

Joy Murray
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I know what I wish I had or was
Even when- and *who*
So now there are times when I see people-
And can tell that they are wishing too

When I sit at a table
with everybody looking down,
I can read it in their faces
The fake smiles or true frowns

When an anxious person is twitching
And the quiet one is itching
And there's another always looking away
I can understand why
Because some time ago,
It was I

Wishing that people would leave me alone
Or that I wasn't in the room
But truly at the same time, wished to be included by *someone*
And asked interesting questions too

Is there anyone brave enough?
Will someone let me in?
Can you tell I want to be involved
But I'm just better at blending in?

So many secrets pushed way deep inside
And problems to deal with that weren't even mine
Living a life that sometimes didn't seem true

I would look upon the bold and social thinking, "*I wish I could be you*"

I was unhappy
Spiraling down
Trapped in the cage that I built
Longing to be let out

Flat on my back
staring up at the ceiling
One tear- one thought-
This mad cycle repeating

Though now I've been saved
And God's broken my chains
Some struggle is there
Certain fears do remain

I've come a long way though, I must give Him credit
I'm someone I used to only wish to be
And now I can live it

I still know the feeling even though I've been healing
Of being trapped in the shell.
Except it's not an enclosure that protects you and keeps you warm-
More of a prison cell

Covering their smiles and all around insecure
Slaves to a crippling fear of what they'll think-
And now how many more?

Now when it's people I meet
And theres a wish in their eye
I wish I could *speak* to their hearts
In just the word "hi"

Now I love connecting with people
The wall I've built is gone
I want to maybe show them
Because wishing is pointless after all

Years of wanting to be let in from outside
I can now open that door
I am thankful I can do that-
putting a smile on a wisher's face,
Taking their hand, "what are you waiting for?"

Now I can show them
Because when I wished *someone* would understand
For someone else now
Who I wished for,
I miraculously am.