

The Process of Healing

Sarah Seigel

She brushes through the knots in her hair,
she opens the curtains and lets in the light,
giving away all she has to spare,
she bites her tongue in spite.

The wolves rip and tear her apart,
but she still finds herself going into the woods,
holding onto everything in her pretty little heart,
hoping to find something good.

The monsters that once seemed so cruel
now bring her to her knees.
She feels like such a fool,
hating herself for how much she pleas.

Another day, another month, another year,
afraid that every great thing will disappear.

She closes the curtains
and turns off the light.
She feels so uncertain,
is this all worth the fight?

The fires she lights start to burn,
will she ever change,
will she ever learn?

She offers herself on a silver platter,
will they even notice,
will it even matter?

She finds pieces of herself to carve,
will I look prettier if I starve?

She tells herself that this life is so sweet,
feeling the faint way her heart beats,
pretending that she does not lie down in defeat,
her mother asks her when she will eat.

She tells her mother she is fine.
She will always deny.
Her mother tries not to cry.
The cycle repeats.