

My Light

I built my own prison. Locked myself in and lost the key. Full of darkness and fear I am plagued by my own shadow. One day I look out of the small window in my cell, what I saw was beautiful. The moon lit me up. He devoured the darkness in my cell. A short moment that let me breathe again. As I continued to look at him I saw his wounds and scars. They were so deep, they hurt me themselves. I also suddenly became very sad. When I almost started to cry, the moon touched me. He said, "It's okay, we're not all perfect." No one has ever touched me like this before. So I started crying. Not because I was sad but because I was happy not to have been alone.

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