

They told me it would be like spring. Seasoned with fresh herbs and happiness, a green blade dropping dew onto my arm. A soft petal flush against my flesh. But spring came with the downpours more plentiful than sunny days. The overcast, shadowing out the faded color of bruising from my binder; the bulletwound pain. People say spring lasts forever but those fires of hell, summer, have already burned and crisped my shoulders. When we get to autumn my yellow sweater doesn't light up anymore, ~~it~~ it used to feel pretty, not anymore. Do I want to be pretty?

~~Yes.~~ No. Please, someone tell me that I'm gorgeous but not as a girl but gorgeous as a ~~boy,~~ person. just a person. get dressed today, don't think about the consequences. smell that fresh cut wood burning in our fireplaces, warming us after the winter air. I've been freezing for so long now, what a relief it is to be home.