

I Rise

By Alexa Taylor Sharpe

My paralyzed body,
Bolted to the bleak bedframe beneath me.
The only movement in the muted bedroom is the stagnant flutter of my weighted eyelids.
My chest is constricted,
Inhibiting my inhalations.
I pray for the power to be the pilot of my own plane.
I want to sail in the direction of the unclouded vault of Heaven,
But my brain is burning,
Like the sea of flames below the ground in Hell.
My eyes shut,
For it is time to hush the hastening thoughts,
Because now something else is on its way.
I wake and I rise,
for now, I am bulletproof.
I ascend from my bedroom window to the rooftop.
I fear nothing as I jump,
Plummeting downwards,
Anticipating the fall,
For I know I dominate over the powerless concrete below my feet.
The mania is an astounding adventure,
and she is a close acquaintance,
while depression is a foe.
He is longing for my downfall,
And is skilled in shattering my sustenance.
The highs and the lows
They fluctuate rapidly,
And I am left with ambiguity.
I step outside to light a cigarette,
For I am only slowly killing myself.
I stop for a moment to look toward the pale blue sky,
And I come to an unforeseen realization;
I am a living, breathing being,
And I can pilot my own plane,
And I can soar toward the heavens.
I am suited to maneuver myself through the dark,
And I am capable of moving through the air,
To locate peace of mind,
And I will no longer be languishing for freedom.
I can fly.
I will fly.