



A daydream, turned Nightmare

The Sun had cascaded down the line, where the ocean meets the sky and the moon was in presence, her face half covered in a black veil, probably mourning her lover's departure. Sleep started consuming me like an unwanted guest devouring the host's saved ~~piece~~ piece of cake.

I could see it now: The poor red rose inside of me had started to wither, slowly letting her creamy petals embrace the dark, rainy ground. I hear my heart beating frantically against its cage, like a lunatic jailed in prison. My newly developed Adam's Apple was bobbing up and down with



a rhythm so similar to that of the woman's breasts in one of the videos he showed me. Scars inside of me, scribbled by smile adorned monsters were waiting to scream their untold stories. Adrenaline was attacking my brain, like a rogue wave on an empty shore.

He had arrived. On his blue bicycle. I could see his glistening, polished fangs reaching out to me and out to me with each whisper of my name. It soon turned into a vicious voice - his war cry.

I suddenly opened my eyes to behold the whole world spinning around me. I had been dirty dancing with this demon.



for way too long. Unable to put a halt to my reckless ~~bre~~ breathing, I found my feet taking me to my most prized possession. A Gillette blade, dipped red around its corners. I soon found blood gushing out of my arteries with a flow so certain as my flaws. If self-harm was a sin, I had it stuck to me like second skin.

I first met him at a family function. His fair N. Lovely pickled face and spiked up hair was hard to miss. I soon had him imprinted in my heart. He was my daydream. He was my drug to be taken in moderation. ~~When he meets me,~~ ^{All the times he met me,} he always had this certain smile on his face, I could never decipher. Until ~~12~~ years. twelve years.



age, when he invited me to his house to pompuously show off his new blue bicycle. The smile, was of lust, towards a fourteen year old boy. He was my daydream, turned into a nightmare.

Being the genuflecting, obedient child I was expected to be, I tried spilling my crippled truth to my parents. But the earthquake in my voice, the tsunami in eyes and the draught in my soul was left unattended with a 'zip your mouth' dialogue. Its funny how my parents exiled my sister for loving a man she chose, but couldn't even drop a speck of poison on their cordial relationship with a pedophile.



While others were busy creating memories to say out loud when they get old, I was busy forgetting memories, just to keep my heart beating, till I get old.

But time had started its ~~act~~ act of healing. Within 11 years, I met the love of my life. He managed to plant a single sunflower in the cemetery of my soul. The 21 years of summer his skin had weathered warmed the 25 years of winter my skin had withered. He introduced me to a therapist named Rose. She explained to me that these nightmares I was experiencing was in fact a side effect of Post Traumatic Stress. She gave me warmth and comfort.



that. somehow my ~~own~~ mother's womb
couldn't offer:

Today, the slushy, weiny ground inside
of me is now, a playground of
dancing sunflowers grown out of
self-love.

Today, I don't cut myself.

Today, I don't have these recurring
dreams:

Today, I bleed ink on left over
papers: