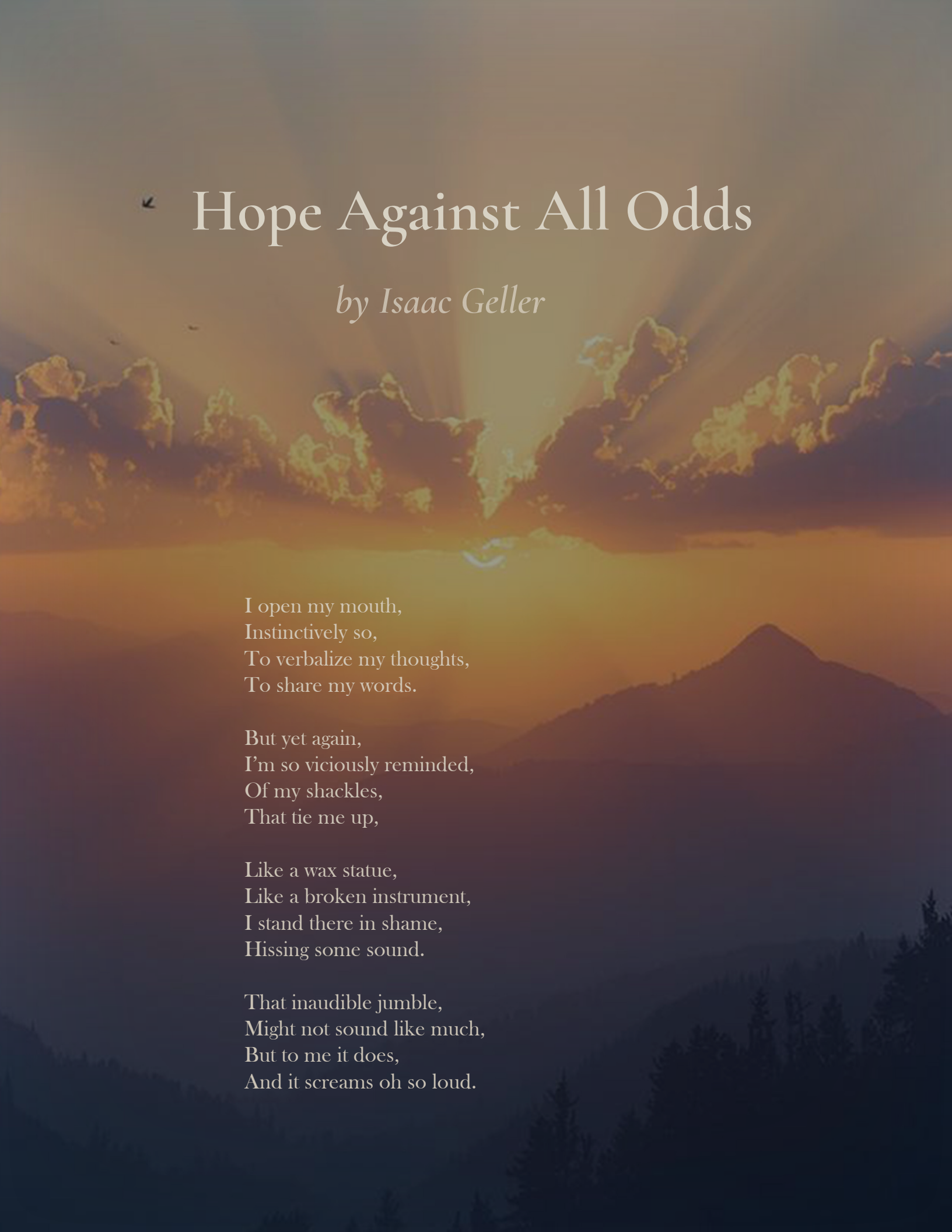




Hope Against All Odds

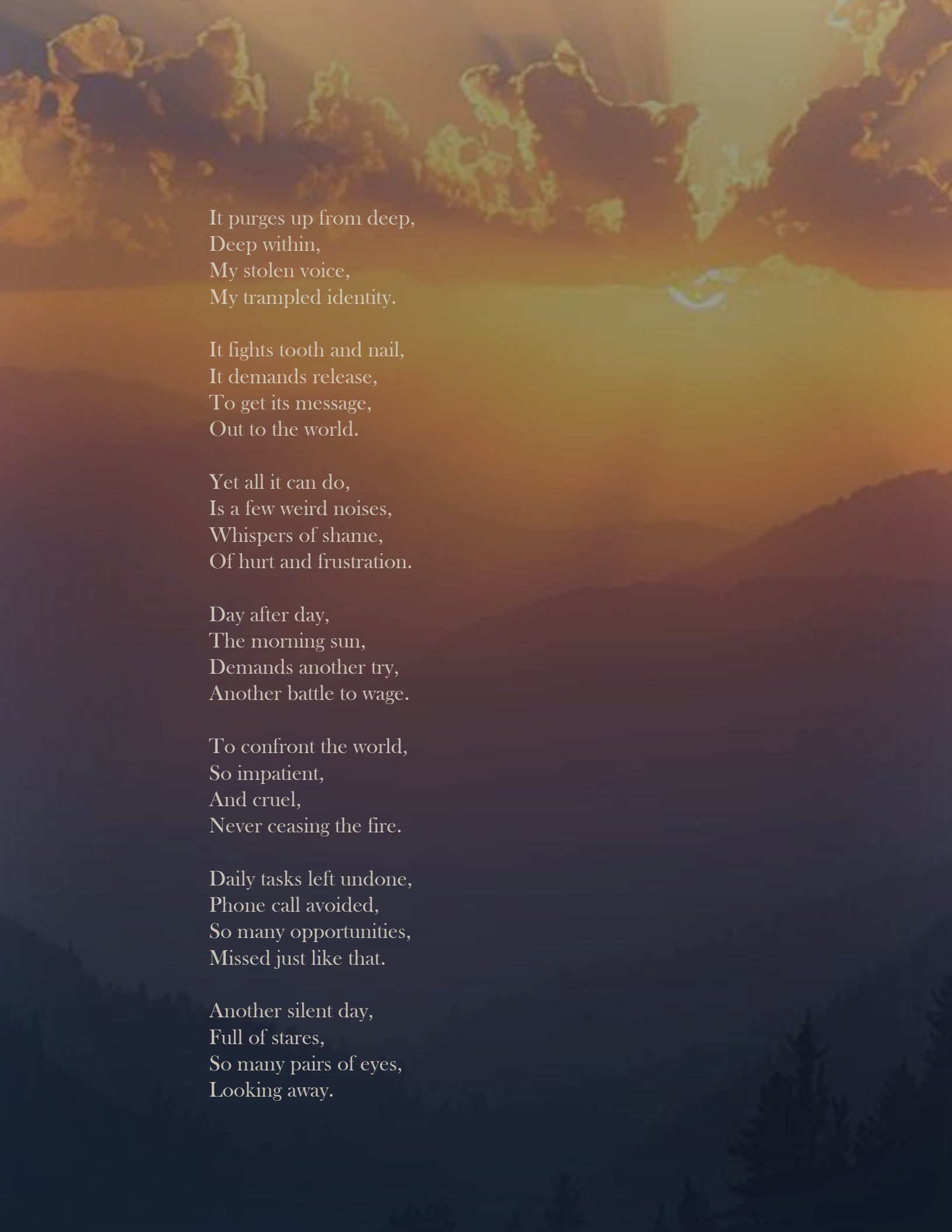
by Isaac Geller

I open my mouth,
Instinctively so,
To verbalize my thoughts,
To share my words.

But yet again,
I'm so viciously reminded,
Of my shackles,
That tie me up,

Like a wax statue,
Like a broken instrument,
I stand there in shame,
Hissing some sound.

That inaudible jumble,
Might not sound like much,
But to me it does,
And it screams oh so loud.



It purges up from deep,
Deep within,
My stolen voice,
My trampled identity.

It fights tooth and nail,
It demands release,
To get its message,
Out to the world.

Yet all it can do,
Is a few weird noises,
Whispers of shame,
Of hurt and frustration.

Day after day,
The morning sun,
Demands another try,
Another battle to wage.

To confront the world,
So impatient,
And cruel,
Never ceasing the fire.

Daily tasks left undone,
Phone call avoided,
So many opportunities,
Missed just like that.

Another silent day,
Full of stares,
So many pairs of eyes,
Looking away.



Of strangers smirking,
Eyebrows raised,
When greeted by silence,
Asking for directions.

Of cashiers and bus drivers,
Avoiding my gaze,
While holding up a line,
Of impatient people.

Going out there,
And being present,
Is a daily struggle,
A constant fight.

Getting up in the morning,
Is a conscious choice,
