the pond is still
not a sound to be heard
the wind blows calmly
a gentle ripple in the water
slowly cascades outward
a girl sits by the pond
head bowed
wrists gashed
flames of anguish dance in her eyes
then slowly, those flames
become flames of passion
of triumph
she is reminiscing joy
forgetting her sorrow
accepting her tribulations
she has learned about confidence
perseverance
she looks into the pond
and sees in the reflection
a smiling face
a heart has been scarred
then healed
after losing herself
she has found herself

Conflicts of Interest: The author has no conflicts of interest to declare.