

Freedom

By Julia Karpeisky

Freedom from trying to be young or old
Freedom from having to save the world
Freedom to work, and freedom to play
Freedom to find your own way

Freedom from trying to be a star
While everyone's climbing near and far
Freedom to find your own sky
Your own ladder, or wings to fly

Freedom to give it your very best
Or chill for a while, and give it a rest
Freedom from being noble and good
Freedom from thinking that you should

Freedom to be with your own pain
Freedom to see when all is in vain
Courage to feel, courage to peel
The layers of armor so wounds could heal

Freedom to face your own shame
To hold it with wonder. It's no one's blame.
Freedom to take it as a precious gift
Freedom to let it give you a lift

Freedom from chains and scripts from your past
Erasing them gently, they don't have to last

Freedom from thinking it's either or
Freedom to play, or do a chore
Freedom from trying to get somewhere
Freedom to be both Here and There

Freedom to play both big and small
Freedom to rise and freedom to fall
Freedom to be either happy or sad
Freedom to be both good and bad

Freedom to do something, or not at all
Ignoring the voice that knows it all
Freedom from living the fairy tales
Freedom from freedom, and all it entails.

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