I'm Me

By Dannie Sinisi

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Waking nightmarish hell that haunts my life.

Why can't I escape the darkness’s embrace.

Tortured endlessly by thoughts that won't leave me.

To scared to call for help in my echo chamber of fear.

To young to see it was constructed around me.

An ideology constructed by impotence and control.

Creating a self loathing cage to hold my soul.

It's sting hot bars glowing red hot from the fire within.

 Illuminating the darkness with pain and fright.

I peer out carefully and feel the heat.

Spears stab through the bars pushing me back in.

Madness starts to set in with it’s think black ooze.

Holding me back down against the far back wall.

 Putrid rot of all the dying dreams lying at my feet.

A far sound, keys jingle.

Is this the culling or to set me free.

I am happy to meet either destiny.

A small beam of prismatic light hits my face.

It has a warmth and beauty I've called to from my heart.

As quick as it came out left.

Leaving me yearning desperate to feel again.

Still the days or nights pass in these bowels of hell

No jingle, No light.

Creeping along the floor to peer out.

Nothing but dark mist.

Sounds of a distant cacophony of screams frightens me.

I'm not the only one in here.

Again, the keys jingle.

My heart flutters with anticipation.

The light of colors slowly traces along a bar of fire.

The fire turns to ash as it is extinguished.

The light begins to dim so I scurry to it.

I try to bask in it’s light but it fades away.

It left behind an even stronger yearning.

Now one bar is extinguished but I can't escape.

I now understand what is needed to get free.

I scream.

Come back.

Oh, please come back.

A jingle again with a quick flicker of light that sizzles a bar.

Not strong enough.

Where is the strong light I need.

I yell out again.

My voice scratches at my throat that I can taste the blood.

No sound of keys.

No light.

The screams of others pierce my ears.

I fall to the mold ridden floor grasping them.

Trying in vain to muffle them out.

Blood drips out my ears like roaches crawling out.

I feel it run down my neck.

An internal darkness fills me with impending doom.

I seek to end this.

I get to my feet wobbly and battered.

I rush to the bars.

I take in their burning.

Spears pierce threw my leg and arms.

I reside that this is death’s sweet release.

I hear over their screams the keys.

I see her in her prismatic glory.

She didn't extend her light.

She stood fast before me making way of darkness.

Quieting the noise around my pit of despair.

I release the bars and staffer back.

Blood dripping from all my wounds.

My weaknesses has me woozy.

I ponder if she is real.

I fear it's a trick my captors play on me.

Why would she not move to me like the others.

What spell has she cast.

She just stands stoic and steadfast.

A peacefulness I have never known.

Yet something familiar.

I feel something I've never felt before.

A safety summons me.

My heart warms from within.

I feel a strength radiate from it around my body.

The blackness at my feet retreats from where I stand.

Tingling glorious light emits from the pores of my skin.

Shimmering colors extend around me.

Where they touch the blackness, it surrenders.

All my wounds heal.

I yearn to embrace her.

Without hesitation I step to the bars and press on them.

The sound of freedom sizzles echoing through this hell.

Ash falls to the floor.

I'm free as the darkness retreats for good.

The amalgamation of our souls begins.

We are strong as we ascend from the darkness.

Its tendrils stretch out in vain.

We attain a higher level of self love and acceptance.

We are free.

She steps back from me.

There is space but not distance.

She walks beside me in life.

Ever chasing out the darkness from each other’s lives.

Other's come and go.

But not my ever-present prismatic twin soul.

I no longer fear that darkness will invelope me.

It can’t hurt me for long even when it does sting.

The light inside myself is strong.

I use it to show other's that are still in their cells a way out.

I am a force of beautiful nature.

Pure and true to myself.

Unbound of the atrocious history I was forced to endure.

I'm free.

I'm me.