

Fate

by Ashley Welch

What does it feel like to be ignored?
To be told that your dreams are impossible
And everything that you believe in is improbable?
To be told that your place in the universe is insignificant
And you'll never accomplish anything magnificent?

It's like solitary confinement.
Your heart falls into your stomach
And the acid cracks and chips away at your fragile glass.
You wish for someone to catch it
And mend it.
For someone to cherish
And love it.
For someone to hold it close
And never let go.
But, that person doesn't exist,
And that wish is stuck on your never-accomplished bucket list.

You swim for the light at the surface,
But this weight holds you down
With no thought to set you free,
And sinks you back into the cold, deep darkness
Far beneath the sea.

But in the end,
It can be fought.
If happiness is certainly sought;
Believe in and love yourself,
Because personal acceptance is
The key to true wealth.

In every situation
You have a choice.
You can shelter and water your buds in winter,
So they can grow and blossom in the spring.
Or, you can decide it's too cold anyways,
And never let them to hear the birds sing.

Do not count your steps through life,
Just take them.
If someone is “offended” by that,
Do not back track and apologize.
It’s not your fault their sight is clouded with egoistic eyes.
Just stand up tall
And let your smile be.
Feel sorry for them,
Because they’re blind while you can see.

Keep hold of your mind,
Because life isn’t always kind.
But being trapped in life
Isn’t being put in a small room with a closed door.
It’s choosing to not open it to something more.

The people who don’t matter
Are all those with their mindless chatter.
The reality of your dreams
Is based on your own sewing at the seams.
You were not blindly placed and immersed,
But specifically chosen for this universe.
You play only a small part in something so great,
But you play a part in that,
Which isn’t a coincidence –
It’s fate.

So now, how does that feel?