

## Flicker

A quiet darkness follows me into classrooms,  
a shadow that sits where empty chairs wait.  
It whispers in numbers, in names on a page,  
in expectations that feel heavier than fate.

And still, I remain.

Not loudly, not boldly, but present and whole,  
a voice that returns when doubt takes its toll.

There is repetition in every mistake I make,  
yet also persistence in every step I take.

Fear builds its walls in measurements and grades,  
but something inside me refuses to fade.

It lives in the pause before I begin,  
in the choice to try again and again.

This is not victory without any pain,  
but light that continues through loss and through strain.

The darkness still lingers, familiar and near,  
yet it no longer speaks louder than clear.

Because hope is a flicker that learns how to stay,  
not free of the night, but refusing to stray.

And in that small flame, quiet and bright,  
I find I am more than the weight of the night.