

## Letter to My Intuition

Dear Intuition,  
I believed in your wisdom.  
You gifted me with good judgment  
and encouraged me to  
speak my mind.  
You helped me grow into *me*—  
fiercely loyal and compassionate  
with the heart of an Amazon.

I trusted in your guidance.  
Your presence always  
laid dormant within  
my nerve endings,  
until you  
shook my synapses awake—  
screaming the truth directly  
to my psyche.

Now, you're a mute stranger,  
a ghost made of ashes  
existing apart from me after  
bridges were burned  
in years gone by.

Separated by glass,  
I sit alone in darkness.  
Completely boxed in—  
attention solely focused on  
my deafening heartbeat.  
Eerie whispers strike  
with teeth like knives.  
I remember when I  
stopped listening to you  
altogether.  
I naively pursued  
freedom of the past and present.  
I *wanted* to  
be seen and wanted.  
You tugged at me with  
rigid polarity,  
rubbing my jagged edges  
to warn me of danger.  
Still, I ignored you;  
I chose the gamble of being

awake and alive—  
evidence that *I*  
was not my past.

I still feel a  
twinge of uncertainty  
when I hear you calling to me.  
I need a sounding board;  
someone to validate and confirm  
the reality of my  
cyclical thoughts.

I know I should trust you,  
you've done everything you can.  
I must bury the voices  
in my head.  
It's my duty to *us*  
to second guess  
my second-guessing.