

I brought you fear and some mistrust
But warmth was my reply
Through inner turmoil, loss and growth
You—like my friends—stood by.

I brought you what could not be seen
Trapped up inside a shell,
With careful hands you then drew out
The part of me, now known so well

I brought you ambiguity
Ambivalence, and pain,
You made my answers much less grim
The process much more plain

You let me wrestle on my own
For answers each must find
But waited, willing to discuss
Intricacies of mind.

I brought you care, you taught me faith
I brought you “why?” your answer rings
I brought a back and shoulder blades
You fitted them with wings.

By Ariel Cohen