;
key to recovery

is within my soul.

- Sylvetta Snowten