

Silent

By Taylor A.P.

Maybe,
before all this,
I never would have considered sitting in a circle of strangers.

Me?

I'm the silent type.
I have words,
please don't think I'm silent because I have nothing to say.
I'm silent because I can't speak them.
All my life I have been told to use my voice,
and all my life my voice has never been heard.
To keep speaking would be a waste,
so I turn to silence
to conserve all I have,
all I think.

It never works.

Keeping what I conserve
only makes my mind the junkyard.
At merely 13 years old my silence drove me insane.
I had words.
I couldn't say them.
So I wrote them.
I keep writing them.
It's better to write books and stories

filled by characters I pretend aren't an extension of myself.

But I am my characters and my characters are me.

Confronting what I am
is easier when I can see the words I hold back.

I am silent.

I am locked behind an iron wall
that separates me from what I can do.

But I am breaking through it.

Word by word

I break these boundaries keeping me from my humanity.

All I have to say may never be heard,
but I swear it will be known.

I have words,

I am just silent.

And maybe,
before I learned all of this,
I never would have considered being here,
sitting in a circle of writers,
taking steps away from my silence.