
Name: Estephanie Aparicio

Decorated wrist

The scars seemed so evident last week
April 19, 2019
The memory of their pain
Seemed to throw me into an oblivion of
why did I do it

Everything was different that day
The sun on my back crept all over my skin
It wasn't warm or pleasant
The sun swallowed me like quicksand
The 19th was different

My scars were like mouths
They were singing songs
that spoke of my past laughing at the fact
that I didn't give them more friends

That day was a different day.
I ignored their taunts
I listened to song that filled my spirit with joy
I laughed at jokes only I would find funny
I cried out to my father that always has better for me

April 19, 2019 was the day I became strong
It was the day their songs didn't get to me
It was the day that scar tissue healed over their lips and they couldn't speak anymore
This day I trusted my father more.