

## **Melanie Carty**

### **Sanctuary**

I choose to cry in private, away from prying eyes,  
From awkward, uncomfortable glances and sympathetic sighs,  
To keep others joy unblemished, untarnished by my pain,  
To relish the kind of happiness I fear I'll never regain.  
I choose to hold it together, my sadness is like a disease.  
That eats away all hope, and makes my poor heart bleed.

Why should they feel my burden? My life is not their concern,  
And this is difficult lesson that I have come to learn.

The cathedral is my sanctuary, it listens to my fears,  
Sandstone supports without question, absorbing a torrent of tears  
And so, what's done, is done, I understand this to be so,  
But wonder if I'll ever regain the sensation of life's sanguine glow.  
How I long to feel like the new; solid and strong and erect,  
But the old reflects my soul; a worn and battered defect.

How I wish I could foster its resilience, whilst remembering past devastation,  
Choose to rise from the ashes and embrace peace and reconciliation.

Contemporary cries "be patient, stained glass will illuminate your way,  
Let in the kaleidoscope of life, appreciate the beauty in each day."  
I choose to cry in private but the cathedral is my friend,  
I now have faith in the future, it's the beginning, not the end.