

## **Survivor**

**By Karen Jung**

I've been pushed to the bottom of the sea  
By those who've claimed to have loved me  
But their words are laced with lies and deceit  
And dance in the hallways of my mind  
Like a wandering circus that mocks  
The reality of my remarkable Existence

Their Ignorance continues to deny the Truth  
That screams from my lips  
And cuts through the deepest cavities of my soul  
It is a miracle that my heart has not suffocated  
Under the pressure of putting up pretenses  
And pretending that the events of the Past  
Are just mundane memories of days gone by

But little do they care to know and understand  
That the Demons of my Past still creep into my Present  
And there are some days  
When I feel like a bystander to my own life  
Watching as I wither and crumble  
Under the weight of a world with little mercy  
For trauma survivors like me

But then I must remember  
That there are other days  
When I have the Voice and Courage  
To be the Woman Warrior  
Who wields her mighty weapons to avenge her Past  
And lends a helping hand  
To those who've traveled the same war-torn Path

So some people might say that I'm like Super Woman  
A superhero flying in and out of lives to "Save the Day"  
But I'm just a child  
Who grew up in a dark and lonely world  
And learned how to survive  
By trusting God and my intuition  
So don't expect me to surrender to the Villains  
That make it their life-long mission  
To challenge my livelihood every single day