



7th ANNUAL
POEM
TOWN
BRADFORD

Black to Red Thread

Her weathered hands gently clutched her coffee mug
To keep them warm in the misty early summer morning.

As her wedding ring clinked against the ceramic,
She looked down to see wisps of coffee essence wafting up.

She took a sip
Before smiling and gazing out at her paradise.

With the sound of peepers in the air
And the emerald colors of the grass and trees in the yard,
She rocked back and forth in her chair,
Attempting to be in unison with nature.

She did this often in order to maintain her appreciation of her freedom
And to remember how far she had come.

She reflected on her full life:
Born into entrapment, uncertainty,
False hopes & love,
Which progressed to hopelessness and despair.

Scars formed over time from the physical, mental, and emotional abuse,
And she was reduced almost to nothing.

It was only when she severed herself from her past
Was she able to rise like the Phoenix
And rebuild anew from within,
Initializing a transmigration of body and soul.

From her strength,
She learned to love and trust again,
But it didn't come easy.

She shook her head in disbelief
And rubbed her red thread tattoo
As a cardinal flew by.

She smiled,
Knowing that healing needs to be done in solitude,
But with the right person,
The journey can be wonderful.

I don't know what I did to deserve this,
She thought,
But in fact she deserved it all along.

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