What a Journey

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Middle school has been a great, long journey.

Storms of emotions have flooded over me,

Periods of sadness, despair, and happiness,

And after, a hopeful rainbow appears,

Assuring that everything will all line up, in the end.

There were moments where everything felt at ease.

Days that were walks in the park,

Where small breezes would pass through,

Their soft, delicate presence

Would brush up against my face.

Life was simply a piece of cake,

There was nothing to worry about,

No troubles yet to come.

I had time to relax,

Silently read a book,

Let my mind wander without me,

It is oh, so peaceful,

So tranquil.

There were days where I could just be with friends,

enjoying the conversations with them,

laughing, chuckling,

admiring the smallest,

and talking about the most ridiculous things.

Although there were fights, disagreements,

they all still stuck with me.

Like glue, we are all inseparable.

There were times when I reached the stars,

celebratory of my achievements,

and developing a sense of pride.

I felt accomplished with my decisions,

my strong-willed commitment.

Of course,

Experiences like this,

Come and go.

There were occasions when I was halfway across,

Exhausted and tired.

I wanted to quit, leave and stop climbing.

But the result mattered,

My conscience took me forward.

Like everyone,

Middle school first felt like a jungle.

I was quite intrigued by my new surroundings.

Lockers, hallways packed with kids,

all blabbering, shouting.

I would walk past a group of three or four,

and hear their complaints.

I would notice their dried out expressions,

Their long, fatigued faces.

But I didn't understand,

I didn't truly grasp their feelings.

I was still maturing,

And eventually learned to settle down,

Conquered my ways.

That was when I found challenges,

Mountains to climb,

I knew I had to get to the top.

Biting off more than I could chew,

I overloaded myself with practicing,

work, sickness.

Trying to become the best of the best,

the smartest of the geniuses,

attempting to be the most perfect person to ever live.

I pushed myself out there,

Clueless of the consequences,

Not realizing I could fall off the edge.

It's whatever, right?

As long as I finish,

I'll be fine.

But it wasn't.

That was my breaking point.

I had stepped on fragile rocks,

Tripping.

One mistake and I was done.

My life soon became a balance beam,

Struggling to keep all sides equal.

Stress dumped itself more on one end,

and collapsed the entire thing.

I didn't know what to do,

but I had a gut inside me,

Telling me to keep going.

"You can, and you will."

That's the only motivation I had.

It's been confusing,

Simultaneously trying to figure out

Your identity,

While juggling your responsibilities.

I'm going to thrive through,

Even if I might be in the dead dark of a tunnel,

There's always going to be a bright light shining

In the end.

It's going to get better.