

A permanent solution to a temporary problem

She shouts because she has forgotten how to whisper.

She screams because she has forgotten how to speak.

She thinks because they have forgotten how to listen.

Her dog waits at the top of the stairs,
waiting for her return.

Her father's guard slowly crumbles,
re-reading the letter.

Her mother, answering the call with cries of "why,"
sobs and sinks to the floor.

Her brother locks himself away,
cursing her, his words a slurred roar.

She was sick of being sick,
So she let the height overcome.
Tired of being tired,
She'd let go of a life already gone.
There was never any point in trying:
Unanswered calls, a bed unmade,
an unbreakable cycle—
Still she smiled to hide the pain.

Until a subtle wind, spring sun,
An ocean rich and regal,
A flood of fond endorphins
Brings calm that knows no equal.

Thrashing to break the gravity,
What now could slow the drop?
She'd beg and cry for her toes to touch
The safety back at top.

Now she wanders through shadows
of dreams that used to breathe
an endless labyrinth
of what will never be.

You could blame the open window,
the unheard cries for help,
the voices that encouraged her,
But she would always blame herself.

She will never know that she was enough.
You are, you are, you are, I promise.