

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

My Silence

by Sue Thompson

When you have been so scared to speak
for fear of being ridiculed you stay silent
When you are raised up on a pedestal one minute
and then dragged down the next you start to die inside.
There is no one there to catch you, no one there to care
Your life is a whirl of confusion
The abuse well hidden, because it is only in your mind
You try and try until you are worn down with trying
A thumb pushing gently on your head
nudging you towards the ground
You want to walk away but there is nowhere to go
And then the silence, there is nothing to say
Why is silence so worthy of suspicion?
Because it is followed by pain, and anger, and perplexity

The silence is another punishment,
you have done wrong you just cannot get it right,
you are so stupid you deserve silence you deserve nothing.
There is no point in talking to you, you are small and insignificant
So, whilst you crave the silence you also fear it.
There comes a point where you cannot fight back anymore
you are drained, emotionless
There is nothing you can do that is right.

And so, you have to escape in the end
But it is not your escape,
he has cast you aside,
discarded you like an old toy broken and thrown in the bin.
What did you do? You did nothing.

But once the rope has been cut you are free,
free from the prison in which you were held
Then and only then can you breathe and become whole again.
And silence becomes your friend, silence is good.
You sit in your own space and take in the silence,
you become whole again

Silence is no longer full of suspicion
Silence is peace, and joy and love,
you can find yourself once again.