

## Prologue

I became silent. Thinking that if I didn't speak the nightmares would go away or at least keep people from blaming me for being naive. I became sickened by fear, thinking that everything was out to get me. I prayed that God would just let me die because I didn't have the nerve to do it myself. Waking up was my death. Every time I opened my eyes I became more frustrated with God for not answering my prayer. After a while I became numb. I couldn't cry, I didn't hurt, and no laughter, just flesh, no longer did anything matter. I had finally defeated pain, not caring that I had taken all other emotions along for the ride. If I could have felt anything at the time it probably would have been a victorious feeling, yet I was empty. I became good at drowning out the world. Never understanding why those people who were once close to me could not see that I was slowly dying inside.

## Fairytale

*In a crowded room yet alone,*

*But this is where I feel at home,*

*Not in a crowd where things are so loud I can't hear my own thoughts,*

*But alone in the dark is a place where my heart feels safe,*

*Because no one knows of its sorrow,*

*A place where people don't need to borrow its time,*

*Or to be unkind,*

*Or try to rewind the things it went through,*

*To know that it too wants to have peace,*

*So it can have time to release the pain,*

*So that it can start again,  
Or maybe find that friend that won't abuse it,  
Or forget that it exists,  
For it to have a time to be missed when it's not around,  
A time to recover from being thrown on the ground,  
And being abused by everyone it lets in,  
But is that friend a fairytale that parents tell you about to keep you  
from the truth,  
Just like that fairy that gets that tooth that she puts into her bag,  
Or the clothes made out of rags that Cinderella used to wear,  
Or the hair that Rapunzel had,  
How about that fairytale dad that teaches you how to fish and how  
to miss the people that are not always there,  
Is it fair not to care about the lies told to a child?  
Or for them to feel exiled when they learn the things you taught,  
Or when we fought to keep our sanity,  
This is reality yet people deny and try to compose a reason for their  
season of sin,  
But when will we realize that lies never win,  
Because death is the wager for sin,*

*We allow evil to come in and control our minds,  
And then we want to rewind when God comes*

I had been writing poetry since I was nine but by this time I had become poetry, knowing nothing about me but that I was words unspoken. I used poetry as my outlet; some days I just wanted to electrocute the feeling back into my body through every letter written. And even though it felt like a lifetime before I felt God's hand, He finally picked me back up. It was slow but I started to feel again and though it was hurt at first, it eventually turned into something so much greater. I became someone greater than I thought I could ever be.