

# Dear Sadness

## by Lolita E. Walker



### Dear Sadness

Can we talk?

Sometimes, you cover me like a blanket and smother me so I can't breathe  
Sometimes you threaten to pull all of my joy and the greatness that is  
within

me  
from places that I dare not visit on my own.

You clutter my mind with words that add no value but instead sink me into a space  
that is not worthy of my time,

energy  
and  
space.

**Dear Sadness,** you are simply not worthy of the depths of me.

Sometimes you push me into a valley, where the water flows out of my eyes like  
the river.

Today is the day that I overtake you with a life raft of joy and calm.

Today is the day that I look inward- to use your power to dry up my tears that  
threatened me as I covered me in fear.

Yes, today is the day that I wipe away - you.

### Dear Sadness,

I am surviving you.

Sometimes you push me into a cave where the water flows through the  
cracks in its foundation

Sometimes you push me into a valley where the stream flows from my  
eyes like the ice flows from the glaciers



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But in this sadness where I sit, I want you to know that I've learned so much about me

My tears of sadness have now manifested into tears of gratefulness and for that I can now see the light

I am grateful for where I stand today in this sadness  
for being here and saying this aloud  
for what I do have and what I don't have

for this space I find myself today in this ray of sunshine from where I am speaking to me from me in all of me.

**Oh, Dear Sadness,** my tears have now become keys to unlock the darkness behind the door that was this lockness monster for so long. They unlocked the door that was adjacent to the cave that you tried to stick me in.

**Dear Sadness,** you live to find me everywhere..  
But watch me turn my frown into a smile and this smile into the life and strength of you.

You just wait. Wait on me to release this vulnerability.

**Dear Sadness,** you are not all together bad, you are so much more than a fad as you come and go and disrupt the flow of this thing called life –  
my life, my life, my life, my life, looking for sunshine much about me

When I am sitting and staring and glaring and conversing with you face to face, so many who love me want to quickly usher me from your space.

But why?  
I am love.  
I am unbothered.  
I am your survivor.



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I am sitting in all of you which allows me to sit in all of me so why not just allow me to simply be?

You see, this emotion sometimes feels like an ocean of fear and anxiety and excitement and joy

At  
the  
same  
time.

At least for a while.

So, when I'm ready, I'll grab my smile and let go of you. Until then, I am sitting in this pause to say

**Dear Sadness,**  
Can we talk?

This is to you, from me

I love you,  
Lolita

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Lolita E. Walker', with a long, wavy line extending to the right.

