The Hidden Soul – by Tiffany Chen

Heave, heave

He inhaled but his lungs could not find air.

His pale blue eyes, filled with anguish, leaked with tears, tearing him from within.

Watching him, I could barely breathe myself.

A child of Woodstock, he identified as a son who had failed his father.

Or had his father failed him?

Even though his face was lined with years and experience, his raw heart beat with such pain.

A life, constantly embattling an amorphous threat.

Hands shaking, filled with guilt that he had failed his own eldest son.

Shock and dismay that his son had turned to drugs.

"A junkie," he said.

Another failed relationship.

Hiding, always hiding.

From himself, from his brothers.

His brothers, who he is so close to,

yet he could hide the fight he was always facing.

The hidden threat.

The hidden soul.

Bright blue eyes, filled with anguish.

Mouthing for help, but no voice to speak with.