

The Things I Carry

A watch, a hair-tie, my phone

These things are never abandoned

I carry a hoodie

To hide my insecurities,

From a world full of judgments.

I carry things given to me by my father:

A ring I carry on my left hand, determination, and fear.

Lessons of honesty broken by lies

Everything I attempt to carry is represented by my mother

The most important piece of me

Patience, love, laughter, understanding

My stability through it all

I carry my backpack weighed down by the stresses of life

The path I have chosen and the paths I leave behind

I carry pride; for who I am and what I strive to be

I carry Dino,

A stuffed animal filled with love, memories, and security

I carry anxiety for the unknown

A future that can change so easily

I carry my past:

Pain, guilt, anger, and lies

I carry a stone heart that I've had since I was a child;

A constant reminder to hold on and hope for a better tomorrow

I carry an Avalanche jersey and a love for sports
For the passion, dedication, and commitment they embody

For the story of a doubted athlete triumphing

I carry a constant energy flowing through body

Outbursts of craziness that define who I am

Hidden by shyness for the people I don't know

I carry ink etched into my body

Split-second decisions

I always carry an open mind

Accepting and encouraging of the differences in others

I carry a soul;

Hurt by the pain of others

Unveiled to the evil in the world

So much suffering, so much I carry

I carry dog hairs that coat all of my clothes

The one example of a true unconditional love

A picture from my first day of high school holding a small puppy

A reminder that I am not the only one growing up

I carry doubt

Questions if people mean what they say

Broken promises I try to forget

Experiences that have changed me

A connection in my mind between love and pain

I carry a desire to not be the examples I have seen

I carry keys that unlock the doors that attempt to stop me

I carry a drive to succeed in life

Fueled by the pressure that weighs me down

I carry my worn-out shoes in which I have experienced so much in

Not willing to give up on them

It is not until one walks in these shoes that they can understand what exactly I carry.