

# My Name Is Tomas, And I Am Not From 'round Here

The man I was is a shadow, austere—  
A brute who once wielded anger and might,  
But stumbled, blind, through the depths of  
night.

The road I've walked is narrow and steep,  
Cut by pain that still makes me weep.  
Each step was forged through struggle and  
strain,  
Yet every scar brought wisdom from pain.

True strength, I've learned, is not in my hands,  
Not in the force with which a man stands.  
It lives in the heart and clears the mind,  
Where courage and compassion are  
intertwined.

At first, I crawled, broken and weak,  
With pride so shattered I dared not speak.  
But now I stand with unclouded eyes,  
And strip away my comforting lies.

I've found that peace comes not through  
control,  
But by honoring the weight of the soul.  
Through love, resolve, and the will to stay,  
I've built a life that won't decay.

My name is Tomas, and I am not from 'round  
here.

Who I was has been burned away clear.  
Through fire and strife, I've forged this new life,  
Leaving behind the brute, the knife.

Now I stand ready, my voice at last true,  
To tell the old me—and perhaps you too:  
Through all the trials, one truth remains—  
Love's flame endures, outlasting the pain.

A life well-lived is not what we take,  
But the love we give and the bonds we  
make.



  
Thom Barrett