

# **Tomes Of A Healing Heart**

**By Brad Johnson**

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## Dedication

This book is dedicated to anyone who has ever struggled in chasing their dreams. Any individual who has fought through blood, sweat, tears, doubt and regret in pressing through nightmares to reach the dawn on the other side. Anything worth having is something you'll need to sacrifice dearly for. My encouragement and vitality goes out to you. Keep pushing. And remember – there is nothing more satisfying on this Earth than helping to uplift, cherish and develop the lives of others. May your actions be as bold as your gifts are strong.

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## Assail the Legions

Assail the legions of this shallow sea  
Take arms, my brother  
For peace times are long forgotten  
This voyage is not for the weak in spirit

The unfaithful and the twofaced  
Stand about the ever-shifting realm of complacency  
We rest in this uphill battle  
Knowing our fight shall ne'er be in vain

To the crevasse we must descend  
We face the reigning fear  
Embracing this pit of gloom  
Will evoke an uprising  
Only then will we raise our fists  
In triumph

I've been doused with the vile waters of bitterness  
Held captive by the swarms of envy  
But I cannot leave the beacon on high  
Unanswered, with all that remains of time

I won't quit the journey  
That I've dreamt since my dawn  
I'll keep pushing for the freedom  
We've both buried in our hearts

You and I will reach the pinnacle  
Of our generation  
Set your sights high  
For there is no turning back

## Hourglass

What can't you see here?  
Have you been missing it all along?  
Is your quest for fun  
As shallow as it sounds?  
Will you engage in supplication?  
Will you bestow sacrifices?  
The moments now taken for granted  
Will quickly fade into mist  
Reaching for the highest pedestal  
Truly brings you to the grave  
Have you lost what you thought was found?

Friendship extends beyond sentiment  
The polished stone that you try to grasp  
Will sift through your fingers as sand  
Leaving you more distraught than before  
Your lack of patience and generosity  
Will bring you to your knees  
The passion now coursing through your veins  
Will run as ice  
If you do not heed the warnings  
No amount of hedonism  
Will save you in the end

## Uproot

She runs and hides  
Hoping to find solace  
In the only place  
That feels less threatening  
Than the outside world

Shielding her ears  
As tightly as she can  
From the blows of her father  
Upon her mother  
Thinking back to sunnier days  
Playing with her brother  
In the park

Now tear drops falling  
As she remembers his departure  
Leaving to earn money  
Trying to help the family  
Another blow shatters her rumination  
Throttling her senses back into reality  
The weight of her emotions  
Is too burdensome  
She climbs over her bed  
And out the window  
Pleading desperately to God  
To stop the violence  
Wondering if her father  
Will ever grow restful again

The echoes of the streets  
Wander deeply into her mind  
Resounding within the patterns  
Of the daily life she's been given  
With the dusk enshrouding shapes,  
Her eyes are called upwards  
Glimmering dots greeting her  
A sight for sore eyes

Falling short of adequacy  
She feels tears welling up again  
Brushing them aside  
Will no longer do

The beating muscle within her chest  
Now feels like lead  
Holding more weight  
If she refuses to move  
Her about-face turning to a walk  
And her pace increasing to a jog  
Sights set on home,  
Determined to change her world  
Father still yelling at mother  
The movements of her heart  
Transcending caution

“STOP!” the word flies, unbridled  
Shaking her father’s foundation  
The echoes of her utterance  
Pressing beyond her father’s countenance  
He stands to gaze upon her  
And through beaten, furrowed brow  
Eases the encumbrance  
Abandoning the room  
No longer to fuel the plight

She runs up to her mother  
Their instant embrace  
Defining sympathy  
Consolation manifested  
In trenches of warfare

Though the sun has yet to fully rise  
Unleashing beams of healing once more  
A cord of two strands  
Is not easily broken