

Wings by Dorota Chioma

From the darkness of the mental breakdown,
From the coldness of numb inaction,
From the blood of wearing a thorny crown,
From the pain caused by its traction,
From the flames which I sustained,
From the ashes that remained,
I am not who I was. I am not lost.
I rebel against the laws,
Which aim to imprison my soul,
I have grown a pair of wings,
I am not keeping them still, Fanning them out,
I cut the strings,
Even if I am to lose a quill,
And if they try to burn me at the stake again, I will not die in vain.

Resurrection by Dorota Chioma

Like a Phoenix arisen from the ashes I am resurrecting from a dormancy,
Embracing the gifts I have been given.
Therefore, I salute to my soul calling,
I embody my inner voice,
I embrace my yearnings,
I incarnate my dreams.
Reborn, Empowered, Rebuilt, Refocused,
I was dead now alive !
I grow in power. And inspire.

Imponderable Mental Ruptures by Dorota Chioma

My mind is full of activity.
Day and night it does not shut up.
It sparks at times. It creates noise. It constantly works on something.
It operates in two languages and I feel like I have two people shouting over each other inside my skull.
My thoughts and activity of my mind physically assault my brain leaving it bruised.
When overloaded it stubs sharply to the point of me cringing.
The ruptures are invisible to you passing by.
I often hide the pain behind the mask of sarcasm,
Cover it up with so well-known short temper of mine.

Imponderable, Inexplicable, Subjective, Present on daily basis,
Hurtful but... My creativity blooms regardless,
My brightness shines through despite,
My wit fires up among,
Would I be me without them?