

The day my world turned to dust

by Ladejah Fowler

Why are people so mean? Why are people so cruel? Why would you crush the tower in which I worked my whole life to create and smash it down to smithereens?

The day my world turned to dust, the day the sky fell dark. No amount of hugs could console me enough. No matter how many times I wrapped my arms around my chest the pain still found a way to plummet to my stomach and rest on top of the surface sinking ever so slowly, crushing my organs and tearing my heart apart. Forgetting how to breathe, I panicked on my knees, my veins exploding inside of me. Bleeding forever, eternally. So many tears. I cried so much that the hard wood floors began to soften. The olive green walls became my enemy. They turned against me. In the midst of those 4 walls, I was born, and in the midst of them I died. . .

The cement giving birth to rocks erupting from the grave, leaving their imprint on my skin, engulfing me, forcing me to sink into the thick substance hardening all around me.
Everything I see.

Yet Jehovah helped me be and still become the rose that grew from concrete.

Throwing blankets over my head trying to drown out the sound, trying to drown out the noise. But silence never came, only peace did. When I tell you I had never felt so broken, so fragile like porcelain.

A snowflake. As quickly as it is created it melts. My beautiful pattern never to be seen again, not in this world.

petals from a rose fall from the sky as the world sings me what I thought would be one last lullaby.