



## Out of Winter and Into Summer Where I Fear

by Melody Bertucci

I'm frightened. Of us

Why? Well because finally after years of living through what felt like an endless winter, I can finally feel spring in my veins, in my bones, in my mind and in the air that I breath. I can start to see through the lifting haze with clarity, hope and ultimately...love.

For years now I felt like a dark storm cloud had taken permanent residency above my head, never too far from me to drench me in sorrow and darkness. The sun seemed to be so far from my reach that the lack of vitamin D started to make my skin yellow and wither. At one point it, felt as though if ever a ray of light managed to break through the stormy fort it was merely to taunt me, I always seemed to find myself frantically chasing after it, but it kept moving faster and faster and further and further away from me leaving me once more breathless and weaker in the oblique eternal winter that was my life.

And now...well now the storm cloud above my head seems to be drifting away with the changing wind, allowing a fresh spring in and the shimmer of magic to hover above me replenishing my thoughts and my spirit. And yet, I'm frightened. Of us. I'm frightened because good things never seem to last, I'm frightened because this happiness and joy that I've come to recently experience seems surreal to me, I'm frightened because I've become more equipped to manage by myself instead of thinking of me as a part of someone else now too.

I'm frightened because this freshly blossomed flower that is us, feels so powerful, beautiful, colourful, filled with potential and yet it still feels so fragile that all it takes it's one storm or heavy down pour for this delicate flower to perish.

And yes, I'm frightened. Of us and for all the things we could be, because it would mean that in order for there to be a chance, I must allow you in and once again leave myself exposed and essentially vulnerable to the elements of you and the storm cloud that knows its way back to me better than a map or like a boomerang, that I fear is merely idling its return from the place it once came from. That anxious feeling of waiting for it to come back, that suspense that keeps the breath from refilling your lungs is asphyxiating.

It feels like I'm constantly on edge as to when it's all going to crumble down, just like a sand castle that once stood firm, tall and proud, as soon as the waves return they claim it back to the sea and the water where it came from, perhaps some of us are always meant to be swimming in our own oceans, perhaps in time those of us that know this feeling all too well learn to adapt, or perhaps we just end up growing gills, perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.

You brought me spring and now you bring me summer and I'm still...frightened. Of us, because the person I've become has been shaped by all the battering's of the wind, rain, and ice that I've been accustomed to and now the sunshine that you bring to me, is melting the fort that had been built upon ice. The warmth of you is captivating, it elevates and energises me but with it the fear of you melting away the strength I have found simply in an embrace or in the gentle caress of your lips as they part warmth on to my bare shoulder in my sleep, wakes me from my dream and unnerves me.

That tenderness I have craved, that warmth I have long missed has graced me and wined me all at the same time, that adaptation is a fear. Or perhaps I fear that it is all too good to be true and the boomerang is only but a breath away.

So, within my happiness of the sun that you've returned to be I can't help but rest my head at night with a glint of fear. I'm frightened. Of summer.