



NOTE TO SELF (SELF-COMPASSION)

Quickly fixed with crazy glue
Broken, but still pushing through

Trying to live a simple day
Unable to keep the pain at bay

Uncontrollable tears
Understandable fears

Invisible pain, sadly too real
So many like me, are dealt this raw deal

But never too late to take control
And render care to my hurting soul

Slow down and take another break
Don't delay, get some heat on that ache

Smell the fragrance of the trees
And on my face, feel the fresh breeze

Calm breath, calm body, calm mind
To my dear self, I will now be kind

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