

40 lines

The Signs That They All Ignored.

Nobody cared.

You could tell from the cracked and broken windows.

You could tell from the maggots and moths in the kitchen cabinets.

You could tell from the nails scattered across the dirt-caked floor, waiting patiently to be stepped on.

Nobody cared.

You could tell from the way their way shattered brown and green glass bottles littered the floor and the way the doors creaked every time they were opened.

You could tell from the way all the rooms smelled of rot and how poisonous ivy snaked its way up all the windows.

You could tell from the sounds of yelling that echoed through the house day and night.

Nobody cared.

You could tell from the tear stained pillows on the ripped and tattered, sheetless mattress in that pale yellow, tiny room.

You could tell from the spider webs in every corner.

You could tell from the scent of alcohol on her breath and the slurred curses she yelled at the children sleeping in their beds.

Nobody cared!

You could tell because you were told.

It was right in front of you the whole time.

You saw, you heard, you smelled, and you touched.

You knew, yet still you did nothing.

You cared just as much as they did;

Not at all.

Bulletproof

You learned to just live with the pit in your chest and the knives in your back

You learned to live with the bruises and cuts

You learned to live with the overwhelming, never ceasing pain

You adapted.

You grew thicker skin until you became bulletproof.

It's not fair. It was never fair.

You never ever should have had to live that way.

But you did.

That alone makes you strong.

That alone makes you courageous.

That alone makes you powerful.

Six Years

Six years.

It took six years for the people around me to start using my correct name.

It took six years for my family and friends to even begin to use my correct pronouns.

It took six years for my mother to force the words 'my son' from her throat.

The pain I've gone through, the hate I've endured, the fight I've had to put up...

I wish that this wasn't an experience that 5% of the population had to face.

Addiction: Beginning to End

The day I started I was only 11 years old.

My school friend handed me a brand new razor blade and showed me how and where.

In five months, I will be twenty years old.

My friend is dead.

I don't think I'll be able to quit until I'm in a casket beside her.