

A Beginning

One day you wake up and realize you must have survived it because you are still here, alive and breathing.

But you don't remember the infinitely small steps and decisions you took to get there.

Your only awareness is that you have shed miles of tears on what seems to be an endless road of sorrow...

One day, one glorious day, you wake up and feel your skin tingle again and you forget just for an instant that your heart is broken ...

and it is a beginning.

By Susan Borrowman