

Metamorphosis

10/20/1981

Mary Prior

© 2009

Freed from many imperfections,
Tested by caustic rejection,
I remember . . .

Sounds of sorrow,
silent suffering,
panic creeping into laughter
bordering on hysteria;
pinnacles of joy
shattering barriers
of destruction,
bringing light and hope
to a darkened soul
groping for sight;
deafness of isolation
ringing loud and harsh
against its own silence—
surrounded
by a mindless humanity.

Processed, bent, and twisted
I was altered, strained and sifted—
Honed into this finer, less flawed form.
From the molding I emerged—changed.
I am today, because of yesterday.