

2020 POETRY OURSELVES RUNNER-UP

La Batalla

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Querido,
No soy rencorosa,
Let alone angry.
I never considered You a friend,
Solamente un conocido.

You will be brought up in conversations among
My peers, but only as a comical relief.
They don't understand the seriousness your presence holds.
I cannot help but think that You needed me.
You're lonely, helpless, afraid.
But most of all,
You're toxic.

You took advantage of my good heart
And kind soul.
You've stolen my innocence and
My sense of security.
Replacing it with
anxiety and anger.

You've stolen the color from my dreams.
Give me back my cotton candy skies
And my technicolor garden.

I have asked time and time again,
¿Por qué?
But I will never get an answer.

You have made grown men cry
And made mothers doubt their faith.
You have made believers out of non-believers
And brought the courageous to their knees.
De ti, lo único seguro
Es que no discriminas.

What I am sure of
Is that I know who I am.
Your statistics are ever changing

Pero sigo firme en mi fé.

You go by many names
But the damage You leave in Your wake
Is the same.

You have travelled with many,
Arriving with them to their final destination.

You are simply a cankerous sore.
But cancer,
I will not allow You to define me or mine.
En esta tormenta feroz,
Vivo en la calma de mi Señor
Y Él te vencerá.