Not just words.

Written by Esther Yasmin, May 25th 2014

Words are beautiful; powerful.
They can create and they can destroy, communicate love, express joy; piece together fragmented parts to create a beautiful piece of art that can penetrate the soul.
Words can belo us feel whole

Your words, they stabbed my heart. Each new syllable, each new letter; none any wiser, none any better. Every sentence another way to sustain that excruciating kind of pain.

the words that now darken my interior, the ones you used so you would not feel in that you threw at me so carelessly because you clothed me in another exterior when I reminded you of someone else who caused you pain. You did not realise, we weren't the same. And every word like the devil blowing out my inner flame. That flame... did it ever come back again?

Now how can you say, that my words are just words, when the words you used caused me to fall? Is that not proof that words are not just words at all?

Those words, they left me to my fate, made me discern between love and hate, see the real difference between a truth and a lie, experience the switch to a hardened heart from the childlike ability to cry. And to fall asleep crossing the line between the will to live and the will to die,

To wake up alive in another reality, the one without you mocking me, the one where I can finally be myself beyond a personality.

Those words, they left me to my fate, made me discern between love and hate, then made me realise when I looked back on my fall that those hateful words had guided me to my core and so could not truly be of hate at all...