

# Starting Over

And so we must begin to live again,  
We of the damaged bodies  
And assaulted minds.  
Starting from scratch with the rubble of our lives  
And picking up the dust  
Of dreams once dreamt.

And we stand there, naked in our vulnerability,  
Proud of starting over, fighting back  
But full of humility  
At the awareness of the task.

We, without a future,  
Safe, defined, delivered  
Now salute you God.  
Knowing that nothing is safe,  
Secure, inviolable here.  
Except you.  
And even that eludes our minds at times.  
And we hate you  
As we love you,  
And our anger is as strong as our pain.  
Our grief is deep as oceans,  
And our need as great as mountains.

So, as we take our first few steps forward  
Into the abyss of the future,  
We would pray for  
Courage to become what we have  
Not been before  
And accept it,  
And bravery to look deep  
Within our souls to find  
New ways.

We did not want it easy God,  
But we did not contemplate  
That it would be quite this hard,  
This long, this lonely.

So, if we are to be turned inside out,  
And upside down,  
With even our pockets shaken,  
Just to check what's rattling  
And left behind,  
We pray that you will keep faith with us,  
And we with you.  
Hold our hands as we weep,  
Giving us strength to continue,  
And showing us beacons  
Along the way to becoming new.

We are not fighting you God,  
Even if it feels like it,  
But we need your help and company,  
As we struggle on.  
Fighting back  
And starting over.