BAG OF BURDEN

A bag of burden I carry near, Filled with hope, faith, and fear, Each day, despair does persevere, Sorting through memories year by year. Knicks-knacks, notes, photographs, Things that bring tears and make me laugh, A heavy handle, unwanted weight, Lugging with an unsteady gait. Thinking of times as of late, And reliving moments of forgotten fate. When will this bag lighten, unload, Leave me alone, sold out, in cold, With a brisker step to manifold, Amongst those without bags of old? For those are those who look so composed, A life of freedom they must've chose, No need for closure to forever close, A door to past careless prose. Freedom I need, so with hope I seek, A life without this bag I speak, With forward thoughts, forget-me-nots, And peace in what was once so weak. Sara Elizabeth Teller

