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The Scar

by Sue Thompson

The scar grows each day, I can't stop it, it has become part of me. Sometimes blood oozes from its centre pushing forward the pressure, becoming too much, the poison beneath reminding me of my life. It is a comfort in some ways, I stroke it every so often, my hand automatically reaching for it, mainly when I remember.....

The memories are pushed to the back of my mind stored away in the far recesses of my brain. But occasionally just occasionally they leap out and I am drawn back to the scar, it is on those days that I reach for the knife and gently cut into the red sunken line running down my arm. Adding to it and feeling a strange comfort knowing that I am in control. The scar does not rule me, I rule it. I dictate its presence on my skin. I allow it to be there.

I do not want to hide the scar, I am not ashamed or embarrassed by it. It is a symbol of my life, my history. It reminds me that I am not perfect, I am flawed. There is not one of us who does not hate some part of our body, but for most it is kept under lock and key, we can submerge it into our own thoughts. So my scar is my own private prison. We share the pain and the experience, my scar knows what happened, it lies there reminding me.

Some days I forget about the scar and the period of my life I want to erase, they are happy days, days of sunshine and colours. They are good times. I am free from the burden. Then someone will point to it and I remember.

And the pain and memories start once again