

SILVER LINING

BY STRESSLA LYNN JOHNSON

Maybe I was standing still, listening to the shallow breaths roll over my lips. Hearing the silent indictment of the emotional triggers set off by mere spoken words. Words, strong or weak, can sometimes reflect the deep fractures caused by human suffering.

This is all so familiar. Being immediately transported back to a musty closet and dark spaces in the mind ... still and silent in the whirling sands of time. It is easy to hold on to the anger and rage, even while being comforted by the understanding Spirit of tomorrow.

Maybe I was standing, listening, still. My thoughts scattered in the imaginative mental skirmishes to know peace, to feel peace, to stay peaceful when encountering a soul that is actively practicing its suffering. I am keenly aware that these space are created for me to see myself in others.

Giving no power to those unrelenting whispers from my ominous past. Standing firmly inside the created consciousness that has become my acquittal from hair trigger responses. A mental-emotional sanctuary so designed to remind me of the immediate harm and destruction a suffering soul can cause.

Maybe I was Standing...Listening...Breathing. | SLJ

STRESSLA LYNN JOHNSON WAS BORN APRIL 9, 1957 IN PORTLAND, OREGON. HE HAS WRITTEN POEMS AND JOURNAL ENTRIES AS MEANS OF HEALING. THIS ESSAY WAS AN EXTENSION OF THIS PROCESS.