

newly acquainted

Bailey Wakefield

when i was born, they didn't have a plan
a child need only know the love of her parents, leave the thoughts of ethereal beings for another day
a poor methodology, but effective nonetheless

upon my turning five, they began to worry
competing ideals under one roof are bound to reach a head, and with it came you

at six, we were formally introduced
another identity to add to the list
i didn't understand why you were loved so deeply, but this was far less important compared to the
pleasantries your name evoked

on my twelfth birthday, we were bound for life
i studied your messages and convinced myself that you would make me whole
they told me all was well

i believed them

when i turned 13, you disappeared
you stole my friend and didn't leave a note
i might've understood had you explained, but that's never been a strength of yours
generations upon generations of pain and yet i was still taught to love you unconditionally
we stopped speaking

at 18, i was reminded of you
in a town of one it is easy to stay hidden, but my path led me here
the others knew of your atrocities, your oversight
yet when the gates you built were open, they all ushered in
i didn't understand, but i loved them dearly

as did you

now i am 20, and your foot is in the door

i will never understand you, but i suppose that was never the point

i may not relish in your stories like i did when they were all i knew

i may not say your name, as my tongue is coated in thorns

but i will keep the others close

they are indeed the sole source of light during your periods of great darkness

i wish we were closer

i wish your guidance was built on more than just fables and hope

but my door is open once more