

## Bad Days: A Poem by Amy Abrigo

Sometimes you have bad days. Bad moments. Bad hours. Bad weeks. Bad months. And sometimes, it feels like you're having a bad lifetime. But you just gotta keep fighting. Keep pushing. Keep breathing. Start walking. And if you can't walk, crawl, and if you can't crawl, slide. Slide your way through life with purpose. Even if it's an illusion. Or it feels like one. You gotta put one foot in front of another. Because even though it feels endless. Even if it feels hopeless. It isn't. Hopeless. Or endless. There will be a scab that crusts over the deep wounds of your heart. And someday that scab will fall off. It may itch and burn, but it will heal. You will heal. You are not broken. You are human. And you are going through this thing called life. And in order for there to be light, we need dark. In order to have laughter, we have tears. To have joy, we have fears. And emotions are just emotions. Feelings just feelings. Thoughts just thoughts. They are not who you are. They do not define you. They may unwind you, but they are not you. You are you. You are true. And what you're feeling is true. It's okay to be angry, red, yellow, or blue. It's okay if you feel like you'll never come through. Like you're through. Like you don't know what to do. Just keep swimming, you beautiful fool. Do what you do. You will come through. *You* are not through. You can be angry, red, yellow, or blue, but know that you did not blow it, it's just a deep breath that you blew. You, you, you, you, you, you beautiful you.