

An Ode

Alisha Persaud

My beloved Fast Child, oh, how rapid you are,
Sun on your skin, even in the shade,
Restless for movement, you travel so far,
Far away from you, far into the haze.

One day you'll come back,
But you might miss,
Sink deeper into black,
Release your balled-up fists.

You'll let go of me, feel the weight on your body,
Pinned down for what feels like all-time,
You've given up love, why do you feel so lowly?
You scoffed when I told you we'd be just fine.

For your liking, "fine" was never high enough,
For your liking, I would never lie enough,
But I couldn't look at you and tell you that you would succeed if you tried,
When I'm proof that you survived the day you tried to take your life.

You talk to me, seek my words when you need me most,
But you avoid me, afraid of what I'll think at your lowest,
Don't hide, Fast Child, don't spite, don't fright,
You and I will meet one day, walk together into the night.

Step at a time, we say it again and again,
But it's true in all glory, I will never lie to you, my friend,
I, the only one who can say I understand,
Promise I'm with you always, that I'll hold your hand.