

## Someday

Someday, I will be able to write  
Without metaphors or similes.  
My meaning will be clear, without  
Ambiguity or doubt; the words will  
Be transparent, not like the present,  
Where they appear through a glass, darkly.

Someday I will be able to tell  
People that I care about,  
How much they mean to me;  
How I value them more than possessions,  
How they're made my life complete.

Someday I'll be able to forgive,  
In more than words. I'll be able to  
Look past the hurt, and see that  
Other people try as much  
As I do; maybe more.

Someday, I'll be able to sing  
Out loud, instead of silently, to myself.  
Someday I'll be able to let other people  
See me as I am, instead of who  
I pretend to be.

Someday I'll be able to laugh,  
Or cry, or shout, or be angry,  
And I won't have to worry that  
I'm making a mistake, or acting  
In a way that people don't expect.

Someday, I will have all my questions  
Answered, all my doubts erased,  
All the pain removed for good.  
Someday, this will happen.  
Someday...but not this day.