

Ode to the One That Raised Me

Chelsea Rios Gomez

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Ode to the One That Raised Me

Chelsea Rios Gomez

All of my pain is still fresh.
I carry it around everywhere I go.
But my pain isn't my pain.
It's our pain.
This life isn't my life.
It's yours.
Tell me what to do and I'll listen.
Tell me what to wear and I'll change.
Tell me what to eat and I'll make it.
I'll sacrifice everything and anything that makes me whole.
I'll break off my pieces to make you whole.
Yet, I know it won't be enough.
Nothing can make you proud.
You seek to fill your own emptiness vicariously through me.
But I know you do it subconsciously.
How broken do I have to be for you to realize that the issue isn't me?
How broken do I have to be for me to realize that the issue isn't me?
I am left alone to pick up the pieces of what's left of me.
I spent all my life begging you to love me.
I never learned to love myself, even less how to accept someone's
help.
We are two broken souls trying to love each other without knowing
what love is.
So we love each other brokenly.
And we love each other painfully.
But we love each other wholeheartedly.
That's what makes me, me.
The passion and strength to keep loving.
The passion and strength to keep fighting.
I don't blame you.
You're a reflection of circumstance and I am too.
You taught me resilience. You taught me greatness.
I am strong. I am brave. I am all the great things you are.
I wouldn't be where I am today without you.
So I write an ode to the one who raised me.
Trust me when I say that our pain ends with me.