

Cave of Contrition

Rebekah Roberts Cothran

I go with trepidation to delve into my soul.
So long my heart's been quiet. Silent wind has blown it cold.

As I stand upon the brink of this black consequence of my fall,
I wonder, "Is this just a hidden midden? Is there a point to this quest at all?"

Yes, I must resolve it. I must unearth the darkness of the deep.
And pray there still lies virtue in the dormant secret that it keeps.

What I find is revelation. In all the wrong there lives some right.
Submission to my intrigue enough to shine the light.

Stone trials drip from the ceiling. Tribulations rise from the floor.
Splendid sculptures in this storehouse of all I've lived before.

The beauty of my history, remnants cached within its walls.
My memories thread the crystal tapestry hanging in its halls.

Within this crypt of blind misadventures, I see I can be healed.
For what I believed a wasteland is a treasure trove revealed.

The air turns keenly colder. Yet instead of fear I feel refreshed.
For I have found forgiveness; grief and hope blessedly enmeshed.

Desperate doubt drove me in. Faith, the lantern has led me out.
Into the dawn of knowing I have traveled a holy, guided route.

To finding joy is my commitment. To regret I will no longer be a slave.
For I have found life's effervescence through my contrition in this cave.