## Sir Godfrey Gregg

I have fallen, fallen into the arms of lost hope.

I'm lost, unsure whether to stay where I am or stand up and risk falling so painfully again.

Maybe if I stay here the pain of my dreams ripping from my soul will fade.

Maybe I can learn to enjoy seeing my aspirations, the beauty shining brightly, fade into the distance.

I don't think I can learn to love this stagnant water of doubt in which I've fallen.

I have to stand up.I have to take a step towards my glowing dreams.

Fear will cling to my ankles, attempting to pull me back down, its ropes of anxiety wrapping tightly into me.

I may even trip, giving fear a minor victory, but I will stand again.

I will keep getting up, over and over again, until my legs grow strong, my mind becomes resilient, and my fear weakens.

Let fear fight me, I know I am strong enough to overcome anything it throws my way.