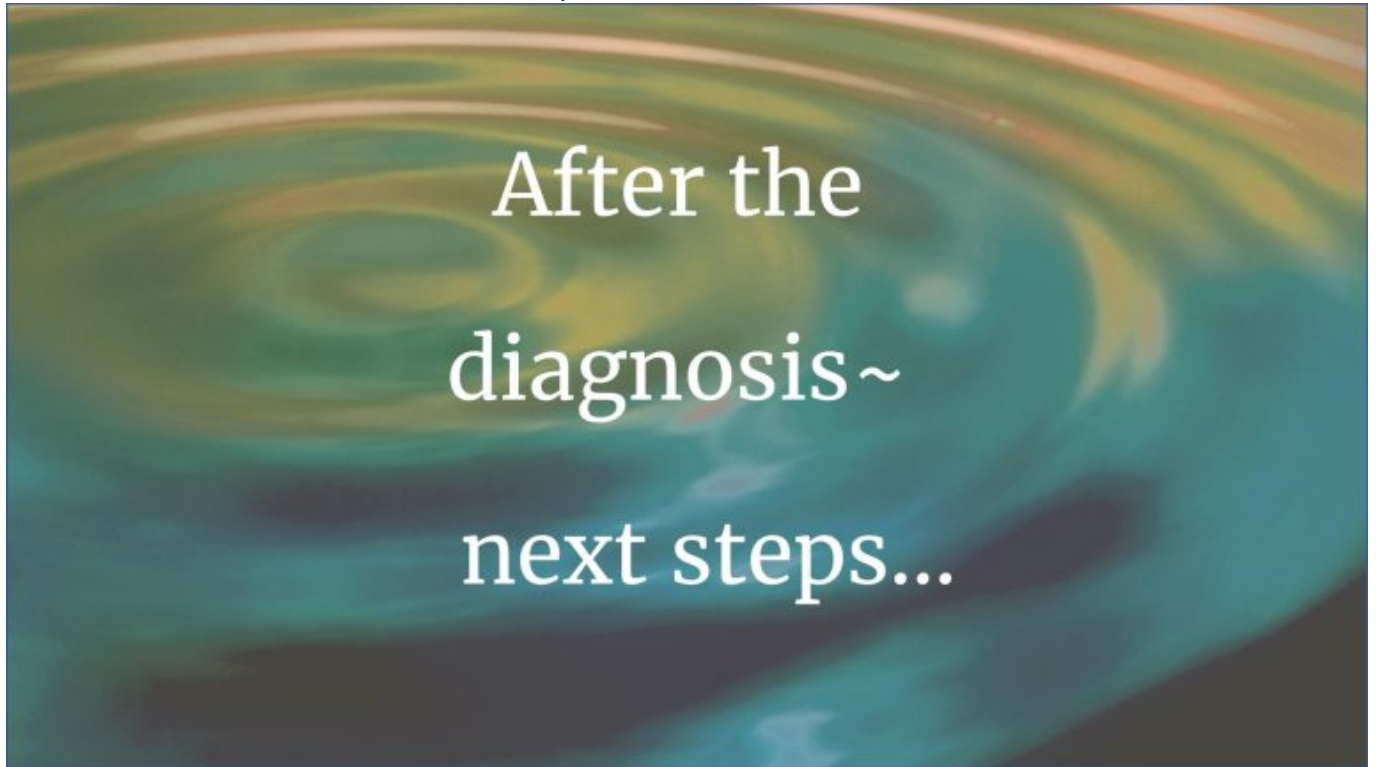


# Healing

Category: Poems

written by Cheryl Byler Keeler | May 20, 2022



When I thought I might die,  
not eventually, but very  
soon, I treated me more kindly,

as if I were my own child,  
the girl I was, and the woman  
I am, all melded

into a body worth  
nurturing. Like a gentle  
mother I opened my arms,

sat in my own lap  
for hours. I spoiled  
me, moment  
by generous moment.