

how can writing be my escape?

when it forces and requires me to get in touch
with the innermost corners of my ill mind,
confront my demons in their terrifying faces,
move around the strings of my poor heart that sting,
provoke my deepest feelings to put them in ink,
travel back in time to the scenes that caused my trauma,
and push my body to acknowledge the pain.

an escape should drive me away from this world
like music, weed, and he does
yet how is writing the most liberating act
to my confined soul?

despite how much writing demands of me
the more words i jot down,
the more i desire to indulge in this holy act
it's not masochism, but a process that
presents many challenges to me, but i thank myself for it
so i come to realize that numbness just adds to the pain
maybe it's not an escape that i need,
but some real healing, and that is writing for me.