Of a day of suffering,
And of shame.

Yet I climb out of bed,
Facing my fate,
Sometimes wondering,
Why today has arrived.

I trudge along anyway,
Confronting reality,
For the moment I stop,
It is a sad defeat.

Just know that inside,
There's a beauty,
Waiting to be heard,
To be given its chance.



Years of isolation,
Always on the run,
Escaping and avoiding,
Hiding from all.

And the pain of it all,
Is so much more,
When watching your eyes,
Pity me.

I have what to say,
I've got what to share,
Perhaps so much more,
Than him and her.

Will my lost voice,
Ever get its chance,
To prove to the world,
That it can too.

Will my broken self,
Ever rise up again,
Through the shame,
Out of the shadows.

Will my yearning spirit,
Ever come forth,
To tell the story,
Of relentless times.

Will my true inner peace,
Ever replace,
The emotional wreck,
That is me.



Will I ever accept,
My fate with a smile,
So you can finally hear,
My beautiful speech.

I cling to that hope,
That I'll learn to accept,
Although it is tough,
Traacherously so.

With patience,
And resilience,
I will persevere,
With iron will I'll prevail.

To forge ahead,
Plowing through hardship,
Is my only choice,
To really survive.

For giving up is treason,
To my story of life,
A happy ending,
Is the one I'll write.

One step at a time,
It is okay to fall,
Slowly but surely,
I will succeed.