# i

It's not the stab in the back that kills you, it's the person holding the knife that does.
It's the people who kiss you good night every night and checked for monsters hiding in the closet.
It's the people who swore that they loved you unconditionally and wouldn't dare to see your tiny heart shatter but it's the very same people who pinned your siblings against you and dragged you in the center of every family quibble leading to dual houses, equally toxic.
Making it your fault while the blade gets sharper.
High school comes along and your feelings for a girl grew large.
leading to a cassette addressed to you hand delivered by the school councilor you'd thought you could trust,
Blaming you, leaving you to question.
One time during family counseling you asked for a definition for a term you've never heard of only for a simple question to force you out of the closest.
Right then you knew the seasons changed from summer to winter and had to live with the change as the knife goes deeper.
Upon the rare moment of peace you lay in bed while you witness blood drip from your arms and tears becoming your new lullaby.
Making you wish that you learnt how to tie your shoe laces when you were younger in exchange for painless escape now.