

A Letter to Remind Myself Who I Am

Shane Koyczan

Dear Me,
This is You,
Me,
Get up.

The ground is your reward
It will hold you when you are done.
Cancel all forks you are not done.
Put a silencing finger to the lips of all singing fat ladies.

This is not over.
Reel in all finish lines,
Steal the sound of the metal ringing hanging in the air and put it back in the bell.
One more round we go,
Get up.

There are sunsets that need to be signed off on,
Snowfalls that need your approval,
Starry nights like sad lovers whose beauty has gone unnoticed in the glare of television sets.
They are looking for volunteers to notice them,
Raise your hand, step forward you will not be chastised for staring some beauty wants to be seen.
Get Up.

As if the simple act of standing has brought you closer to the cosmos than you have ever previously been.
As if all the stars you've seen have been busy looking back, taking notices and keeping track of which wishes
need granting.

They heard you ask for strength, show them you haven't wasted it.
Get Up.

Despite gravity, with her magnetic arms coaxing your mental dreams away from flight.
Despite everything that will be said to weaken you against the towering odds that stand before you like a
mountain kissing vertigo into your grip
and daring to look down
Climb.

Not out of stubbornness.
Not out of a need to demonstrate the depths of will it takes to carry on.

But because you
You owe you one.
You owe you one

For every second you've spent painting skulls and crossbones on white flags
and rescuing yourself from even the option of surrender.
For every instant you rebuilt your heart using smiles salvaged from the grateful faces of those who you
reminded how to laugh.
Now laugh.

Because one time, in the middle of sex,
She asked you to pretend that you were a manatee, and you did.
And it was then as it is now okay to laugh
Your lungs will fill.
Like the bank accounts of the corrupt
Your lungs will collapse.
Like backyard tents after ghost stories and strange noises breath.
Dear me,
There will be another breath.
Dear me,
Silence is not a psalm you should know all the words to.
Dear me,
This is you, me, sidestep salamity like a matadore taking on a bullet.
Rise.
As if the sun has taken the day off and hired you as its substitute.
Leaving behind its lesson plan in a world full of students who can see no practical value in what you are teaching
Teach them,
Today's lesson is the same as every day before it.
Because the class has been struggling with this assignment.
Shine.
You must teach this by example.
So hand out sunglasses.
And do not dim yourself for the sake of their comfort.
The world is practiced in demanding that those who can cast light not do it with such radiance.
Show them,
The falling stars dripping onto the horizon like drops of sky brewing new days from the fresh ground of last
night
Remember,
Some people require more light than others.
So make extra.
Dear Me,
This. Is You.
Sincerely Yours,
Me.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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