Self-Reflection
Annonymous

The ghosts of mistakes past haunt us.

In the dead of night, once the radiance of the sun has long sunk into the horizon
and the sky has turned blue's darkest hue,
the moon gleams behind its veil of clouds.
Long shadows are cast onto the ground,
and everything is shrouded in darkness.

When our minds are no longer occupied by the bustle of the day,
they are free to wander unchecked.

Our regrets worm their way into our subconscious.
The doubt in our hearts, so long suppressed, rises and swirls around us.
We battle our whirling mind,
trying to shut out the thoughts we don't want to hear.
But it's inevitable.
We lay awake,
our vision swept into the past,
seeing memories so vivid we mistake them for reality.
We want to scream.
A wave of self-hatred, of shame and embarrassment,
emerges from the depths of remembrance and encompasses us.

Flashback after flashback plays.
We drown in humiliation.
At a time when our mind is still,
the chaos of day giving way to the silence of night,
we are the most vulnerable.

Quiet suffering, quickly forgotten
when the golden star ascends, casting rays of warmth and hope, bringing day once again.
How can we battle the phantoms of doubt? we wonder hopelessly as
we endure the pain self-reflection brings.

We are humans; by nature, we make mistakes.
But the way others react to our blunders influences the way *we* think of them ourselves.
We cringe as we remember the stares, the laughter, the jeers.

If we all were just a bit more understanding,
empathizing and trying to help whenever a fellow human errs,
there wouldn't be as much shame in making mistakes.
Without the curtain of others' expectations shielding us from our own opinions,
we will no longer fear self-reflection.