

Scars

by Gardengrrl13

Healing the scars of childhood in freeform...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Not really much to say anymore

It all happened so long ago.

Memories from a past I long to forget

Haunt me, unforgiving as fire.

Tattered visions; scenes of violence

Paint murals of pain on my mind.

Enough for me to question my sanity—

To question my very existence and my right to life.

But I am nothing. Nothing.

I have suffered little compared to some—

I will always think that it is nothing.

Maybe if I say it often enough, it will go away?

But that hasn't worked all this time

So it probably won't for my remaining years.

I suppose this means I must face my fears

And remember my nightmares.

Remember all the pain, the tears, the anger

And the grief over the youth that was stolen.

Remember not to hate.

Don't do unto others, what was done to you.

Be careful in your words and your actions.

Don't drink too much, don't react in anger.

Anger can be bad. Anger and alcohol

Leave bruises and blood.

Be ever vigilant of my dreams; they are a clue

To that which I cannot bear to think on.

But I must think and I must remember—

I must heal.

I must reopen the wound—

Clean out the unhealthy filth-

And let it heal, a clean neat scar,

One that will fade with time—but will always be visible.