



res·to·ra·tion

noun

The act of returning something to a former condition

AN ANTHOLOGY

April McMillion

A true test
to one's humanity
to remain virtuous
through acts of terror
& criminality

A true test
to one's sanity
to squeeze tight their grasp
of truth & normalcy
through every lie, tactic
and force to conformity

A true test
to one's heart
to choose to show love
in this arbitrary world
after they have been broken

but oh, the sadness that comes
from not being well because of it

for those who choose
to love like me-

Give me your hand,

I'll hold it.

9 months.

That is the time it has taken for me to be able to write this. I suppose it is also the amount of time I have had my life back. Although, the subject is hard to celebrate in that light due to the perplexity of what happened after being nothing I could have ever imagined. The chains were off, but I was left to find my place again in a disparate world where nothing felt the same. I am proud to have gotten out, it is just that I am not the same person I knew before despite my most significant efforts and fight back towards normality. There has been, of course, a great deal of good that has come along the way. For anyone who is struggling to find the light, I promise you the silver linings come. I find I am still at times reluctant to have these thoughts stay as I continue to work through my issues, dissolving the past as best I can, and learning to trust and love again along the way.

As an aspiring confidant to anyone who has been, or finds themselves in a position like the one I found myself in, I owe this to you; to lead by example by telling my story, to show what is not love, but a deceptive disguise, to encourage you to put yourself first and to recognize when something is not right. When that recognition comes, I encourage you to be strong enough to make the best decision possible for yourself. I want you to know that you have the right to take back what is yours; your life.

I owe this to the loved ones I have hurt along this journey of healing. Thank you for being patient with who I was when I did not know who I was anymore, for understanding when I did not know how to deal with the confusing intrusion of thoughts and feelings that invaded and took over my rational mind, leading my output far from kind. Thank you for never giving up on me, and still showing me love, even when you did not recognize me anymore.

Lastly, I owe this to myself, to fight through this last stubborn and self-denying blockade where I keep telling myself everything is fine. Nothing that happened to me was fine. Not being able to talk about it, and still struggling to get the words out has not been just fine. Reassembling my identity with an ill mind and heart that had been massacred by acts of horror, violence, and cruelty has felt near impossible at times, and to no degree, fine. Getting thrown back into life can leave you feeling hopeless and alone as you exhaust yourself to catch up with time lost, and accept and cope with mental health issues along the way. Trusting another enough to build new relationships that are emotionally safe and understanding of your circumstance is not something I felt brave enough to do for a long time. Because of this, I denied myself the love and support I needed to be fine.

My love goes out to those who have experienced something in life that has left you struggling to move past the trauma, hurt, or anger. I hope that my words remind you that you are not alone. Not everyone will understand, and you have to accept this in a positive light. For another to possibly understand, they would have had to have gone through it, and I would break my own heart a hundred times over again if it meant knowing another would never have to ever know the hurt and loss that I've felt. What I've lost, I can never get back, and accepting and letting go of that is what eventually helped me rise above the pain and anger. Accept the love and support that others know how to give, and be strong for yourself. I know it hurts. We have lost it all, a piece of our life, our trust, finances, happiness, hope, and above all, ourselves, along the way. Regardless of all things lost, there is always going to be a sure positive to take from our stories. We have something that the ones who hurt us do not, something they want to take. We have a love that is genuine and pure. It is our gift and a reminder that our hearts lead by example within a world that can seem painfully filled with hate.

Fuckery

A Book of Poems

April McMillion

Forced to play along
to the sharp & flat pitch
of his vile song
macerating my innocence
in order to survive,
to save face
should it collide

if you had to see
what these eyes have had to see,
you would see transparency in normality
& recognize hell everywhere now
like me

I touched the devil

when I was in hell

scorched

these hands are left scalded

the pain; a game

that the world around me

did not notice

Malignant Narcissist

dynamic; charismatic
everything you'll ever need

shiny lures that glimmer
sparkling all around
& just for me

distracted
blind to deception
as he carefully planned
& hooked me

credulous, I apologized
as he heroically set me free
into a pond filled with poison
he smiled

I hate him
I loved him
& now I hate me

Heartbreaking
as I watch all I had built in life
burn and turn to ashes

stuck in this labyrinth
of failure & sadness

blindly
silently
searching to find the light

P T S D

A scary journey to a new world
far out of reach of normality

there is no escape button
I must continue to lead

everything is haunting me

upon arrival I stand & look around
it is an odd place
foreign
to the specie I used to be

I can tell that in this world
they cannot see
what I see

Just one more
thought first
please

these thoughts are
pervasive
my love in return
remains
evasive

Fuckery

Think of
the sky grey
the muckiest day
a perpetual confusion
& the only way
to rid the delusion
is to stick your face in the filth
and feel it

~ I know I don't look pretty like this

Organization One

It is something to do
I organize
to un-organize
then reorganize times two
it helps me to cope
with the alarming truth
this manic of organization
is a trait of habit
leaving things unorganized
well, he just wouldn't have it

Organization Two

In mild panic
dancing light toed in trepidation
the music's rhythm is wild
no fixed verse for interpretation
I am dizzy
exhausted
left with soup for brain
in this fucked up land of isolation

they hid the ladle from me here

like Sisyphus I am condemned
to this repetitive organization

Labyrinth

A year of hell
I lost my life
taken;
from someone undeserving

here I am now
one year spent manic
confusion
distortion
psychological damage

fighting to be rearranged
stuck in this life
made for the deranged
I was never meant to be dragged here
left in the dark
with the door bolted shut
& I will fight to the death
to find my way
back out

Nostalgia

These eyes can't unsee
the places I've been
people I've met
things that make me, me.

I've lived heaven
and I've seen hell
life was a lemon drop
before I woke up
with the need to scream

I Need Time

My solitude is comprised
of all that is natural to me
it is a flow that only I know
one that only I can direct
or pull low

disruption causing affliction
in my timely orbit
as I am redirected and told
the Earth and I need change
that I have been moving too slow

Conflict in authenticity
against what I feel real
such a pseudo, deviating wheel

I cringe

exhausting it has become
and overly redundant
it simply would not be synodic
or I already would have done it

Less Tears, Less Fears

A fight to the end
of the maze I'm stuck raveled in
tightly tangled
and tangibly stuck

hardly I stand
sopping wet from the mess
of my own tears

life's test—
her best one yet
a bitch I learned to hate

you learn a lot about yourself
when the only option to escape
is to claw past your fears
and put that bitch back in her place

