

99 WRITING

Feeling Trapped, Now Gone

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TYPE
POETRY

Before I knew how to explore,
I used to be trapped.
Before I knew to love,
I used to hate.
Unfinding in life what there is to appreciate.
It seems hard now.
Unfinding what is here.
When I lived in constant fear.
Before I learned to steer.
I used to hide
What was on the inside.
Now I explore. Now I love.
But that old me will never be lost.
That cold winter will never defrost.