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The one true source of healing

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I ran after noise
that sounded like applause,
numbers, titles, names spelled in lights,
a version of me
that the world would finally choose.

I learned to measure my worth
in how loud they cheered,
how far I could go
without stopping
to feel.

But silence has a way
of catching up.

When the clapping faded,
it echoed into emptiness.
Every victory felt thin,
like holding water in shaking hands.
I was winning,
but losing sleep,
losing peace,
losing myself.

Anxiety sat beside me like a shadow
that knew my name too well.
Depression whispered,
"Was it ever enough?"

So I stopped running.

Not because I reached the top,
but because I couldn't breathe anymore.

And there,
in the quiet I used to fear,
I found Him.

Not in the noise,
not in the proving,
but in the stillness
that didn't ask me to perform.

The One who made the stars
didn't need my résumé.
The One who shaped the oceans
already knew my depths.

He didn't offer me applause,
He offered me rest.

And for the first time,
I wasn't chasing worth,
I was held by it.

Now I walk slower.
Not empty,
but anchored.

Because healing didn't come
when I had everything,
it came
when I finally came back
to the One
who is everything.

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