Three

Sleeping at Last

Maybe I've done enough,
And your golden child grew up.
Maybe this trophy isn't real love
And with or without it, I'm good enough.

Maybe I've done enough,
Finally catching up.
For the first time I see an image of my brokenness
Utterly worthy of love.

Maybe I've done enough.

I finally see myself,
Through the eyes of no one else.
It's so exhausting on this silver screen
Where I play the role of anyone but me.

I finally see myself,
Unabridged and overwhelmed,
A mess of a story I'm ashamed to tell,
But I'm slowly learning how to break this spell.

And I finally see myself.

Now I only want what's real
To let my heart feel what it feels.
Gold, silver or bronze hold no value here,
Where work and rest are equally revered.

I only want what's real
I set aside the highlight reel,
And leave my greatest failures on display with an asterisk;
Worthy of love anyway.

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