

# I Rose ABOVE it all

By Ursula V. Battle

With the arrows of your words, you've shot me again  
Piercing a piece of my heart so hard to mend,

You say success is something I'll never taste  
Feasting on the sadness that besets my face,

You delight in seeing me in my lowest place  
Pain and hurt you love to paste,

As if life were a piece of paper and you the glue  
Affixing shapes of bitterness in all you do,

You say things to hurt me all the time  
To dampen my spirit and poison my mind,

You seek to implode my confidence and esteem  
As if I were a building toppling down from its beams,

Why do you look at me with malice in your eyes?  
Hating that I dance with such soul in my thighs,

Why does it bother you that I jaunt with joy?  
A stride full of confidence you seek to destroy,

But like the sun climbing towards its horizon  
And an eagle soaring high  
I too, will rise!

Like ocean water gushing in during morning tide  
Upon a wave of hope I will continue to ride,

You seek to crush my spirit with your ploys and acts  
Your words, your actions, your relentless attacks,

You swing words like an ax to chop me down  
You the lumberjack, me...the tree hitting the ground,

You tell me I have nothing to offer at all,  
Saying what you can to make me feel small,

With the words from your lips  
You whip me with your lashes,

And with the lighter of your tongue  
You burn me to ashes,

Despite your venomous spew  
I hold my head up high!  
Determined not to believe nar' one of your lies,

I have goals and dreams, inner treasures so rich!  
But you seek to bury them all deep down in a ditch,

Aspirations you hope I never discover,  
You throw me in a pit like Joseph's brothers,

Out of the cistern of your words, I will climb  
It may seem unlikely, but give it some time,

You pummel me with your words to bring me  
down in defeat,  
But the Lord gives me strength to get back on my feet!

For my faith is in Him and not in you!  
God is the One who will bring me through!

Like the song of the birds high up in the trees  
I too will sing a melody as free as can be,

You foolishly believe I am ink, and you are the pen!  
The author of my story 'til the very end,

Writing in the annals of your twisted mind  
I will never escape from the lies of your binds,

That I'd never make it because of what you took,  
But there's another ending to the story of my book!

Despite all you did to cause me to stumble and fall,  
I'm here to tell you,

I rose...

I rose...

I rose...

ABOVE it all!