

# Prayers

By feari

Submitted: May 31, 2010

Updated: May 31, 2010

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/feari/57948/Prayers>

Chapter 1 - 1

2

There is only stress and heaviness in my heart  
Of expectations that need to be upheld.  
There is no room for dreams here—  
Only a practicality that serves the usual purposes:  
A Good Job  
Money  
A Nice House  
A Nice Car—  
This self-serving example of consumerism ordinary enough to strangle me.  
Like a bird with clipped wings and hooded eyes,  
Where can I fly?  
All my life,  
All I've ever wanted to do is fly.  
Spacious freedom has its costs, however,  
And the price of this one I'm not sure I'm prepared to pay.  
Though in a world of chains and guidelines where  
I'm either smothered or ignored,  
What is there to lose?  
My heart leaps for the opportunity of adventure and freedom,  
But then the tether reaches its limit,  
And I'm left wrangling with decisions I wish were easy to make!  
And I don't want to say it, but I'm trapped—  
Strapped in on a one-rail ride that I can't get off until the end.  
Do I dare jump overboard?  
I must if I'm to escape.  
Am I brave enough?  
Sometimes I wonder.  
Four hands hold me tight while  
I reach out for a hand to pull me free,  
But isn't my other hand tightly grasped to the four?

I like me most days:  
Strong arms with blue veins,  
Shapely legs,  
And trim waist.  
I bare my soul to paper  
But have trouble making the words alive into the air.  
I am loud but my thoughts are very quiet;  
Even I must listen closely.  
And though my world seems stable,  
I don't want it that way any longer.  
This normalcy is too binding,

my breadth is shrinking;

I have no distance.

Thus the struggle to strive forward,

Rescue myself with words of confidence not on paper

But in mouths that can no longer feel stale in my heart,

but come to life and spread their own wings to widen that distance

and shore away infirmities.

Father,

My Almighty Saviour,

Make it so.

Amen.