

“The Same”

In the blackness of the night, I lay in silence fearing the light.
I feel the thumping of my heart as the darkness tears me apart.
I am invisible.
I am not seen.

And in that place that's full of cold, I remain silent as I was told.
Noises far and scratches near I wonder what more of this I'll hear.
I am silent.
I am scared.

Instructed before to run and hide, yet I alone have not complied.
For in this room where I am trapped and in my mind that I have mapped,
I will escape.
I will be free.

And who are you to stand and judge, from your safe distance you do not budge?
If you were me and I were you, I know you'd make the same choice too.
You will survive.
You will succeed.

I know I am not alone in this place, this darkened room outside of space.
I reach out to touch your hand and in this moment I understand.
We are together.
We are the same.

- by K. L. Bradfield