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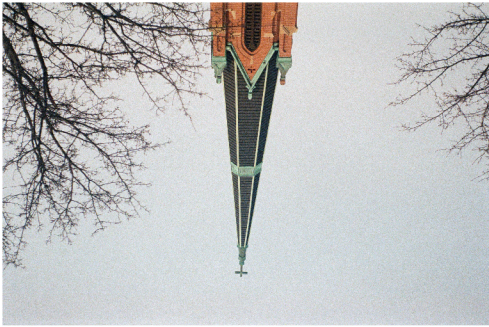
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i kept waiting for the day to come when someone would give me permission to change to start to see things differently to break the habits I learned under duress to finally stop caring what other people think to look in the mirror and smile at myself

like I did when I was four years old and Rosie hadnt yet been crushed by her lawnmower mowing the ditch I could see from underneath the porch under which I hid in a game of hide and seek when I was three in 1997 and thought to myself I could live here forever in the cool soft dirt I watched goosebumps for the first time at Rosie's in the dark on a cold winter morning and felt alive my little hands beginning to understand what it meant to be one of one and to see the world and deeper still the day didn't come i came to it to kill yourself a thousand tiny moments at a time to start anew does not come from without but from within and it happened slow but day by day I come back to who I was before I let the world tell me who I was and instead with clenched fists and an inquisitive look told the world who I would be and what I would become



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