

A Letter to my Mother:

If I had to write a letter to my mother
It wouldn't be filled with love and patience

Instead, it would contain my heavy heart and trauma
As somehow my abuse was more hurtful to her
Than to me

Except she's not the one who cannot sleep
Plagued by nightmares of what happened

Being a light sleeper because
I can remember waking up to a man straddling my hips while he took my innocence
Filming the whole time
I remember him wiping me off and buttoning up my shirt
Only to tell me goodnight and walk past my sleeping parents to the guest room

It pains me more knowing that my mother is blind to this

Blind to the fact that I deal with constant paradoxes
Needing to be around people who can protect me
While also needing to be the strongest one to prevent being overpowered

Blind to the lack of intimacy I allow in my life

Blind to my nonexistent sex life because all I can imagine is being an 8-year-old in the bathtub
with my perpetrator

But most importantly,
Blind to my silence

Blind to my lack of communication because I was set on killing myself in order to be free from
the impending dread I face on the daily

Blind to the Google searches on how much of my prescription I would need to take in order to
end it

I never thought I would make it past 13

Now I'm lost in life

Walking around with a lack of trust in everyone
Trying to find the end of the handkerchief in a magician's sleeve
That'll lead me to a person I can

Wondering when my last straw will be picked
Will I make it to the future?
Am I already here?
Feeling around for coping mechanisms that won't leave me almost dead

Knowing I need to be in the right headspace for that final note:
The final picture
The final words

All that will be left of me in this untrustworthy world

Touch:

“I’m not a touchy person”

Is a line that softly crosses my lips but holds no truth

I want to be held but cannot hold the emotions of that moment

Constantly getting into new relationships for a companion in exchange for sex

I trust and give them what’s truly desired only for them to leave

So I wait

I wait to trust

Turn down the phrases that hurt the most when they become lies

“I love you”

“You can trust me”

“I’m not here for your body”

I wish for someone’s touch

A gentle thumb caressing my cheek

A simple peck on my forehead

A hand on my shoulder

I crave the touch I cannot trust

So I create my own

I wipe away my own tears

I kiss my own hand

I hold my own shoulders

Because I can never leave myself no matter how hard I try

Because in the temporary moment I do have someone

I leech

Hanging on to every word and touch like a bee protects it’s honey

It doesn't matter if it stings

Its something

Something in this world I lack

So I play survivor in my own mind

Thoughts weaving like vines in a thick jungle

Connecting insecurity to phrases

Memories to emotions

Relationships to the survival mechanisms of my heart

Teaching me the pain of losing someone was due to my own stupidity of falling for them

I cannot rely on touch

Or words

So I simply rely on the day to take me wherever it leads

And hope I've said my goodbyes in time

Dreaming of Death:

I dream of death more often than one should

They say when you die in your dreams
You wake up in real life

Supposedly because our bodies can't comprehend how death actually feels
But when I dream of death
I don't wake up

Instead, I feel an overwhelming sense of peace
Blackness envelops me and for once I exhale without the worry of my next breath

I fall into a deeper slumber
I can feel my entire body go limp
As my mind goes blank

And I stay there
Where there's no pain

No images of the gun that was once pressed against my temple
No sense of fear or anxiety

Just quiet

It's the worst thing my mind could ever do to me,
Give me the taste of what death may hold
Knowing I'm too much of a coward to test my theories

And I could
I could risk everything for that moment

Only if I didn't try and follow the phrase:
"Death is a permanent solution to a temporary problem"

But my problem no longer feels temporary

My problem is so good at tormenting me
It's temporary position got upgraded to full-time work

It's seasonal pay grade now makes a salary I could never imagine
Promoted so much that it's given me the ability to feel death in my sleep.