

Right on Time

*They told me healing should move faster,
that by now the wounds should be smooth scars,
but they never lived with silence
pressing against their ribs like stone.*

*I carried the weight of unspoken stories,
smiling in public,
suffocating in private,
pretending time alone
could be medicine.*

*But time does not heal—
God does.*

*He waits for the moment
you're strong enough
to open your hands,
to let the tears fall
you once locked away.*

*Forty-nine years,
and I thought I was late.*

*But every detour,
every scar,
was the soil where He planted
a new beginning.*

*I buried the little girl inside me,
called it survival,
but she never stopped crying—
her voice breaking through the cracks
when I needed hope.*

Now I listen.

Now I rise.

With ink and honesty,

♥ *Myself* ♥

"I am not behind; I am right where I'm meant to be."

✦ **Written with care by EchoScript Sound**