

## A Smile Less Angry

This is and has always been the pain of my soul  
First was the pain of torture and oppression  
Then the pain of seeing what I had become  
This brought about a compulsion to purge the oppressor that I had become  
Years and years of unfolding and seeing  
Each sight brought its own new challenge and pain  
Sometimes I felt that to move forward would kill me  
Always I knew that to stop would mean no end to the pain  
Just when it seemed as if I could not stand any more  
I felt a shift, a tiny bit of peace so small that it could blow away and often did  
After time I recognized it to be, hope  
Something I thought dead in me  
Something I dared not believe in  
But still it grew and became my friend  
It can be fragile and fleeting, but I have learned to accept it  
I have learned that it has always been in me  
Waiting for a safe place to grow  
Waiting to save me from a life of pain and futility  
The work continues and it is seldom easy  
But I am no longer alone  
I was never alone  
As I continue to expel from me that which is not Love  
My journey is a touch less lonely  
A smile less angry  
And a silence less disturbing

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