

The Cage of My Mind

I was born in a house with no doors, no windows,
Where walls soaked in voices so sharp,
I could see their edges.
It was never a home,
Just a cage of thoughts,
Heavy, constant,
That told me I wasn't enough.
The walls screamed who I couldn't be,
I learned to color within lines
I didn't draw.

My hands stretched toward doors
That locked themselves in fear.
I tasted the storm on my tongue,
Swallowed the silence,
Until it settled deep.
Letting my words drown,
Before they reached my mouth,
Like thoughts I couldn't control,
Like fear I couldn't name.
I held them in my chest
Where they tangled in knots,
Tight enough to suffocate.

The floorboards cracked beneath accusations,
Splinters of rage digging into my soles.
Silence hung thick,
A door slammed so hard
It stole the air from my chest.
Even my shadow was scolded
For existing where it shouldn't.
I learned to tiptoe,
To fold my voice into corners
Too small for their anger to find.
I learned to hide my hurt
Behind a face too tired to smile.

One day, I caught the sun
In a crack of the ceiling—
A fiery ribbon curling toward me.
It burned my skin—

Etched its heat into my veins,
But oh, how it felt like life.
I whispered its warmth into my blood,
A reminder that there was something
Beyond this suffocating darkness.
I reached up, trembling,
And felt the world waiting
Beyond the fists of sound.
And for the first time,
I dared to breathe.

Now, my heart beats louder than their voices.
Though I carry the echoes,
I am not the house.
I am my own walls,
The sun's heir,
The architect of my own freedom.
And when I leave,
I will tear the walls down.
And take the door with me,
Into a world where I can finally speak.