

# Strong

They asked me if she was strong.

And I said yes.

I said yes without hesitation.

Because I'd seen her pick her heavy heart up off the floor, even when it weighed a ton.

Because I'd watched her claw her way back from rock bottom, even when it was a steep and treacherous climb.

Because I'd seen her lift herself up and drag herself through life, even when she was tired and weary to her bones.

Because I'd watched her persevere, persist and press on even when she was carrying the weight of her world on her shoulders.

And they told me I'd misunderstood.

They meant how strong was she physically?

How much could she hold in her hands and carry in her arms?

But it was not me who had misunderstood true strength. It was them.

Because they hadn't realised that  
all too often,

the heaviest things we hold  
and the biggest weights we carry

are the things that can't be seen.

