

At Night in the Park - Part 2 – The (New) Start

As I sit beside the lake, beneath my usual tree,
I stare in to the depths and there appears suddenly
An image of a person - who looks a bit like me,
But old and worn and tired, sitting so painfully.

And then I start to think of the choice that I could make,
Of the life that I could live or the risk that I could take.
So next time I'm at the house and I am all alone,
I pack myself a bag with the little that I own.

I make the choice to leave the pain behind that door,
With the beast that lived inside, who I didn't want any more.
I walked away with just the clothes upon my back,
My child's hand in mine, our things in a sack.

I walked away to find a better place to hide,
For the sake of myself and the child by my side.
I didn't want to be the one who cried and cried
And whatever comes my way, at least I'll know I tried.

So when I start to think the bite is better than the bark,
I try to remember I don't deserve another mark.
I won't cry away the pain or hide amongst the dark,
As I'll no longer be the Hunchback in the Park

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