ILLUMINATED DARKNESS

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Lily Clarisa

This is a work of creative nonfiction. The poet has tried to recreate events, locales and conversations from her memories of them. In order to maintain their anonymity in some instances she has changed the names of individuals and places, she may have changed some identifying characteristics and details.

♥

Trigger warning:
This book contains sensitive material relating to child abuse, self-mutilation, grief, PTSD, depression, suicide, violence, death & much more.

Remember to practice **self-care** before, during & after reading.

♥

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First paperback edition February 2020
ISBN 9789464052107 (paperback)

my demons cuffed me
to my past;
they love me
downtrodden,
vulnerable & scared,
but light
beams within
with the sway
of tall trees,
from chirping parakeets,
from cacti dancing free;
my light beams
up to Mother Moon,
from the light of souls
who have loved
& continue to love me

so I told myself upon writing this book

I will illuminate my darkness
and that
will set me free

CONTENTS

PART I
INTO THE CUCKOO'S NEST — 7

PART II
WHEN THE BLOOD BOILS — 21

PART III
ILLUMINATE ME — 63

DEDICATION

To all who wander through the darkness
head towards the light.

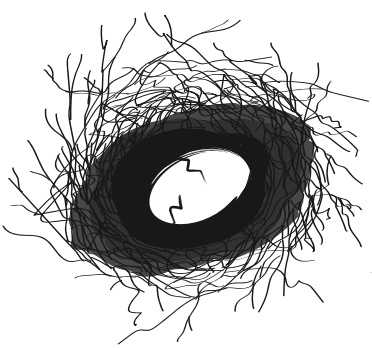
♥

To John Diggle, my dogson,
to most he is just a bearded dog,
to me he is my *little savior*.

♥

PART I

INTO THE CUCKOO'S NEST



EMPTY

I had left this page empty.
she left me empty,
she took my tongue
when she threw me out,
called me a liar
blamed me for her sins.
she taught me
to stop seeking validation
from the ones who gave me
my eyes, my stubbornness,
my lips, my anger,
my curly hair, my ticks and kinks.
she taught me
that "Mother" is not a part of her job description
he taught me
that "Father" is not someone he could ever be
for me.
Empty.
I had left this page empty
until I had nothing else to lose.
Not my Father.
Not my Mother.

Only myself.

DEPRESSED AT TEN YEARS OLD

I was clinically depressed
at ten years old
sleep walking
turned into a diagnosis

professionals told my Mother the cause
I was depressed
and she called them crazy
grabbed my hand
stormed out their doors

labels don't define me
but I had wished, for the longest time,
someone had listened
to that nice lady in the orange room
yes
I was depressed at ten years old
who wouldn't be?
when they're only ten
and scared to go home.

