

## Hidden Voices

by Katy Wise

She had always wanted words, she loved them; grew up on them. I know this because I have been there since the moment she could piece them together on a page, not always in the form I am now I have to say. I have taken on many different appearances, my size, colour, texture has all varied over the years as her personality developed and her adolescent taste changed. In the beginning I was no more than a few scribbles on the back of an old bank statement, then there was a time I was embellished with pretty mythical creatures and only millimetres thick. During the teenage years however my spine was vast and I was covered in soft faux fur, while I wore a leather jacket during our time abroad and was crammed repeatedly into a worn out backpack to be tossed around on multiple planes.

Now I lie red and deserted, sunning myself upon a gravel path. It would do well not to underestimate me as a scream goes up from inside the house. I am so awash with human emotions and tell tale signs that one would only need to read between the lines, to establish the reason behind the devastating series of events that have taken place this fateful day.

Followed closely enough I feature a victim and a culprit but its hidden behind distant memories and repeated disappointments, a spiral of darkness seeps through my pages till this moment now, and I can assure you there is no 'note'.

But if you took time to look down the page the wind now holds open and waves helpfully in its grasp, your read of a man with shocking coloured hair and a line that quotes;  
'I was six when my mother taught me the art of invisible strength.'

But no-one should have to suffer invisible pain or try to hold on to a lonely and unrecognised strength, and I could only absorb and I could only listen, I could not answer her, I could not reassure or encourage her, or sway her on to a different path.

I could not tell her that her mother's choices should not be her own, and to avoid that man with the entralling hair.

I could only shrivel in despair as the ink filled my pages with impending doom and I longed for the days of unicorn doodles and silly poems when everything written about was new and exciting.

But your stepping over me now, sirens fill the air, and your foolishly kicking me aside as the malicious blood now seeps through my once navy blue cover, drenching my gold leaf pages, and mangling with the ink which drains away and rinses me of the knowledge which could have been used by you to save her.