

Change

By Leo Ohlund

Somewhere between then and now my thick eyeliner turned to natural makeup.

My scars turned from purple to white.

My clothes went from dark and baggy to more fit and bright.

My days spent sleeping are now spent with friends.

My favorite color went from black to purple.

My voice turned from meek to loud and proud.

My obsession with energy drinks turned into boba.

My trips to the hospital turned into trips to friends' houses.

My friend group grew smaller and filled with positive people.

My room changed from dark to welcoming.

My sister turned from a baby to a little girl.

My girlfriend turned into a friend with special memories.

My art went from painting to writing.

My mood went from reserved and broken to open but still recovering.

My hair went from short and unhealthy to longer and smooth.

My school went from small and cramped to open and new.

I'm trying to heal.

It may not be in the way others know and get but in my own way.

But now I've taken a step back.

A deep breath.

Starting with a clean slate.

As the years go by and the days speed past, I am able to sit and watch.

Seeing the friends I've made grow and watching as I change into what I want to be.

Time to figure it all out.