

Breathing Empathy

tornadoes of trauma twirl through me
condensed to a twisted melody
temptation tethers trepidation
to confidence in need of reconciliation
for sourceless storms stirring my soul
scurrying as clues climb aloft
flung to a fate of feeling stopped
by echoing effects of trauma unseen
but none of it even belongs
to me . . . is this the cost of
b r e a t h i n g
e m p a t h y
?