

afternoons to myself

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don't happen that often
hallowed spaces
in the rush of days
that make up my life
time to take stock
bask in the comfort
of self acceptance
release from expectations
too highly set

time to wonder
at the danger of my dreams
moments like mountain summits
where I am truly alive
empty of the nonsense
clouding my vision
a time to be ruthless
with self honesty
because I've been
to the edge of my limits
and know I must survive

I'm finally learning
to love myself
and trust the voice within
on this one afternoon
I'm free of the guilt
I know is not mine
comfortable with the cost
of choices I have made