

What does it feel like?

What does it *feel like*?

It feels like hearing the cracking of your skull in between your screams. It feels like the crawling of roots up your throat, blooming out. It feels like flowers growing from your throat. It feels like the joining of your mind with hundreds of others, sensors screaming in agony. It feels like struggling and failing to block out the voices of the damned.

It *feels* like knowing you will never be the same.

I was only sixteen when the Church took my world from me.

And I have sworn to never let them make anyone else feel that way again.

Not while I am watching.

Iris Montes