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"SHE"

"Four white walls and a battle ship grey door with a small window for spectators", this is how she would explain her environment on a good day. On bad days, she lived "in a bathroom". Some days were good, as good as could be expected anyways. There were times when she was able to use her mind like a high-powered telescope, and look beyond what she knew was in her sights.

Her mind was her visual substitute, her brain had its own five senses…. The thought of home…. She could feel the hugs of family members…. the smell and taste of moms cooking…. The sounds of playful banter between cousins, and seeing it all come together was absolutely bitter sweet. What kind of place makes you hide the delights of your soul out of fear of all too familiar lose? Sometimes she's scared of thinking about home, a flood of emotions that can't be expressed due to the intensity. That's how she marks the bad days, days when she couldn't dare mentally challenge herself to flow beyond her circumstances. Days when the focused on her telescope had been adjusted and the line of sight unclear.

She gets frustrated when she's merely reduced to were she is, without a way of expanding…. But she flourishes in her own way. It's her own secret that she keeps locked away in her heart, and it can-not be willed away. She decided to trust someone and he completely changed her focus. Of course, it started out beautiful and carefree, it was easy like casting your cares away. He showed his true self one day, but she had faith and courage in her ability to see past the ugly and find the beauty again. She was determined, determined to prune away the bad and get back to what was so good. She put herself second and *he* was her main focus. *He* encouraged her to put distance between herself and her family, she didn't want to, but *he* did. *He* had to know what would work, *he* was eleven years older than her, right?

Her trust gave way to letting go of herself, she was expected to be exactly what *he* wanted and needed. A conscious decision that she made on her own, so she felt alone in turn. She knew she couldn't, however, hide herself from pain, it's inevitable. One bad decision, one mis-judgement of character, landed her with a twenty-year sentence, courtesy of the state.

She soars through solo, just to be sure no one has access to the focus on her telescope, it's important to her. She knows where to look, knows the coordinates like she knows her favorite songs. Four white walls meant to confine, but encouraged her to continue on in spite of. In spite of the bad days and focus in a haze, she found small ways to push past what she saw and go for what she couldn't. Courage in hand and walls to transcend, the only thing that could stop her was herself and that wasn't an option. She pushed herself to be more, way more than even she knew or conceived, and her momentum continued in her quest.

The obstacles are forever there, they have a nagging way of sticking around. They don't get easier to scale either, but the advantage is that she can share her techniques with other's looking to spread their wings. Feeling lighter and less weighed down is her aim, so home doesn't feel like a foreign place that may or may not exist. Four walls no longer exist to contain her, they cease to have a foundation to support them. Everyday she goes along in her pursuit, trusting, but also being careful and vigilant.

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