

Larry Odele Prentice

Still, I Moved

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This collection is a journey through stories both told and untold — moments of silence and fire, of hiding and revealing. These words are both a veil and a vessel: a way to carry the weight, to protect myself, and to keep moving forward. If these pages find you, may they hold space for your own story — however much you choose to share or hold back. Thank you for coming along on this journey.

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Still, I Moved

I didn't wait to feel ready.
I didn't wait to feel brave.
The fear came with me.
So did the silence,
the aching,
the unfinished questions.

Some days,
my faith was not a fire—
just a flicker,
barely enough to warm a breath.
But it stayed lit.

I carried weight I couldn't name,
loved things that did not stay,
lost parts of myself in rooms
no one else walked through.

I stitched myself together
with thread made of memory
and mornings I didn't think I'd reach.

And even when the ground did not welcome my
steps—
even when the night held me longer than it should—
I did not disappear.

I did not break
in the way they expected.

I did not rise in glory.
But still,
I moved.