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To Begin Anew

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You were all my personal creation.
The work of a young girl who devoted years of her life
So that you may have life too.

I poured my heart and soul into assembling your words
And before I knew it, you became unrecognizable.
Damaged, encrypted. A dozen working novels that might as well be deleted.
My personal achievements, the work of an aspiring author at sixteen
That were ripped from my arms before I could do anything to stop it.

I treated you horribly, and I gave you no protection.
And when you died, the creative side of me died too.
Truly, you did not deserve me as your creator.

I was young and foolish then
To ever believe that you would stay forever.
Like mourning the loss of a child, I grieved for months on end.
I sunk to the lowest of lows,
Feeling that all inspiration and artistry had abandoned me.

Looking back on it now, I'd say that this was a blessing in disguise.
My soul was mortally wounded by your passing.
But with pain, eventually comes healing.

Today, I write clearer. Today, I secure you online and on paper.
My sole purpose is to restore you to your former greatness.
Slowly—but most certainly—I am redeeming myself.
There will not be a person who does not know of your splendor.
In future years, this upset will have meant nothing

Because there you will be in the loving hands of all those
Who have waited oh so long to read you.