

SO, YOU HAVE A DISABILITY.

Some might say I have 36 disabilities; I might look OK,

But every day, I need to work against those illnesses eating away

At the normality in my brain.

When depression, grief and despair begin to set in,

The tears flow like rain; running down my face in a marathon race.

Gradually, as the lowest ebb is reached and the tide is at it's furthest from the shore,

I begin to dry my eyes and the tears will flow no more.

Sitting in stunned silence, my body numbed, I remember a little song I once hummed.

Slowly, the happy words transform my sad soul into a softly singing serene space.

No longer empty and dull, the morose thoughts on which I did mull

Are washed away, as the beautiful warm waters lap at my feet,

And once again, the tide drifts in, bringing thoughts, which are sweet

Music to soothe the soul.

Inspired by BLUE BOOK p.52

"The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide."

Thank you Grow.

From April.

