

Stories

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There are words
On the walls
That no one sees
The stories hidden
From the world
Stories
Of the people
Locked away
Stuck in the past
Because we see
And experience
The world around us differently
Why do differences
Result in people
Becoming the guinea pigs
Of the world
Those stories are ours
There are words
On the walls
That no one sees
These are the stories
Engraved
Into the walls
By the electrical currents
Coming from the tortures
Of ECT
Then the walls get repainted
The whole wall is one color
Making it hard to read
But if you look close enough
You can see that the stories remain
There are words
On the walls
That are unseen
Some may not
Be fully clear
Or coherent
But they are still important
To be seen
Even if they were forced
To have a lobotomy

Which is not okay
To do to anyone
In humanity
Everyone has worth
And deserves empathy
There are words
On the walls
That no one sees
The words of anger
Sadness
Fear
Whether yelled
Cried
Or internalized
When you are given medication to sedate
To dictate
To stop you
From the positivity
You create for the world
Because your struggles
Keep you locked away
And even today
The words on the wall
Of institutions
Open still
Or forever closed
Those stories stay
Don't let their existence decay
Because stories of oppression
Continue to form
Even to this day