

FOR MY SISTERS OF DRAW THE CIRCLE AND BEYOND...

STEP

Written by :: Brooke D. Giles

Soles
Stuck betwixt right here and the
Not so distant future
Feet trapped in a muddled, entangled mess of
question marks
Punctuating the what ifs
What's next
Why me
How did I get here
And
When will I walk again
Conjunctions disjoin her from her dreams
Whispered in the innocence of night
And the commas shoot like comets
Making hope just out of her reach
And yet she...
But still she...
So then she...
Remained
Stuck

Taunted by her cosmic sized
insecurities
Teased by those possibilities moving
past
At warp speed
And though her feet touch the
ground
Her mind is spinning around
And around
in that universe of doubt
As a multitude of mistakes spin a
fiction novel in her head
Threatening apocalyptic doom and
Though it's all in her head her soles
are
Still
Stuck

So she stuck
Her too big feet
In a pair of combat boots
Fighting shadows
Laces pulled nice and tight
Just how they're s'posed to be
So tight she cut off the circulation of
trust
That her longing heart desperately
needs to love again
And so she stands armed and alone

Like a wounded animal
Ready to bite with her
attitude and words
Hoping her bark can drown
out the sounds
Of her broken heart
Booted up,
But bleeding internally from
the lies
Poisoning her mind
Teasing...You'll never love
again
Soul calloused from a life of
battles
And
Stuck






While she
Tikit, Tikit, Tikit, Tikit
High stepped in place
She thought life was a race
Though she pranced
With hairs laid
Hand bling-ed
Threads tight
Toes done, bottoms red
Every evening she removed her
shoes
Realizing her soles were left unfed

Always wanting more
She pretended the friends,
The trends, the sprees,
the trips, the degrees
would end the pain
mend the hole
cease the shame
of feeling like she was never
enough
and the plastic
couldn't mask it
though she tried to
Tikit
Tikit
Tikit
Past it
She stayed
Stuck





And oh, Miss Responsibility
Wedged her broken dreams
between the mountains of priority
Her beauty fading behind the
window
Of a life she never wanted
Soles covered with a mismatched
pair
Of indecisiveness and regret
As the dreams of the little girl she
once knew
Become the tasks that smolder the
potential
Of a woman who
Loves
Gives
Pushes
Prioritizes
Works for
Cares for
Breathes for
Listens to
Everyone
but
herself

Didn't listen when mama told
her
Nobody's soles thick enough
To carry the weight of the
world
Her voice is silenced
Under the heaviness of it all
like her dreams her heel
breaks
beneath the burden of
unhealed
spaces buried beneath the
busyness
Too embarrassed to walk
with her limp
She removed
Her soul's altogether
too calloused from the friction
of
Shuffling along
She stayed
Stuck

...STUCK.

And yet she could still hear *His*
voice

But still she stayed stuck
And yet *His* words kept coming
Back

But still she stayed stuck
And yet she remembered
What *He* promised

And held onto
What he said
And gathered
Her memories of what *He* had
done

And though she felt
S-T-U-C-K

Scared

To Try

U

C

The Kase was stacked against her

But she removed

The obstacles

U

C

And Kame up with a new
narrative

She dared to take one

...S-T-E-P

She

S

Stood

Recognizing that the pain
reminded her that she was

S

Still alive

Still standing, a

Survivor

A conqueror

Whose feet are girded in

T

Truth

That because *He* has overcome
the world

Because *He* will complete a
good work in her

Because *He* will withhold no
good thing

Because *He* is love, and faithful

and

God alone



She was

E

Empowered

By *Her* healing

Emboldened

To claim the invisible promises

To be obedient

To walk, limp and all

Into *Her*

P

Potential

Her Promises

Her Purpose

Protected in *His* Presence

And even though the poisonous lies
threatened to paralyze her

And even though people said she
couldn't

Even though the problems persisted

She stepped

And STEPped

And STEPPED

Until she had arrived

In the place prepared just for

Her

Safe

A blessed assurance

He beckoned her to

Draw near

Unlace her fears

To remove the false coverings

from her soul

And watch the passing away
of things old

In awe of his presence, she
gazed around

For she was now standing on

Holy Ground

Refreshed

Renewed

Her Soles set free

Feet rested and readied

To step into her destiny

- Brooke D. Giles