

face my ghosts

nobody's perfect
nobody's all bad
nobody's all good
 and nobody knows
 what it's like to live in
somebody else's skin.

I'd like to understand why people did the things they did
I'd like to know what was going on in their heads
 and their hearts
but the only thing I know for sure is that
 I'm the last in a long line of lousy childhoods.

people tell me
 why can't you just get over it
which really means
 why can't you just forget about it
but they don't understand that
 forgetting is not a solution
 because what is left forgotten
 is left unhealed.

they don't understand that
 I have to find all the pieces of myself
 that were shattered over the years
 and lie scattered on the road to forgiveness.

they don't understand that
 I have to face my ghosts
 so I don't pass them on to someone else
 like someone else
 passed them on to me.

I have to face my ghosts
I have to find them
I have to name them
I have to know them
I have to set them free.