Before I Could Speak

There are these moments where silence is the only response we can give. When the noise of what has happened to you is too strong to think over, let alone speak. This is how evil perpetuates pain. This is how sadness keeps a grasp. I know how it feels to be silenced; I was silent. You will never convince me that hell is anything but silent, because devastation is not loud. Devastation is not being able to speak when it is what will set you free. Freedom is secured when exposing the pain. Letting our wounds corrode the ears of the very evil that haunts you. Eventually we find liberation, and the realization that the very thing that silenced you becomes the reason that you speak.

I think before we start to speak we have to learn how to understand what we feel. When you don't understand your emotions you start to fall into a mindset that feels like you are a stranger in your own body. Sometimes I can't find the words to express how I feel, and someone else finds the words for me. To me, that's the most unique thing about writing. The truth is that we are all connected; even when we feel completely alone someone is there with you. They don't necessarily need to say it is going to get better, because they can't promise that. Before you can start to heal, you need permission to feel broken, permission to hurt. I finally let myself think about what happened, I let myself feel every heart aching detail. I wouldn't say when I was in such a deep state of depression at such a young age that I needed a light at the end of a tunnel. I couldn't heal before validation. I didn't need to be showered in sunshine; I needed someone to sit with me in the dark. It was one day. One hike. One life. I never needed someone more than I did that night.

When I spoke for the first time everyone said just be yourself and explain how you feel, but it wasn't that easy. I think they missed a step in the process. To be myself I have to know myself first. I couldn't speak about what happened, let alone think about it. I didn't want to accept that it changed me. Overtime, I learned that you must be attentive to the way you feel, and understand how to interpret those feelings into actions. I spent time with my mind and had to know who I was when I was alone. I introduced myself to my faults, and shook hands with my imperfections.

I speak now. I watched him slip. I watched him reach out to me. I watched his hand miss mine. I watched him die.

Before I could speak about what happened, I had to understand what happened. This took years, but, I know now, it is not my fault. And so I speak. I am finally free.