

Your Choice. Your Voice

By: Christina Sharp

I hear a voice inside my head  
As I begin to fill with dread  
So afraid of this voice inside my head

I softly whisper to myself,

Don't be consumed with doubt  
For the voice inside yearns to scream  
And play amongst the day serene.

Still I hide, afraid of what's inside this head of mine.

The day lingers, I feel a chill  
Knowing that this all could be real  
If only I took a moment to mend the little whispers that do not end.

I am afraid and I AM strong knowing that I can't be wrong for following my  
heart, My soul, my choice, and MY voice.

My voice is strong because it is my choice  
My choice is mine because it is my voice.

My voice is the beauty that speaks,  
And that beauty can *only* come from me.

Submitted By: Christina Sharp

1605 Barclay Dr.

Richardson, TX. 75081

Phone: 214.402.9365

[jedigoddess@gmail.com](mailto:jedigoddess@gmail.com)

10.25.07 – CCCCD Spring Creek Campus