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## The Anchor

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## **The Anchor**

Dark and heavy like an anchor you keep me in place. The world is grey in a permanent state of storm. A child's laugh in the distance carries hope. A sound carried away as quick as lightening.

I seek refuge under your mantle of darkness, burrowed in the depths of the ocean, reminded I cannot forget, I should not forget. The anchor exists so I may not hurt, so I may prevent the hurt. I will not hurt like this again!

Like waves carried by the wind, so too are my memories the good and the bad. The good always clashing with the bad, always overpowering the good.

Leaving no room to forgive.

No matter how strongly the wind howls or how upset the waters may be. The ship is kept at bay by the anchor, clinging not to the present, but to a distant memory of what was. Pulled to the left, to the right, back and forth in an inevitable reverie where all is calm and then all is in disarray leaving me weighed down, trapped in the storm that is my mind.

To lift the anchor I hope.

To be released from the fog is what I desire.

To forgive is what I long for.

To forget is what I seek.