

For Reading Out Loud

By Gale Faltin

Their swirling winds pelt sand in my face.
Bullies are shouting
“You’re falling from grace!”

Who are they to decide
How I think I should be?
Why should their “vision” of me
Take my own power away?

So I stand very tall
When their words make me small.
There’s a bigger picture of me –
Who I am –
Who I will be.

What makes me happy?
What fills up my soul?
THESE are the whispers
Pointing where I should go.

I have the power
To write my story again.
The vision’s within ME.
It’s not within them.

I quiet my heart
And I quiet my soul.
I wipe up my tears,
Then I get up and go.
My authentic “me” story
Just waits to be told.