

Dear Trauma

Finding the courage to face you has almost been harder
than experiencing the day you were born
Except this time I'm the one in charge of what is happening to you
instead of the other way around.
You left me torn, bruised, broken.
So battered that who I once was is scattered in pieces all around me
and frantically I try to collect them but putting that puzzle back together feels impossible
because the picture of the old me is so unrecognizable.
I recognize all of the ways I could have maybe possibly avoided you that day.
In fact I blame myself for not choosing any of those options
and I realize now that I have blamed myself for too long.
For too long I've been told that I am defined by the world around me.
What happens to me, How people perceive the things I do,
What others think I should do, Who I should be.
It all has provided me the perfect opportunity to trust everything but myself.
And yet, not trust anything at all because honestly, thanks to you,
I don't even know what trust really is.
I have learned to live a life reacting to the wounds
of the past and dysfunction that I was subjected to.
I was so connected to suffering, repression, and codependency
that I couldn't see how terribly those things were raising me.
Wanting it to be safe and sound when it was toxic and dangerous in reality
I wish I knew then that real life, a healthy life,
does not thrive in dysfunction the way that I have been
My mind, cluttered with walls of junk like a hoarder
blocking anything good from entering
and ultimately me from getting out.
My own prison of filth that I didn't invite in.
I lived under the assumption that disorder, dysfunction was all there was,
but something deep within me knew there had to be more.
Constantly thinking "I can cope, but It has to get better"
But you. You suppressed that hope.
You'd rather me stay cooped up in my crowded cube.
Your very existence thrives on keeping me out of the loop that is
Reality. Love. Peace. Worth.
Am I even worth any of those things?... Wait, No!
That's just you again.
You love to constantly remind me that my mind is yours now.
And I used to believe that lie.
You love it when I question myself at every turn and
I can feel that the fact that I'm now confronting you makes you burn with rage.
That's right. I'm finally on the same page as you.

No i'm a whole chapter ahead
Your obsession with keeping me in a place of emptiness and pain is disgusting
and it is time that it ended.
I know that I can never rid myself of the scars you gave me
but I can finally refuse your illusion that they still ooze blood.
They have healed
And I am healing
I am healing from the memories of the pain.
Of the innocence that you stole from me. My purity.
I grieve the passing of these parts of myself that are gone forever
and acknowledging the grief somehow makes me stronger.
Please dont even try to convince me that you can right these wrongs
I'm pulling you out of my mind. Out of my sight.
It's time for you to live outside where the garbage belongs.
You may still be around but your stench won't be plaguing me anymore.
The memory of the day you emerged may occasionally still affect me
but the fact that you even exist no longer will.
I refuse to sit and soak you in... but I also refuse to live my life pretending like you're not there.
Cause I now know that masking is just as destructive as accepting the label of victim.
It's impossible to truly enjoy the drive of life with either of those mindsets behind the wheel.
Trauma, You are no longer in control
I am healing
You have been the one deciding my patterns, dictating my emotional responses
but change has finally arrived and she listens to my voice not yours. I drive.
As I learn how Change guides me like a patient passenger
with the map to recovery in her hands and love in her heart.
Love in her heart for me. Because I deserve love. And I know that now.
I can trust my own perceptions and respect my mind, spirit, and body
because I am worthy of those things.
My feelings are valid, my perception is valid,
My personality and who I was created to be is beautiful.
I was just too blinded by you to see it.
I will no longer disregard vital aspects of who I am and who I am becoming.
I am healing.
I am writing this to tell you that this is it. You are done.
I am releasing the pain, the guilt, and the heaviness of you from my life.
You are no longer welcome to rule my mind.
At the end of this dark tunnel I've found a light
The war you waged is finally over and I..
I won the fight.

Sincerely,
The new me.