

Bourne
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workshops

Open Wings

by Melody Bertucci

“Would you like to share your story with me?”

That’s what she longed to hear, because those words would have given her hope knowing someone still cared and that the support she needed was still there. The question and support however, never came.

Run, jump, peace. Run, jump, peace. Run, jump, peace.

She felt lonely, lost and forgotten by all. Did she ever matter to anyone? She no longer knew.

What she did know was that, her phone never rang, and messages never came. She thought she’d felt alone before, but now it wasn’t a thought anymore it was real, she’d been discarded by the ones she used to think of as an extension of her.

Run, jump, peace. Run, jump, peace. Run, jump, peace.

Her problems were hers; they had made it clear. She couldn’t talk to anyone about them because no one wanted to get involved or give her the time of day. She’d fallen apart and nobody was willing to help her pick up the pieces of her life.

Alone she tried to chase what was left of her, but the wind had seemed to start conspiring against her now, making picking up the pieces that laid in disarray around her impossible.

Peace, peace, peace.

She felt hopeless and no longer knew what was left of her, she didn't know who she was, who she became or who she was meant to be.

Where was her lifeline now? For she searched and searched and searched, but the more she did so, the more she lost her way and herself.

Check one: breath. Check two: ropes. Check three: run, jump, peace.

Staring down into the deep blue ripples, she could feel peace calling her and the stillness within her thoughts. Right there in that moment nothing mattered, she didn't need anything or anyone, she felt free.

Wings, ropes, harness, helmet. Peace, peace, peace.

Just like birds she had spread her wings and was able to glide over everything. Her problems seemed so far away now, especially from the new freedom she had found, and it only took a jump and courage that was all.

The wind rushed against her face erasing all the hurt her eyes had poured and all the sleepless nights she had endured. She'd never felt less weighed down than she did in that moment right there.

Peace, peace, peace.