

When No Other Choice Exists But To Endure The Pain Of Transformation

BY LAURIE CORZETT

Transformation is not about butterflies
flitting about, capturing our awe.

It is the heart of pain
you cannot feel for me.
Searing cauterization,
what would be condemned
as unethical treatment
of secret wounds
bound up in tattered consciousness.
Bit by bit, then all at once
losing the thread,
spacing out the conversation,
not quite catching the gist of
why I am here and now.
Did it ever make sense?
How could I believe my lies?

That papier-mache world
I gave my soul
sucked dry
in enduring service
was never true.

I would cry
but that would be too easy.
The pain would dribble down;
fascinated by the rainbow glisten
I would count my misfortunes,
watch them spin,

pennies falling into a rose-glass jar.
Filled with resolve,
I would go back into the fray,
fight another day and another
until by decimating degrees
I might fall defeated, dead and gone.
But death is only an act
of transformation.

The whole play depends upon
the spinning out of the tale.
First you love, then you lose,
then you do hard labor
stoking the fires of Hell,
breaking the rocks of Eternity,
cleaning the rotting sewers
of collective untreated waste.
Stench, pain, nausea
beyond bearability
wrenches, renders, discorporates
transforms.

Not like changing
into a bright, enchanting costume.
Changing utterly
because no other choice
exists.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

Sip a little more:

[F*ck This Shit: Rest, Let Go & Answer](#)

*The Call To Allow Big Transformations To
Happen*

*Lost In Transformation: From Girl To
Goddess & Human To Rainbow Unicorn
Warrior*



#TRANSFORMATION

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