

Ode to Anger

By Helen Hill



It's hard to think when I'm so angry inside.
I believed "society" had thrown me aside,
So why should I give "society" a chance?

I turned my friends into "society"
I felt all the sadness and pain again.
I gave no one a chance, save one or two.
I judged quite a few.

I've come to believe that a lifetime of hurt does not so easily go away,
And that I'm not the only one with hurts from the fray.
I've misjudged and should have judged not at all,
I came to this new life ready for rejection and another fall.

I know what it is to feel all alone,
And suddenly I find I carry that feeling on a throne.

Strangers and friends too have stories to tell.
I'm discovering the truth that those with the most pain are also the most quiet.

It seems we all know in our own ways the loneliness of hell.
I push away closeness with righteous anger to keep myself safe,
So then I don't get to know others.
And in the end I don't really get to know myself.

I've been angry and I've been grieving,

I think now I'm ready to start listening...