

# TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine 2018-present

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Volume 2022 | Issue 1

Article 9

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## True Cost

Raquel Gonzalez  
rgonzalez@olivet.edu

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### Recommended Citation

Gonzalez, Raquel () "True Cost," *TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine 2018-present*. Vol. 2022: Iss. 1, Article 9.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/tygr/vol2022/iss1/9>

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the true cost

two minutes is all i had  
to cry  
to let out my pain  
from my room to work

for two month i had not cried  
'it's a sign of weakness' she said  
so i held it back

but i was dying

drowning in the ocean of my life  
every day for the past few months i had been made to feel  
inadequate  
unintelligent  
in the way  
unworthy

buy You knew that.

crying is my way of casting  
my burdens on Your shoulders  
i had not shared an intimate moment with You  
in months

so i broke  
i fell under the weight of it all

i saw my life crumble  
because I couldn't hold it all together  
i shared that i was dead  
emotionally  
spiritually

i knew that it was a problem  
when i couldn't find joy  
in the things i had always loved

i couldn't create  
i couldn't laugh  
i couldn't dance

and You know what?  
they didn't believe me

'you always look fine'  
'you always show up'  
'you're always smiling'  
'i would have never guessed'

'you hide it so well'  
[as if that was a compliment]

i was dying and no one noticed

but one  
one took me under his wing  
and listened  
believed me

he reminded me that i am who i am  
because of Who You are

he prayed over me  
and for the first i really cried

and every night after that.  
tear by tear  
i gave You my burdens

because my little hands  
were never meant to carry the world

because *i am* weak  
*i am* inadequate  
*i am* unworthy

but I am Yours

*Your* strength is displayed in my brokenness  
*You* are sufficient  
*You* are worthy

You don't want my perfection  
You want my heart

so if this is the cost of smiling  
i'll smile all the more

You know my heart  
You hear my cries  
You feel my pain

and that is enough for me