

A BEAUTIFUL MESS

By Stephanie D. Dodge/March 7, 2018

I Am A Beautiful Mess

My heart is symmetrically scarred – claw marks take the place of its once beautiful design

The veins that once pumped blood in unison, are now replaced by the cold tubes, desolate, rusted and withering coils that share no entry or exit

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The flesh on my body has decayed from its long time use and abuse of artificial love and care

The bones that stood me straight and held me high, lay broken from blows to the body, soul and mind that tried to protect the heart from falling into the bottomless depth of love

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The eyes that once saw so clearly have been tainted - ripped from their sockets and replaced with rose colored spectacles infused and painted black

The pain is intense –

The tears that now run down the decrepit features burn like acid – melting everything in its path

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The womb that bore the light of the future has been indelibly scarred.

Age has caused it to hide, cowering within the darkness of the open fields of life – deep within the caves and caverns – mazes of desolation

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My remains are set atop a mountain that screams for destruction. The eruption that calls to me – *come – come inside and I will make you warm again – whole again.*

Bubbling, oozing from underneath my ashes – I am swallowed whole.

I drift into the abyss

I pray for absolution – redemption

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I have scars, scabs on my soul

From the ashes my heart beats slowly, barely audible, while life's IV pumps surrender, truth, forgiveness, acceptance, through my new, iron clad veins.

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Bones once turned to dust are regrown into steel and strength – held together by vines intertwined with the threads of abundance and understanding; knowledge and fortitude; my spine forged to lift me up, harnessing my backbone to a cast iron frame, mighty enough to withstand negative awakenings and giving me the strength to stand on my own two feet.

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My skin is scarred – scabs and bruises slowly healing – diminishing and replaced by the strongest of armor – imperfect and unpolished –softened by its design, yet impenetrably built to withstand the toughest blows.

My eyes are my windows – my insight to those looking to do battle. The tears that once befell me – marred me – destroying me – now replenish my very being – my tears strengthen me – every drop is made to heal the very essence that is me –

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Unfiltered, slightly misshapen and scarred – not quite whole but never incomplete

From broken destruction to desolate ash to empowered woman and warrior ready to rage on

I have been brought up from the ash that was me into the sinfully marked warrior – the conqueror that stands before you.

Beautifully flawed – **I Am A Beautiful Mess.**