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## Liberated, Lonely

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TYLER SLADE

# Liberated, Lonely

The women who came and went so that I could be  
never had the luxury of selfishness

And now, I am here, born from their sweat and tears  
Tugged promptly into the world by scores of calloused hands

The bonds have been loosened just in time for my arrival!  
They pulled at those brutal ropes till they bled

Bleed they did, but never for themselves  
For him to feel relief, for me to live

The ghost of a shattered vase hits the floor  
Making contact beyond the flesh

It shatters against her, glitter cascading onto tile  
It struck me before I was ever born

The undusted shards are paralyzing,  
the path painstakingly laid out for me untrodden

Still they lovingly place treasures and heartbreak  
into my open and unworthy palms

The gift of lessons learned rather than lived,  
I fear it will slip through my shaking fingers

One by one, tumbling to that dark place  
Between the cracks, from which there is no return

There are women there, too  
Who once carried the world on their backs

The avenues stretch vastly before me, winding and dark  
I feel their eyes, watching me, always

There is love there, but also eagerness,  
as they push me forward into the black.