

4 Years

By Brittney La Noire

4 years. 4 seasons.

Fall was new and exciting.

Winter was cloudy and frightening

Spring was the light rays of hope.

And Summer was my time of fun.

In the fall there were unfamiliar experiences;

Living on my own, creating my new space,

My own rules, scheduling this different life.

Just as the leaves changed, so did I.

And just like their fall, I too, began a decline.

Winter hits with no remorse.

I lost friends and disappointed family.

The cold loneliness made me shiver every night,

Eventually I felt numb to experiences and emotions.

Finally, someone heard my cries and pulled me up.

And just as quickly as my winter came, spring unfolded.

Therapy sessions began and I was going home.

Never mind the bee stings from the past

I would pick the flowers I wanted and have hope

Leading me from the unforgiving cold into the warm acceptance.

Summer welcomed me in a full embrace.

Love poured out of me like it did seasons ago.

New people, new goals and new places I wanted to experience.

I finally planned for the future and became excited for the present.

No longer was I afraid of the evident winter that would circle back.

4 years. 4 seasons.

Fall was the beginning.

Winter was the lesson.

Spring was the processing.

And Summer was my acceptance.