**Prisoner of the Mind**

She said her goodbyes to everything she ever knew. She was tired of the way she felt. And her thoughts wouldn’t stop spinning. She wanted it to stop, but couldn’t think of a different way to escape. Everyone asked her to not to go, but she knew she couldn’t stay any longer. She never let anyone know why she had to do it… she wanted everyone to be free of the pain she felt. She didn’t want to be stopped; so she kept everyone hidden from the idea in her mind. They’d ask if she was alright; she always nodded… even if she had to smile through tears. Her friends and family knew something was wrong, but no one said a word, for fear of pushing her further away. She wanted to speak, but the words in her head were so jumbled, that even she couldn’t make sense of them. As dark and scary as they were the thoughts in her head remained trapped… keeping her a prisoner of her own mind. She wanted to close her eyes and see a brighter future; but could only see the dark…Dark thoughts. Dark visions. She could no longer even see a speckle of light. Her goodbye becoming more final, and her thoughts taking over; she was no longer the person anyone knew. She was fading into the shadows; watching her dreams and aspirations float past her like leaves on a stream. She closed her eyes, those fears and worries were the only constants that remained. She’d begun to realize that no matter what she does, the horrible thoughts floating around her mind would never go away. No matter how much she wants it, nothing can save her from the terrors in her mind, she wants to break free, but the grasp is too tight to struggle out of. Even with this battle within, she appears calm and unaffected; hiding the true her from the rest of the world. She just wanted to know why everyone couldn’t see the things she was trying to say. Her voice was mute, but her actions were screaming. But like a tree falling in an empty forest, no one can hear her cry for help; no one can see her pain. She was the tallest tree, and even when she fell, no one even notices. Broken and scared; she couldn’t escape the nightmare that was her life in sleep she dreamed of light… in wake she saw nothing but terror. Dreams were dreams, but nightmares were her reality.

By, Danielle Retterer