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**By Susy**

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**My skin burns with memories of my past,  
It stings with every movement not allowing me to forget.  
My thoughts interrupted periodically by the inevitable.  
I strive to outrun my thoughts,  
Yet they always seem to conquer me,  
Alone, isolated, afraid.  
Your ghost haunting me,  
Reminding me, tormenting me, echoing my weakness.  
I fear who I have become, I no longer recognize myself.  
My internal screams stifled suffocated by societal expectations.  
I have succumbed to the fact that I am an empty shell of who I was,  
Loneliness embraces me, comforts me,  
I acknowledge this is because I know it will never leave me  
A loyal companion.  
I struggle to feel myself breathe at times,  
Sometimes I am afraid my rhythmic breathing will stop,  
Will my body just surrender?**

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