

## A Lesson Learned

There comes a point  
Inflection irrelevant  
Circumstances are here  
Flare with the current

That lesson is hard  
But now I realize  
Things floating above  
I just close my eyes

Those who hurt me  
They left a scar  
Many years later  
Still pain in my heart

The acts in which  
I was hurt  
I'm left now  
Part of the dirt

That which hurt me  
Long since have passed  
Negative shadows  
That's what lasts

Now what remains  
Loom like a pot rack  
When one comes down  
I get smacked

It's the symptom  
Comes swinging down  
I must catch it  
Or hit the ground

So, I deal with a pot  
Laced with depression and PTSD  
Or suffer a meltdown  
With some anxiety

Last time the meltdown  
A week Sunday past  
Better I'm now  
Since that attack

Destined to have  
My ups and downs  
But with this lesson  
I'll stand my ground