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## My Arrow

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## My Arrow

I could shoot this arrow a hundred different ways  
My arrow leaps away, cuts through the air, navigates the field  
Reaches the target, kisses the colored plastic, thunks into the graying hay  
My goal is the yellow, the center, the eye of the bull  
The faint arrow screams at me, "You put me in the white!"  
My shot fails

I could shoot this arrow a thousand different ways  
My fingers are burned, calloused, bleeding, crying  
I give the string my everything, and all it does is take  
Take  
Take  
I can't take the pain anymore, so in anger I let it go  
My shot fails

I could shoot this arrow a million different ways  
If only the people would stop talking to me, stop looking at me, stop needing me  
But I'm in charge. I must do my duty and give to them. Always give  
Give  
Give  
I lean over a shoulder, whisper instructions, guide their arm and muscles  
They stand, struggle, release. I see the arrow fly. I know it's wrong, bad, missing  
The shot fails

I can shoot this arrow only one way  
If I were to do it right, with my God guiding my hand.  
I click the arrow onto the string, like coming home. Breath out  
I bring the bow up. Breathe in. My left fingers clutch the string like a mother:  
Firm, but soft, ready to let go when the time comes

My fingers feel the string, accept the pain, let go. Breathe out  
Even from fifty yards I can hear the arrow bite the hay, the sound of victory for me  
My arrow is wedged in the yellow, the eye of the bull. Breathe in. Out. I can see  
My shot prevails