

Ebb and flow

Wells
Of tears
Waving in and waving out
As I walk the aisle of the shop
Arriving unexpectedly
Yet definitely noticed
I walk the aisle as if parting the water
Moving through the water of emotion
That feels like it wants to
Engulf me

It was but a week ago
Fresh trauma and now fresh water
Here to cleanse me, or at least rid me of his imprint on my skin
And my soul

Perhaps this water will come as a trickle at times
A tsunami at others
I choose not to run, nor be destroyed by the size or shape of the water
But instead allow the ebb and flow to wash me clean
And allow the debris to be washed away

I float vulnerably naked
Exposed to my core
Not resisting
Or battling against the tide
But allowing a new flood of love
For myself and my body
To shower me
And bathe me
In a fresh appreciation of
My inner well
Of beauty
And strength
That will never be taken from me

Janelle Fletcher 22 August, 2010

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