

Never Shall I forget Why I Write

Never shall I forget the painful feeling of the absence of the presence of peace.

Never shall I forget the way the ghosts in my walls echoed back to me when I cried for help, when I realized I was the only one there.

Never shall I forget the feeling of being truly and absolutely alone in a world full of so many people.

Never shall I forget when I hated my head because of the pain that rested inside of it, when I took weapons to my skin and watched as something broken bled out.

Never shall I forget when I found out I didn't have to bleed onto cold white tile that was lifeless and never listened, but that I could bleed onto soft paper instead.

Never shall I forget the way I taught myself to spin my tangled pain into words with ink that held just as much emotion as the emotions did themselves.

Never shall I forget when I stopped crying for help and picked up some paper, walked through an overgrown gate, and began to wander the lengthy gardens of my mind.

Never shall I forget how I found peace in my own head when I learned how to plant my pain with a pen and let it grow into something less broken, and somehow more beautiful instead.