

Poetry: My Life is in Your Hands (From a client's perspective)

Contributed by Stephanie Griffey

A poem by social work student Stephanie Griffey. {mosgoogle right}

I did not choose this life or these struggles that I face
And I don't know how I got here to such a vulnerable state.
Every one is quick to judge me yet they offer no help.
Can't they see I'm alone here? I'm doing this by myself.

Maybe I've made some mistakes but I did not ask for this.
I don't know how to get out now. These walls are caving in.
The world seems so big and the possibilities so small.
There's no room to breathe here, no one to catch my fall.

So here I stand, no way to cope.
I've come to you, my last source of hope.
Please tell me you have an answer to end the hunger and the pain.
Tell me you can help me to finally live again.

Is there light at the horizon; are there brighter days for me?
I stand at your mercy; do you hear this humble plea?

Can you feed my children and give them care?
Can you give me direction in this world out there?
Can you save me from myself and heal me inside?
Can you explain this hopelessness I feel inside?

Can you take away this anger; can you throw away this rage?
Can you really show me love? Can you erase this hate?
Can you explain to me why my body is so frail?
How did I get here in an empty sail?

Why did he hurt me? The answers are unknown.
He took away my innocence. He invaded my soul.
I want to live. I don't want to cry.
But I've lost the battle for inside I've died.

I may not be here by choice but it isn't by chance;
that you've crossed my path and seen my circumstance.
I've tried everything else there's nothing more I can do.
I've made the first step. The rest is up to you.

So here I am. Fix me if you can.
I give it to you; my life is in your hands.

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